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Stalin and China

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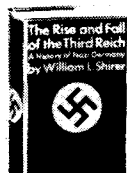
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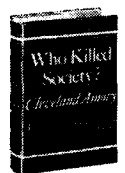
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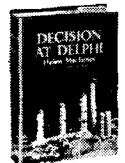
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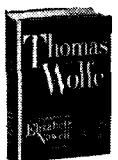
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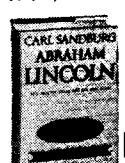
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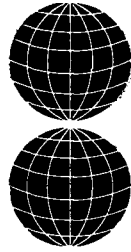
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WASHINGTON

PRESIDENT Kennedy was discussing one day the problem of revamping the approach to foreign aid. His chief aid planner, George Ball, asked whether he should try to construct a new setup on the basis of what would be most desirable or on the basis of what might be politically feasible. The President's reply was instant: "You tell me what it ought to be. I want to see the whole dimension of the kind of program the United States ought to have. And then I'll make the political decision of what can be done." Of the many stories about the energetic new President current in the Capital, this one tells as much as any about the Kennedy style of running the executive department.

When Ambassador Llewellyn Thompson was called home from Moscow for consultation, he found himself spending a total of seven hours with the President, in contrast to the half-hour calls he used to pay to President Eisenhower. Kennedy discussed the Soviet problem with Thompson and the two other senior American diplomats in that field, Charles E. Bohlen and George F. Kennan. Sitting with them and with Secretary of State Rusk and McGeorge Bundy, his assistant for national security affairs, the President let the experienced men talk themselves out without so much as giving a clue to his own feeling, which might have induced some to follow his hint. The decision to bring Kennan back into the government as Ambassador to Yugoslavia was Kennedy's own, and it is generally rated as a brilliant stroke.

Creative tension

The President's system for getting information has been called by one of his aides "creative tension." He himself has said privately, "I can't afford to have just one set of advisers on anything," and, "The thing I have got to watch is that I'm not just sitting here at the end of the paper chain [from the departments]."

One man who sees the President almost daily comments that Kennedy "wants to have a view of the alternatives, a view wider than that available through the departments." This is why he has cut across a good deal of the bureaucratic setup, often going direct to those handling a specific problem, and why he has made Bundy's office in the White House itself the center of an interdepartmental planning staff.

Franklin Roosevelt's method was deliberately to create competition among his subordinates. There is an element of this in the Kennedy style, but the difference is that far more people have access to the President now than at any time in White House history since the earliest New Deal days. This very fact has kept to a minimum, thus far, cries by one branch of government that another is poaching on its preserves.

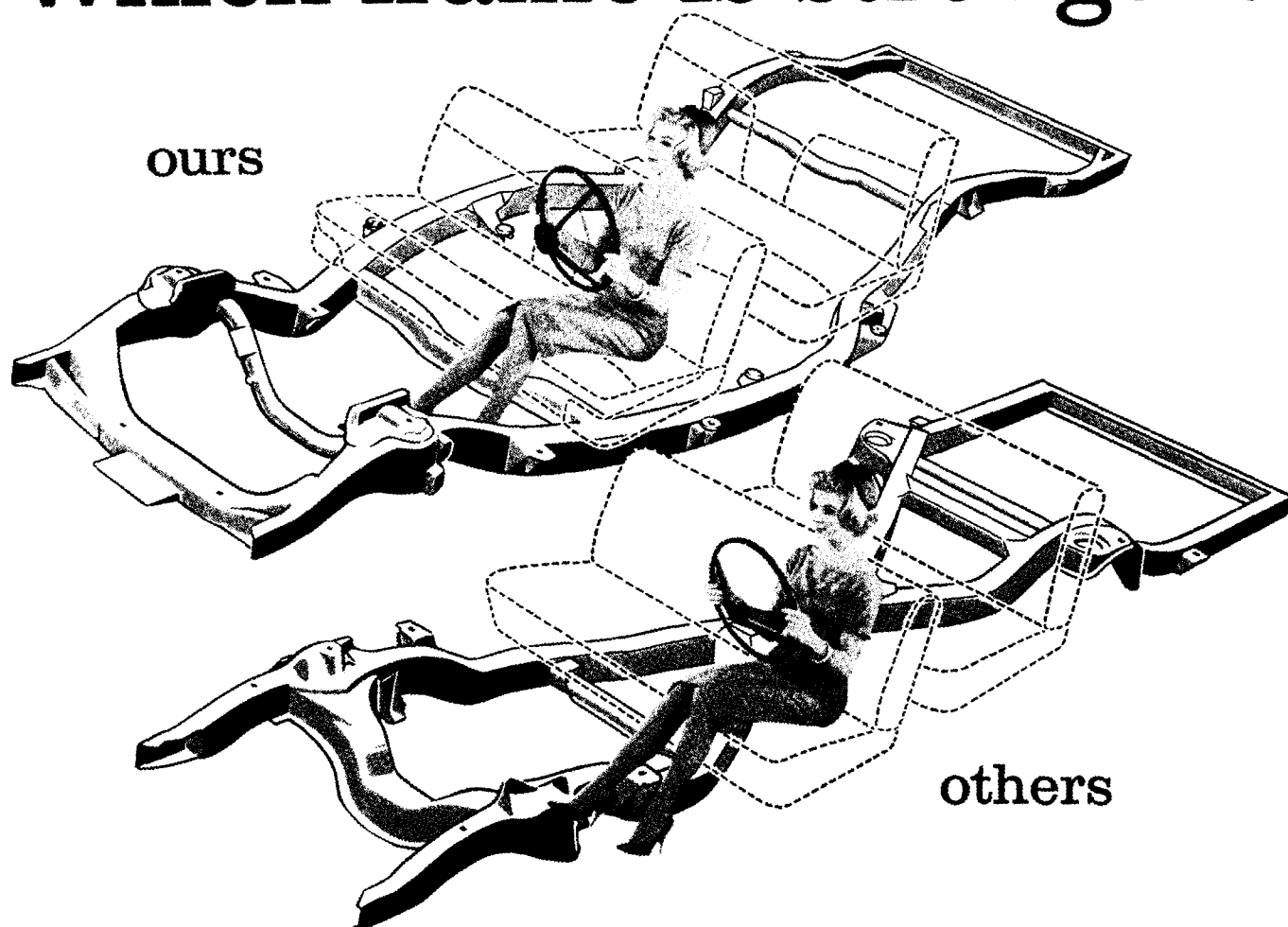
Curtailing the N.S.C.

One effect of the Kennedy style of operating has been to limit drastically the function of the National Security Council and to eliminate sixteen other administrative bodies established since 1954.

The N.S.C. is a marvelous institution for gathering information and distributing it to the top echelons of government, but it is a poor instrument of decision. Kennedy has, in effect, all but abolished the N.S.C. institution; he abolished outright its subordinate Operations Coordinating Board by placing the responsibility for following up on his decisions with the heads of the operating agencies, using his own White House staff members as prodders to the departments.

But no system has yet been devised for circulating sufficient information, as used to be done via the N.S.C., to top policy makers. As a result, Rusk and Bundy, or Bundy and Defense Secretary

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* * *

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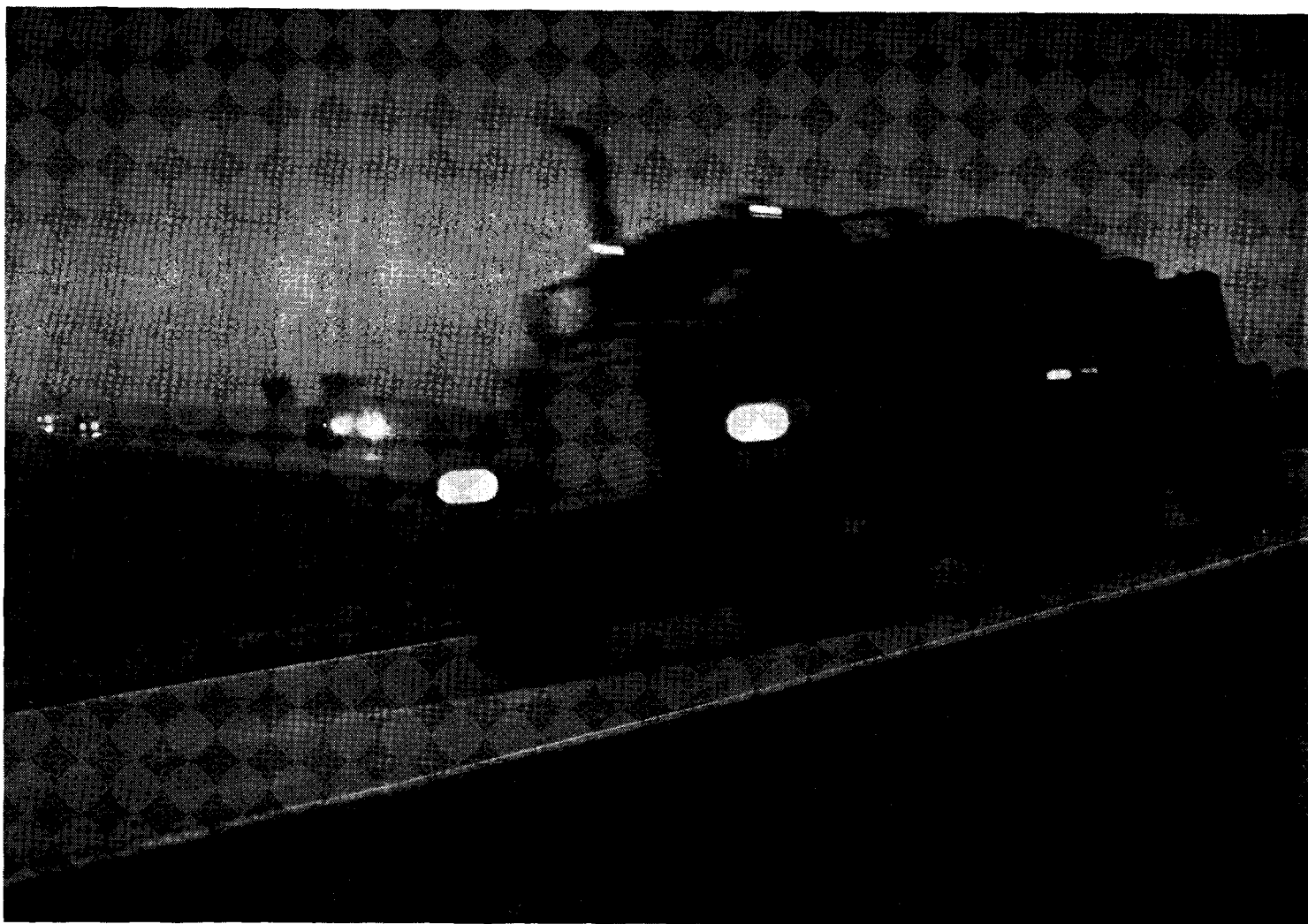
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The 27 million dollar test was set up to establish important basic facts of design performance for both concrete and asphalt pavements . . . and to define the relationships between the two pavement types.

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Out of the National Road Test you have confirmation of the long-life value and driving ease modern concrete alone provides.

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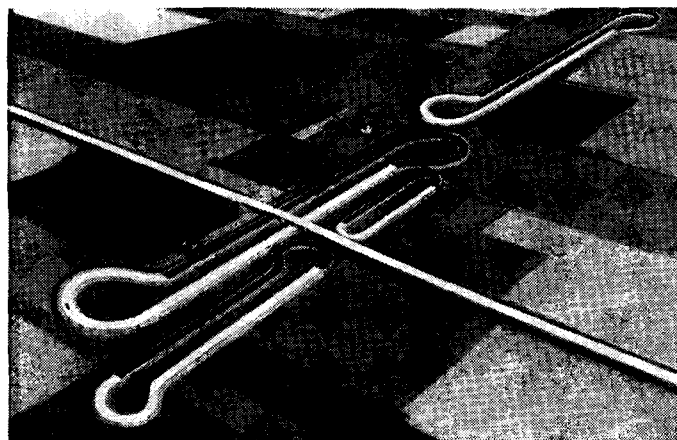
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2

Concrete rides **easier!**

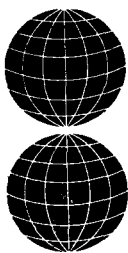
In ratings of how test pavements retained the surface smoothness they started with, concrete won decisively over asphalt. Conclusive evidence that concrete—and only concrete—gives lasting driving comfort and enjoyment.



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Report on Washington



McNamara, have to catch up now and then by private talks.

The Cabinet meetings since the early Truman years have been devoted chiefly to domestic issues. Here Kennedy prefers to meet with the Cabinet members concerned rather than have everyone listen to the problems of the Postmaster General or the Secretary of Agriculture. At the first Cabinet meeting, the President began a nervous finger-drumming when Agriculture Secretary Freeman expounded on exports of dressed poultry.

One Cabinet session was devoted almost exclusively to the problem of how to get along with Congress. The narrow five-vote victory in the House on the Rules Committee fight convinced the President that most of his domestic legislation, especially his medical care and education bills, is likely to have hard sledding. The President advised Cabinet members to handle mail from senators and congressmen personally and to do their best to establish close relations with key members of Congress.

The President and the Congress

Kennedy is not a man to back away from a fight. He wants, however, to pick the best place and time for the inevitable first big scrap with Congress. A lot of maneuvering is likely before the executive and the legislative branches go to the mat for a decision on a critical issue. Yet Kennedy knows, as he has told some subordinates, that "there will never be a better year than the first one" to draw on his public support.

A great deal of his energies have gone into building that public support by use of televised press conferences, speeches, and a mass of messages to Congress, through which he has dominated the news pages. A powerful image is a help at the Capitol for a President. But in itself it is not enough in a Congress as closely divided as this one. In a world of half peace, half war, every success in lessening world tensions tends to lessen a desire for strong leadership in international affairs. And a rebounding economy, despite millions of unemployed, leaves many unconcerned about domestic problems. To one visitor who urged stronger economic measures, Kennedy replied, "There may be 7 per cent unemployed, but there are 93

per cent employed." To another on a similar mission he remarked that "Roosevelt had it easy" in winning his way during his first year in office.

As the new Administration begins to come into focus, it is evident that Kennedy has energized the government as far as the executive branch is concerned. This of itself is an immense gain and is likely to be increasingly important as time goes on. He has obtained a firm grasp on the reins of the vast bureaucracy he heads; he is making good use of the remarkable talent he has gathered together. There have been a couple of poor appointments, but they are small in the aggregate.

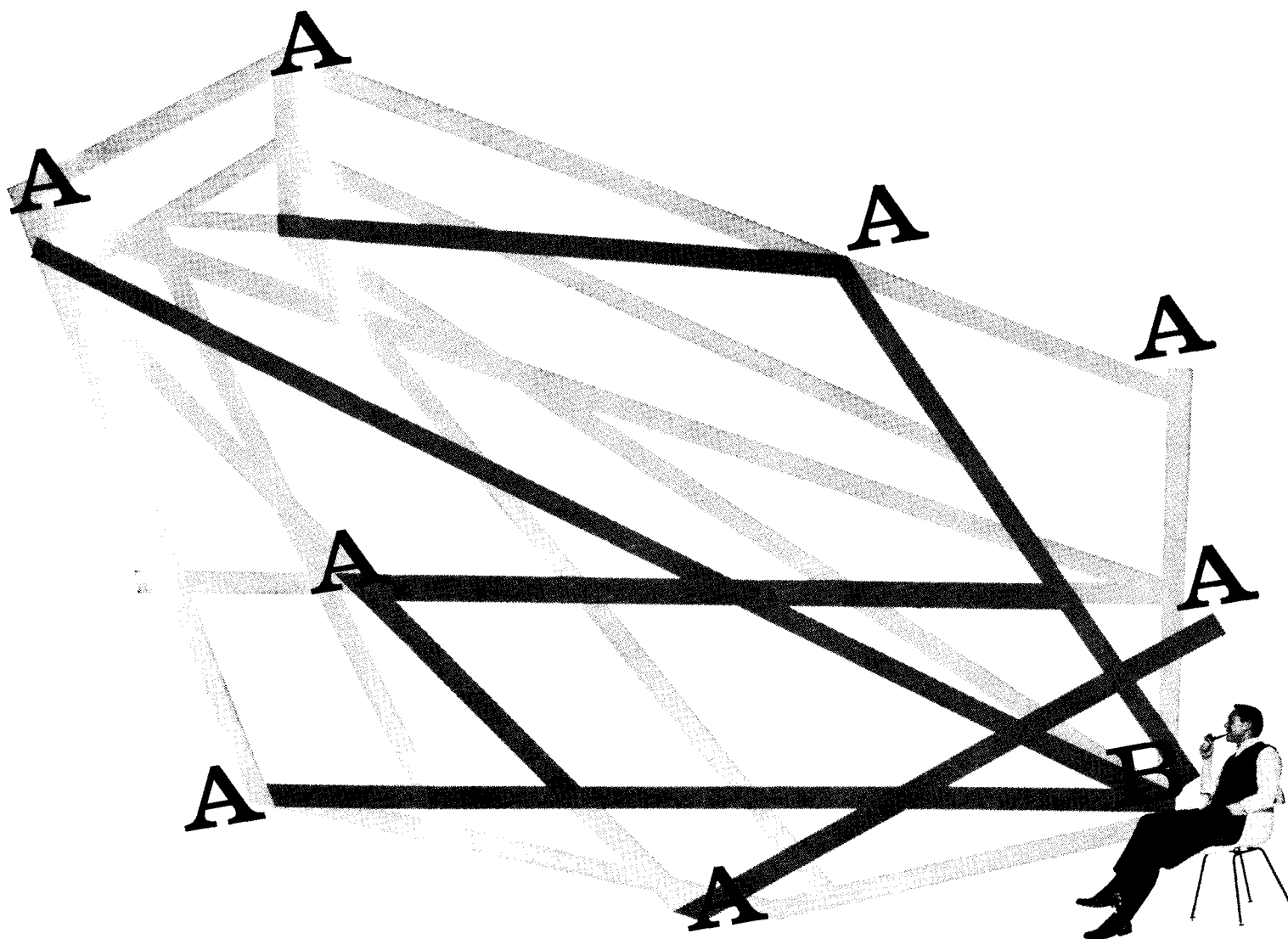
The major problem of how to energize the nation, and through it, the Congress, remains. That there is a willingness in the public to respond is evident from the reaction to the Peace Corps. But more will have to be done. The President is fully aware of what faces him and has begun by taking steps to put his own house in shape, both for a protracted conflict with the Communist world and to teach the American public the realities of life at home and their relationship to success in that world-wide conflict.

The school bill

During the presidential campaign, Kennedy showed a keen sensitivity to the words of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, whether in the form of an editorial in *L'Osservatore Romano*, a pronouncement of the American or the Puerto Rican bishops, or what he heard of the purported private words of such leaders as Francis Cardinal Spellman. From his comments, some of them to newsmen in unguarded moments, it was evident that he thought an influential part of his church's hierarchy was unhappy at the possibility of his election to the White House.

Since the election, especially since the Catholic bishops' statement on federal aid for parochial schools, Kennedy aides have been commenting that the President feels he had the active opposition, though not publicly so, of much of the hierarchy. Twice at his press conferences, Kennedy has asked why there is so much pressure for aid to parochial schools now, whereas there was so little when former President Eisenhower made his proposals for aid to education. The answer quite probably is that today, for the first time, there seems to many, including the Church, a real possibility of enacting such a law in Congress. But Kennedy's suspicion is that it is being done to embarrass him because he is the first Catholic President.

Kennedy has avoided opportunities to express his own view on whether it would be wise public policy to expend federal funds on private elementary and secondary education. He has made his



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Share-ownership has been increasing by leaps and bounds during the past decade, but there are still only about 13,000,000 Americans out of 180,000,000 who own common stocks. As Voltaire said, "a very small number play a very great part."

America needs more capital to keep its economy healthy. According to the U. S. Department of Labor, it costs close to \$20,000 to provide a job in industry—\$20,000 in capital outlay to employ just one man. Is it any wonder that our economy needs constant transfusions of the capital that is its lifeblood? Economists predict that industry will need some \$500 billion in new capital during the next decade.

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Report on Washington



case against it strictly on constitutional grounds, and there he evidently intends to stand as long as possible. The President is keenly aware of the political crevasses embedded in the issue, doubly so because so many non-Catholic votes doubtless were cast for him last November on the strength of his strong assurances on the issue of separation of church and state.

Emotions aroused by the school aid issue in Washington are intense; members of Congress generally feel themselves trapped. It is highly doubtful whether a majority wants to vote for aid to parochial schools at the lower levels, but the Church's insistence that such aid could pass a court test makes it difficult for them to hide behind a claim that it would be unconstitutional.

Among the non-Catholics in the Administration there is considerable feeling against the Catholic hierarchy. They are especially bitter at the hierarchy's "No aid for the public schools unless we are aided also" attitude.

Some defenders of the public schools take the position that this is the critical battle; that if the parochial schools are given federal aid at the lower levels there will be a multiplication of church schools of all denominations, and of private secular schools as well, particularly in the South, and that this might destroy the public school system as it has long existed.

To the President the timing of the conflict is highly unfortunate, for it tends to balk his aim of rallying the American public behind both meeting the needs at home and facing up to the larger danger abroad.

Mood of the Capital

Talk of ultimate weapons and of the last, best chance for East-West negotiation is old stuff in the Capital, but so far there always has appeared some new facet in weaponry and some new device for negotiation. There is considerable hope that at

long last the United States, Britain, and the Soviet Union will reach agreement on a treaty to ban nuclear weapon testing.

In the past, much of the American pressure, both from within and from without the government, for a test-ban treaty has been based on fears of radioactive fallout and on a belief that an agreement on this issue would open the way to more significant arms-control agreements. This year, the compulsions, fully accepted by such senior statesmen (of excellent Republican reputation, to boot) as John J. McCloy and Arthur H. Dean, come from the increasing proliferation and fragmentation of nuclear weapons.

It is the belief, accepted by the President, that unless testing is stopped, nuclear weapons in missile form very soon will be found all over the United States and the Soviet Union on railroad cars, and before many years there will be smaller nuclear weapons on thousands of vehicles the size of jeeps, and eventually, uncounted numbers of them in mortar form. The so-called "hand-held" nuclear weapon is said already to be in the American arsenal in small numbers.

Fallout as a health hazard no longer exists as far as the United States, Britain, and the Soviet Union are concerned, since all are now able to test underground. If a treaty cannot be negotiated and testing is resumed, the hazard would exist again as soon as Red China began testing. Unless there is a treaty, China and other nations soon will develop their own nuclear capabilities. A treaty would not guarantee an end to further membership in the nuclear club, but it would have an inhibiting effect — at least, that is the hope. In the case of Red China, it could be the instrument for reopening American-Chinese discussions.

The chief reasons why Washington is hopeful about a treaty are, first, that there is a mutual Soviet-American desire to limit the spread of such weapons; and second, that there is a mutual Soviet-American desire to limit the Cold War to manageable proportions, which would exclude the possibility of accidentally starting a war neither side wants.

MASTERS OF WORLD ARCHITECTURE

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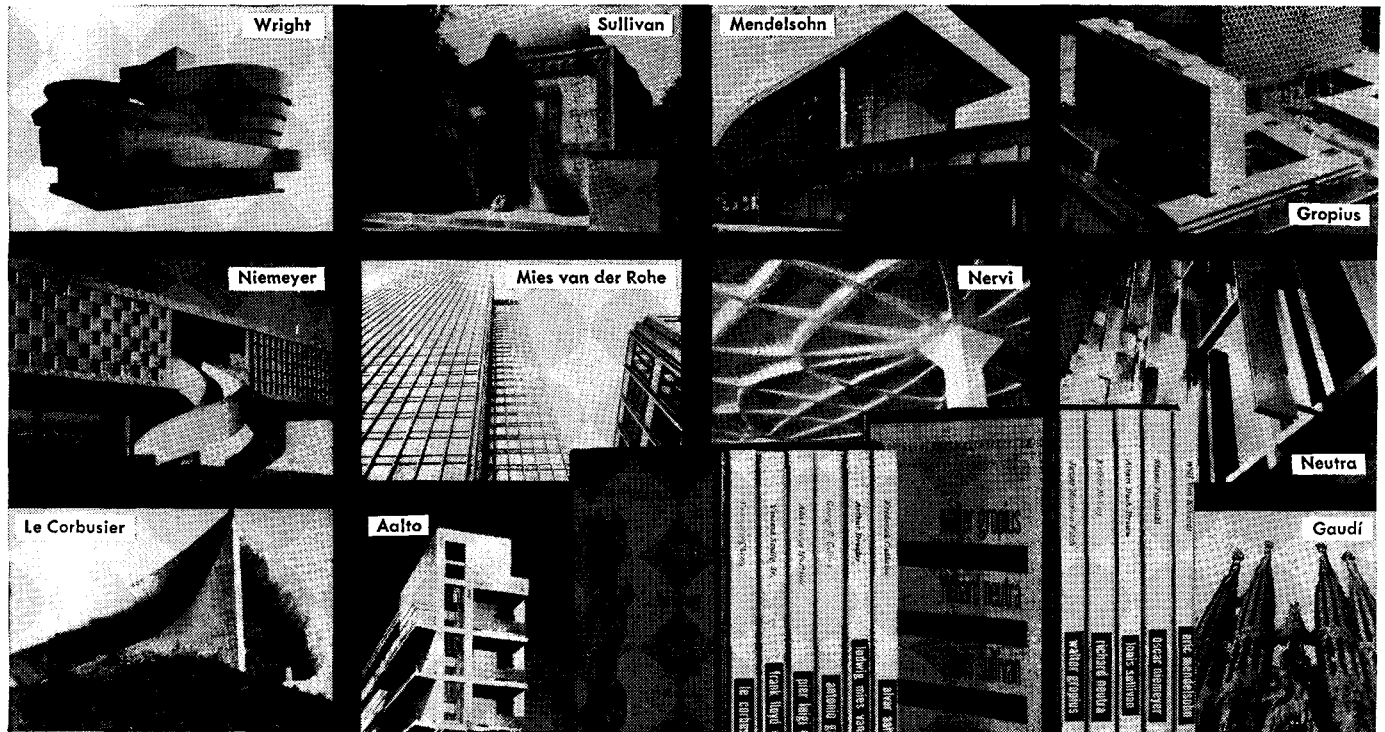
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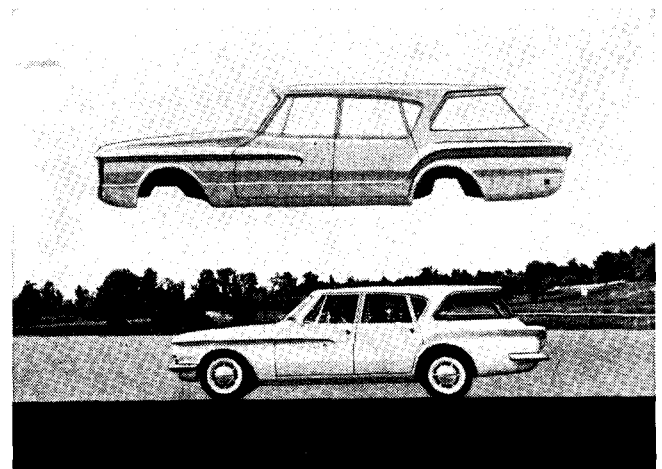
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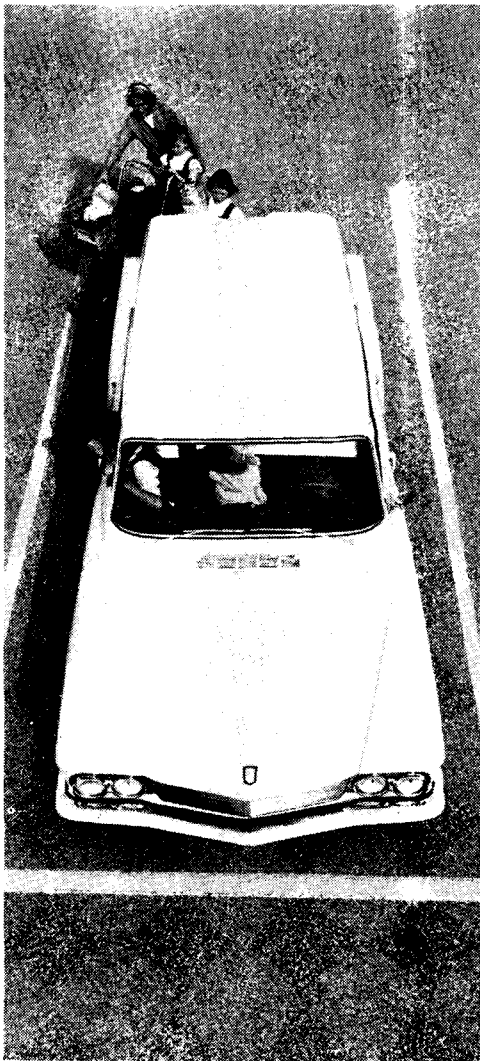
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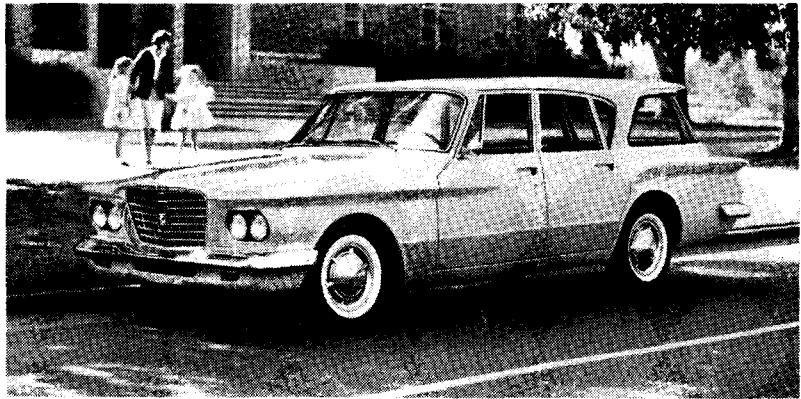


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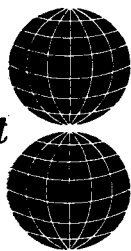
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GAMAL ABDEL NASSER's actual objectives in Africa become clearer as the pattern of events there unfolds. He wants to enlist the new African governments as members of the neutralist bloc. He wants to acquire influence through common bonds of religion and of aversion to "imperialism." He wants to be the leading Arab spokesman in Africa.

The disastrous polarization resulting from the struggle in the Congo has forced on Nasser a choice in favor of Lumumba's heirs and against the moderates still under Western influence. At the outset of the struggle, Nasser had implicit faith in UN efforts to neutralize the situation until a central government could be established. He backed Secretary Dag Hammarskjöld, urged Patrice Lumumba to trust him, and is also on record as urging Lumumba not to accept Soviet aid. In this period, the neutralists still hoped to keep the Cold War out of Africa. Nasser, among them, counted on the United Nations to achieve this. His own experience with the United Nations during the aftermath of the Suez crisis in 1956 had convinced him of its value as a court of appeal and a conciliating agency. This basic confidence has been badly shaken in recent months in the Congo.

What shook Nasser and other neutralists was the apparent support for Katanga leader General Mobutu from Western powers, including certain U.S. government agencies, and the belief that such support was at least tolerated at UN headquarters in New York. Having urged moderation and cooperation on the Lumumba forces up to the time of the imprisoned leader's fateful transfer to Katanga, Nasser decided that he had been betrayed as a participant in the UN forces. This sense of betrayal had been freely expressed by official spokesmen in Cairo long before Nasser attacked the American role late in February.

Spokesman for the Arabs

These developments explain many recent diplomatic initiatives designed to reassert the neutralists' role in African affairs independently of the United Nations. One such effort was at Casa-

blanca in January. At that session, the previous decision of the participants to withdraw their troops from the UN forces was dramatized. Even on this issue, extremists like Sekou Touré of Guinea could not agree with Nkrumah of Ghana on the withdrawals or on Nasser's proposal to transfer their forces to the Lumumba side.

The only agreements possible were on a nebulous plan for a joint African high command, which would include the chiefs of staff of independent African states, and on a NATO-style African defense organization. Nasser's one real triumph was to push through a resolution condemning Israel as a tool of imperialism in Africa and France for its nuclear tests in the Sahara.

At Casablanca, as at Bandung, Nasser was reasserting his role as spokesman for the Arabs to a new and important audience. Israeli penetration of Africa, in every field from trade to the distribution of bogus Korans, has become a fresh challenge to the Arab world. The argument is simple: Israel is a country living on Western gifts and loans. Its ventures in new areas, such as Africa, with capital and technical aid must therefore suit its creditors, particularly the United States and France, with which its ties are closest. This proves the "imperialist" motive sufficiently for any Egyptian, Syrian, or Iraqi. When Nasser attacks on this ground, he speaks for all of them. Thus, in his new role in African affairs, he salvages prestige which he has been losing within the Arab states.

Israel's new imperialism

The efficiency of Israel's technical aid missions in such countries as Ghana, Nigeria, and Guinea is characteristic of its centrally planned efforts to win abroad the friends it has failed to make nearby. It has come as a shock to Arab leaders to discover that this Israeli success is a direct result of Israel's one great gain from the Suez venture. That gain was the opening of the passage through the Gulf of Aqaba, giving Israel access to the East. As a result, Israel's port of Elath at the head of the gulf assumed more than symbolic importance and made commerce with Africa and the East possible.



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The Egyptians are confronted with a threat to their plans for the pre-eminent role which they assume is their destiny as the guardians of the northeast approach to the continent. They find Israelis in the Congo and in Ethiopia as important government advisers. Somewhere Israel finds a million pounds to lend to Nigeria. An Afro-Asian Institute, established in Israel by the Israel General Confederation of Labor and American trade unions, trains technicians for any African state. Congolese officials go to Israel to study administration and agricultural development at Israel's expense.

To Egyptians, none of this looks possible for a client country without support and encouragement of official or unofficial sources abroad. The alarm which Nasser managed to sound at Casablanca about a new Israeli imperialism on behalf of such clients did not, therefore, appear far-fetched. To reinforce the argument, the matter of Israel's atomic developments, with French assistance, helped to strengthen suspicions already aroused by the continuing French tests in the Sahara, a subject on which there is bitter feeling all the way from Baghdad to Casablanca.

The appeal of Islam

The Arab answer to the Israeli challenge in Africa has been to step up plans long on the shelf for closer cultural and business ties with the mass of Muslim populations throughout Africa. Egyptian teachers are already teaching Arabic and Koranic studies in West Africa. More are being mobilized to reach other areas. Nasser sees a chance here to put into effect his belief that being a Muslim involves more than a pilgrimage to Mecca. He has been cautiously on the side of giving Islam a political content and a relationship to modern Arab society, which the reform leaders in the Islamic hierarchy have long advocated.

In this movement toward modernization, Cairo has been the leader. Already, young Muslim teachers are spreading the gospel of holy war

against European imperialism and Western influence, all the way from Dakar to the Malagasy Republic. At the same time, the number of Africans on scholarships at Islamic universities has been rapidly increasing.

The appeal of Islam in Africa is strong. In the last thirty years, its followers there have more than doubled in number. It asks few formal acts and does not demand abandonment of traditional mores, such as polygamy. There is none of the color bar which subtly undermines Christian influence in Africa.

A new *Voice of Islam* is to be established in Cairo this year, to spread the gospel as a natural faith for a free Africa. Religious officers are to be added to U.A.R. embassy staffs in Africa and some parts of Asia. They will rank with other attachés and serve as liaison officers with Islamic universities, particularly Al Azhar. To pave the way, the rector of Al Azhar, Sheik Mahmoud Shaltout, made his first good-will tour across Southeast Asia early this year. Following this tour, it was announced that 1400 scholarships at Al Azhar are available to students from Africa, Asia, Europe, and America.

In this effort, Egypt has a natural advantage as the center for Islamic studies, which are no longer regarded as solely of academic value but are being designed to develop the idea of a universal brotherhood of Islam. But in technical fields it will not be so easy for a country short of skilled labor to export technical aid. Yet Egypt intends to try to become at least a training center for administration and management techniques for Africans. With Cairo already a center for African propaganda and a refuge for minority political figures, it seems likely that offers of technical education will attract a new element from African countries.

Reinforcements for the Arab drive toward Africa are easily available in the field of trade. Delegations of Lebanese and Iraqis have joined the stampede for contacts and new outlets. A new airline between Beirut and Accra has already been established. Arab chambers of commerce are on the southwestward march, hoping to set up joint chambers with African businessmen. Lebanese edi-

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Nasser in Africa



torials recall that there are 60,000 Lebanese emigrants in West Africa. It is inevitable that more will be on the way, answering the call to greener pastures. Iraqi business delegations appear to be not far behind.

It seems significant that, while business groups and individuals make up the vanguard of the Levantine march on Africa, none but government officials participate from the United Arab Republic. This one example shows the distance traveled in a very few years toward government control of every phase of Egyptian and Syrian life. Whether this will prove a limitation or a necessary phase of a bootstrap economic operation, it is apparent in Egypt today that you do not run a business, a newspaper, a bank, or an export business without government blessing. This alteration in Egyptian economic life has been in the making since Suez, and is now fully established.

Tito's influence

To find a parallel effort at conformity and central direction, the plainest example applicable to Egypt is Yugoslavia. In fact, the Yugoslav influence within Egypt is far greater than is generally realized. Nasser's visits to Tito have not all been concerned with international politics. Some have evidently convinced him that Tito has found the way not only to neutralism but to economic equalization — the apparent goal of Nasser's "cooperative socialist" society.

In practice, the adoption of the Yugoslav pattern has eliminated from Egyptian economic life nearly all of those entrepreneurs who built up its markets and internal economy until five years ago. These were the business leaders whose connections in Europe and the United States fostered the cosmopolitan business community and culture which characterized Alexandria and Cairo up to the time of Suez. Following Suez and the taking over of French and British establishments by the government, there arose the problem of management. Here the Nasser gov-

ernment has evidently come to a decision of basic importance to Egyptian society. It casts a suspicious eye, and often a harshly restraining hand, on the largely Coptic professional and business class. More and more, this element finds itself displaced in favor of more reliable Muslims, dedicated to the revolution and untainted by international contacts.

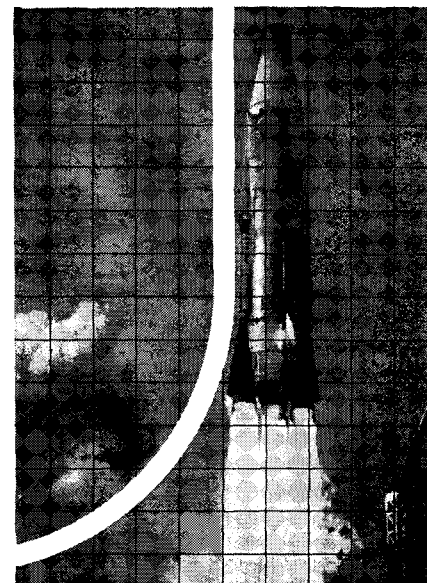
In some tragically perverse way, the old Western line about the inability of anyone but a European or European protégé to master the operations of the Suez Canal has been turned around in Egypt today. Now almost no one but a pure Muslim Egyptian can do anything important in Egyptian life.

The result has been the gradual disenfranchisement of a whole class of educated and skillful people. Among the unemployed in Cairo today are loyal and brilliant journalists, bankers, diplomats, and businessmen. Some are Copts. Many are Muslims, but simply out of favor. They make up a growing body of talent and energy that is much needed within the country. But so long as the present phase of strict conformity to a blueprint devised on a doctrinaire model prevails, this distinguished idle company seems likely to grow.

It is not difficult to understand how Yugoslav influence has come to predominate in Egyptian affairs. Tito has been Nasser's one friend on the continent of Europe, and his frequent host. He encourages Nasser's enthusiasm for neutralism and for socialism as the way of salvation for poor countries.

What stands out most clearly in Egypt today is the fact that the machinery to run the country is still in the process of being built. There is a serious search for help in administrative techniques, for skilled engineers, and for agricultural experts. *Al Ahram* recently announced a shortage of 60,000 such technicians for immediate projects within the U.A.R. This need, plus the desire to create a center for technical education for Africans, may yet help to reverse the trend toward strict political conformity which today inhibits the exuberant energies that have characterized the best of Egyptian life.

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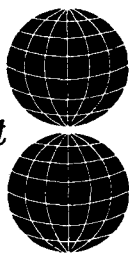
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The Atlantic Report CANADA



DURING the last months of the Eisenhower Administration, signs of a critical deterioration in Canadian-American relations were everywhere apparent in Canada. Canadians were simply in a mood to be unimpressed by anything attached to an American label, from the Bomarc missile misfires to the U-2 incident, the uproar over Cuba, and the curtailment of U.S. spending abroad. Yet this cultivated contrariness had almost nothing to do with the political complexion of the American Administration. The greatest boom the country had ever seen was grinding slowly into a recession of major importance and the Canadians were taking out their frustrations on the suppliers of the capital — American industry.

Canada's irritation was expressed in a number of ways. The Canadian government, for example, established a Royal Commission to investigate the ailing automobile industry. In its hearings, the harm done in Canada by company policies emanating from Detroit was catalogued and criticized. One of the most outspoken critics to appear before the commission was Leslie Frost, Premier of Canada's richest province, Ontario, in which the auto industry is located.

A Royal Commission was also established to investigate the harm done to Canada by the growing practice of publishing Canadian editions of American magazines. The main targets, here, were Time Inc. and Reader's Digest, publishers of Canadian editions which differ from the U.S. publications only in that they contain small Canadian editorial sections. These spill-over editions together now skim off so much of the advertising cream available to Canadian magazines that the periodical press in Canada is threatened with extinction. During the hearings, the chairman of the commission, Mr. Gratton O'Leary, attracted wide public attention with his blistering comments on the commercial practices of the American publishers in question.

The Board of Broadcast Governors, which was set up by the present government to control radio and television in Canada, ordered all stations to

establish a minimum of 55 per cent Canadian content in their broadcast schedules. The order goes into effect at the end of this year. Canadian broadcasters, including the government-owned Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, have been flooding the airwaves with the worst of American television from the private-eye and Western productions of Hollywood.

James E. Coyne, governor of the Bank of Canada, is making a series of trenchant public speeches demanding an end to Canadian reliance on the United States for its capital requirements and drastic curtailment of imports of goods and services which can be supplied internally. In Coyne's view, only the most energetic action will save the country from the disaster that is built into its skyrocketing foreign debt.

The Conservative government of Prime Minister John Diefenbaker just before Christmas brought down a "baby budget" in which it made several tax changes aimed directly at American absentee investors and owners of Canadian branch plants. Most important were the imposition of a 15 per cent withholding tax on foreign payments for interest and dividends of future investments and the imposition of this tax on the profits of the branch plants if they try to avoid the impost by not declaring dividends.

Each of the above generated its own prolonged public uproar. Coyne's speeches so scandalized a group of academic economists that nineteen of them petitioned the Minister of Finance, Donald Fleming, to fire Coyne. Whether Fleming has the power to do so is doubtful. But the minister ducked the issue anyway, by refusing either to defend Coyne or silence him. The tax changes in the budget, in any event, indicated that Coyne's advice is being taken, if only in small doses.

Canadian boom

That "American" is a dirty word in Canada cannot be denied. But it is used completely without animus or rancor, in the sense that "Colorado" is used with potato beetles, "Spanish" is used with

influenza, and "German" is used with measles. In Canada, "American" only means where the problem comes from, and it means no more than that. The problem itself is the end product of a series of economic developments of the last ten years. Like an installment-plan addict without sales resistance, Canada has lived on Cloud Nine for the better part of that period. It borrowed frantically to finance its development. Then it borrowed to pay interest on its foreign debt. It sold off its resources, and it mortgaged its future. But it accomplished an economic expansion and industrial development in ten years that otherwise might have taken thirty or forty years.

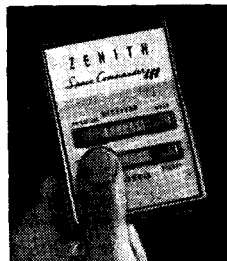
Throughout its history, the Canadian economy has been based upon exporting large quantities of natural products and importing manufactured goods. Wheat and other farm products, lumber, pulp, and paper, copper, zinc, and nickel exports were the foundation of Canadian trade. King Wheat laid an even heavier hand on Canada than King Cotton once did on the United States.

In this century, Canada has been driven by an irresistible urge to break out of this pattern. Slow but steady progress was made before World War II. Since the war, billions have been poured into the expansion of the manufacturing industry of Canada, mainly by American corporations establishing and expanding branch plants. Thirty years ago, 30 per cent of the Canadian labor force was in agriculture. Today the number is less than 10 per cent, while white- and blue-collar workers make up 70 per cent of the labor force—an increase of 50 per cent, relatively. The labor force itself has increased from four to more than six million. Population grew from 10,350,000 to 18,000,000 in the same thirty years.

During the early years of the boom, Canada's gross national product grew at the rate of 4.5 per cent per year, and economists in and out of government assumed a stable rate of growth had been established. However, it slowed to half that rate in 1957 and seems to have stabilized at around 2.5 per cent. As the bumper crop of war babies hit the labor market, the labor force touched an all-time high. But with the slowing of growth, unemployment rolls have also risen.

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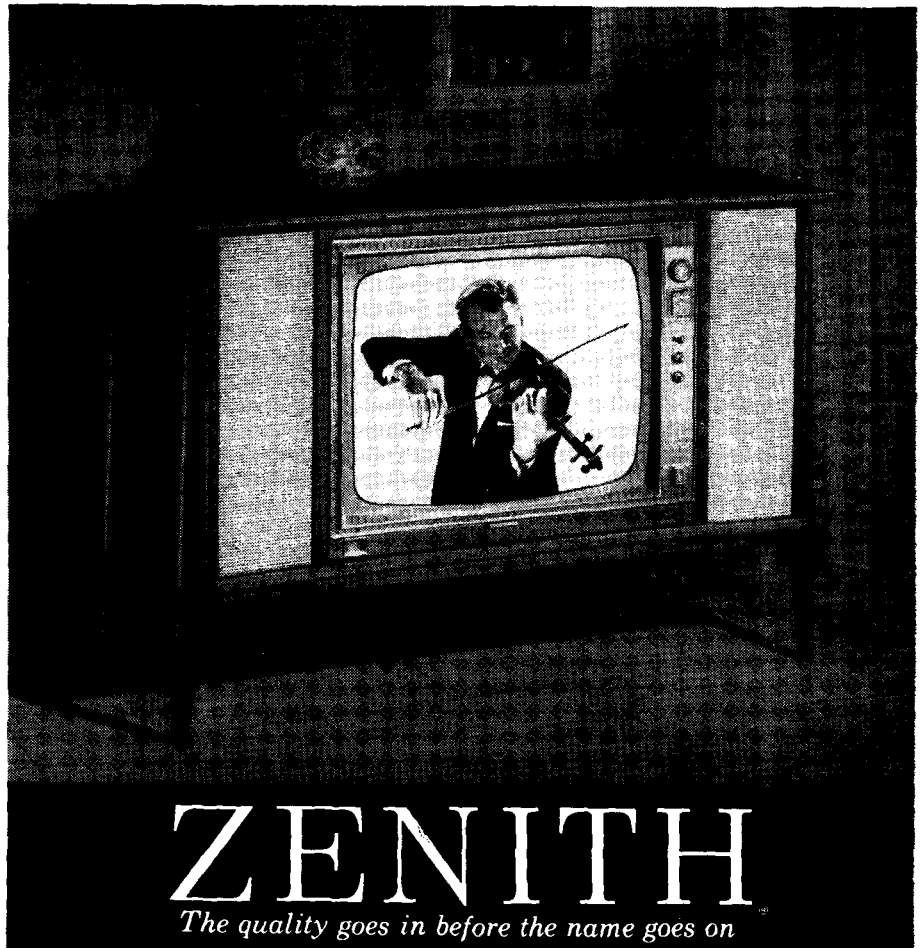


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Report on Canada



steadily, until in January of 1961 690,000 Canadians, 10.8 per cent of the labor force, were unemployed.

The country, hence, has been both riding the crest of a boom and wallowing in the worst depression of employment since the middle 1930s. The signs of the boom are everywhere and impressive. Construction valued at \$7.2 billion is ahead for 1961, of which almost \$2 billion will be spent in Quebec. Pulp and paper exports are booming and should expand with the decline in the Canadian dollar. Several hundred million is to be spent on natural-gas pipelines and processing plants in Alberta. Wages and salaries are near record levels.

The signs of recession

Unhappily, there are critical pockets of unemployment all over Ontario, Quebec, the Maritimes, and in the West. The federal government has increased and stretched out unemployment benefits to a point where the unemployment insurance fund faces bankruptcy. Agriculture is still depressed by a 750-million-bushel wheat glut, and despite frantic efforts to expand wheat sales, the glut remains. The automobile, steel, electrical goods, and textile industries and all the ancillary suppliers are in the doldrums. The most serious unemployment is in the secondary manufacturing industry that has undergone the greatest expansion, and it is very heavy in the branch plants of American industry.

In this atmosphere, it was easy for people being laid off in Canadian secondary industry to find someone to blame. It was the absentee American owners of the Canadian branch plants who made policies to serve their own corporate interests, not those of Canada or their Canadian employees. This belief led to the widespread and prolonged agitation to force the foreign companies to put Canadians in their top Canadian jobs, to permit their Canadian plants to operate their own research departments, and to name Canadians to their boards of directors.

In a speech in Calgary, Mr. Coyne summed up the situation in these words: "Our judgment has been clouded and our initiative stunted by the fact that so much of the more advanced sections of Canadian industry is controlled and dominated by foreign enterprise. . . . No country in the world with anything like our relative state of development has ever had such a degree of foreign domination.

"By 1956 our whole manufacturing industry was 48 per cent foreign owned and 52 per cent foreign controlled, and in many important types of manufacturing the foreign dominance runs from 75 to 100 per cent. . . . Important management decisions are for the greater part taken outside Canada by foreigners, whether they be American or European, and taken for reasons that have nothing to do with the outlook or aspirations of Canadians. In most such companies, Canadians are not encouraged to have new ideas, cannot put their ideas to the test, and cannot assume the responsibility for proving and carrying out their ideas."

A few weeks later, speaking in Toronto, Mr. Coyne pursued the question down some different avenues. He pointed out that Canada's external debt had risen from \$4 billion to \$17 billion in the last decade and that 60 per cent of all dividends paid by Canadian corporations went to nonresidents. Residents of the United States own 76 per cent of all the foreign investment in Canada and control more than 80 per cent of all foreign-controlled companies in Canada.

"It is tempting," said Mr. Coyne, "to speculate how Americans would regard a similar situation in relation to their own country, that is to say, what their feelings would be if the United States had a foreign debt of the order of \$250 billion, with the bulk of their most valuable natural resources owned or controlled by foreigners and more than half of their manufacturing industry likewise owned or controlled outside their own country."

American control

However, Mr. Coyne's unpleasant truths are far from sweeping the country. Coyne emphasizes that

Canada's foreign debt is complicated by a whopping deficit in its merchandise trade of \$500 million a year. With almost one voice, Canadians react: "So what? The solution is simple — increase our exports to balance our imports, and the problem is solved."

But controlled, as it is, in the United States, the bulk of Canadian industry cannot export either to the United States or to many other countries because of policy decisions made in the United States. General Motors can hardly permit its Canadian plant to ship Chevrolets to Chicago to crack that market by underselling its Detroit plant. In the automobile industry, Canadian branch plants once exported to the Commonwealth. That trade was shut off by the parent companies when they built new branch plants in the Commonwealth countries.

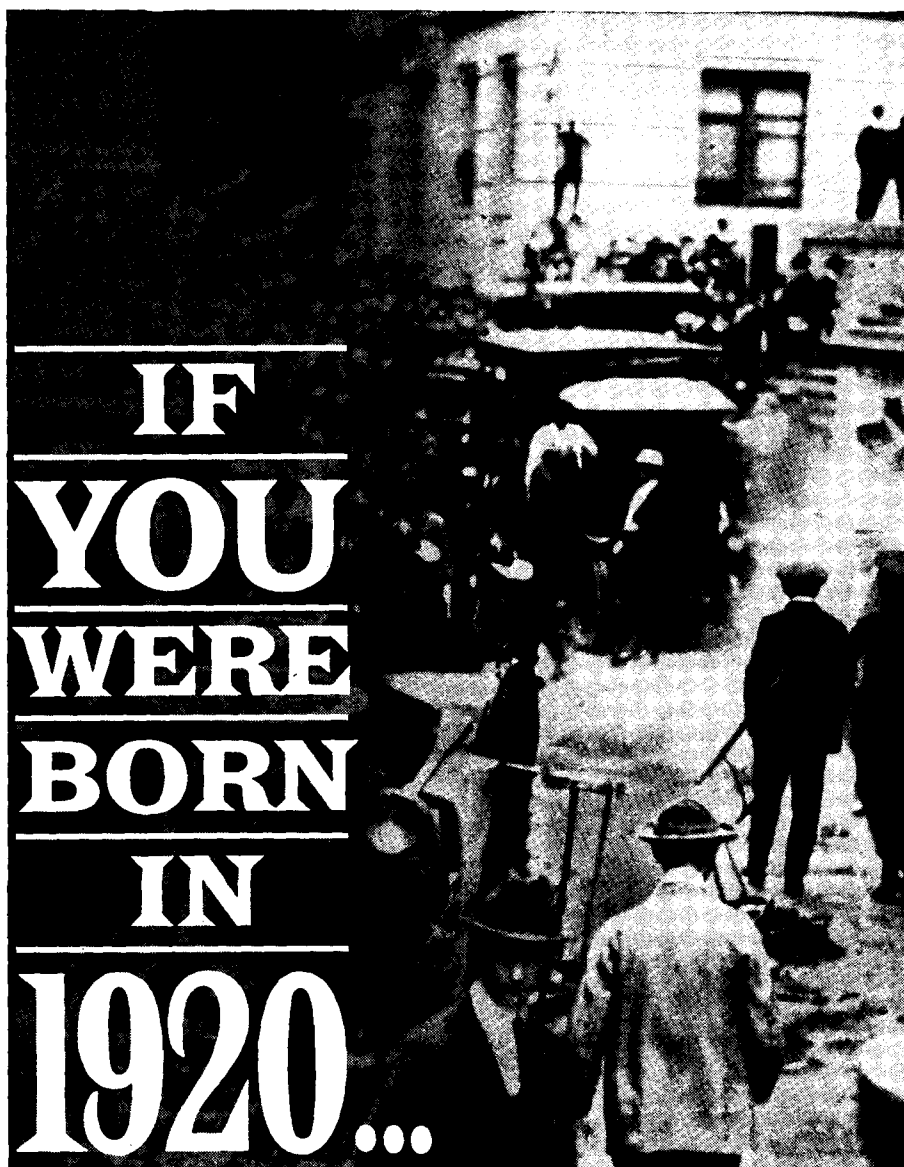
Because Canadian plants are restricted largely to the domestic market, unit production costs are high. This has made it possible for a flood of Japanese goods and Western European cars to come in over the tariff and capture important segments of the Canadian market. The textile industry of Quebec, for example, estimates that imports have cost 30,000 jobs in the textile industry alone. Industry which cannot compete in its own protected home market will surely have difficulty against the same competition abroad. Yet this fact has got little attention in Canada.

Shutting off American dollars

What, then, is the answer? Will the Canadian economy continue to drift, and will pressure build up until something has to give explosively? Probably not. Perhaps the most encouraging factor in the situation is the stated determination of Washington to curtail American investment abroad. It has been the tax concessions in the Internal Revenue Code of the United States which caused the flood of U.S. investment into Canada and elsewhere.

Such things as percentage depletion, the foreign corporation tax exemption, and the Western Hemisphere tax exemption have siphoned billions of dollars in U.S. capital into Canada, South America, and Europe. The removal of any one of

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Report on Canada



these tax advantages, particularly the percentage depletion allowance for oil companies, would dry up much of the capital flow.

Beyond nationalism

In Canada itself there is every indication that there will be no precipitate action either by the present Diefenbaker government or by the Liberals, if they are returned to power. During the past year, when the government was presented with a nationalistic solution to its oil surplus problem, it ducked for cover.

The facts are these: While Canadian oilfields are capable of producing 1.1 million barrels of oil a day, they have produced about half that amount. The international oil companies, which control 80 per cent of Canadian oil production, have used their Montreal refineries to market oil they produce in Venezuela and the Middle East. It enters Canada duty free. A vestigial group of independent Canadian companies agitated for the construction of a \$400 million crude-oil pipeline from Alberta to Montreal, which would add 250,000 barrels a day to Canadian production and cut Canada's merchandise trade deficit by \$250 million a year.

But in its recently announced national oil policy, the Diefenbaker government rejected a new pipeline in favor of a voluntary expansion of United States markets, as proposed by the international companies. In making the decision, Mr. Diefenbaker took another giant stride away from nationalism. He sent his Minister of Finance and Minister of Trade and Commerce to Washington to alert the Kennedy Administration about what was being done before the policy was disclosed to Parliament in Ottawa. Unheard of as such a procedure was, it provoked no reaction in the Liberal Party. Neither did the national oil policy.

Liberal Party strategy

"New Frontiersmen" to beat the economic underbrush are as scarce in the Liberal Party as they are in

the government. Last summer, former Prime Minister Lester B. Pearson, in search of some new ideas, arranged to have two hundred "liberally minded" Canadians from outside, as well as inside, the party meet for a week's seminar at Kingston. The "new" idea that attracted the most attention and enthusiasm was presented by a displaced Canadian professor from the University of Chicago. He proposed a free-trade union with the United States — a notion last seriously heard in Canada in the election of 1911.

On the other hand, an attempt by Walter Gordon to interest the audience in the problems resulting from American control of Canadian industry never got off the ground. A few months later, the whole performance was repeated at a Liberal Party convention in Ottawa. Dedicated, as it is, to what Coyne has described as "outmoded theories of trade," the Liberal Party obviously has turned its back on the nationalist vote.

Actually, the Liberal strategy is to try to coast back into office on the public disenchantment with Diefenbaker. Despite his efforts, things get slowly worse instead of better. The Liberals are now back in power in Quebec and New Brunswick, and there is no doubt that Diefenbaker's prestige is at a low ebb elsewhere in the country.

But Mr. Diefenbaker and his Conservatives are in power at least until 1962, and probably 1963. Aside from making nationalistic noises, it is most unlikely that he will do anything to impair relationships between Canada and the United States, politically or economically. Canadian defense policy will still be rigidly welded to American defense, and always will be. A true indication of the attitude of Canada toward the United States was the haste with which Mr. Diefenbaker appeared on President Kennedy's doorstep after the inauguration.

But the first big stride that can be made toward tackling the problem must be made in Washington. That will be when the Kennedy Administration takes concrete steps to shut off the tax concessions that are raining American dollars down on the world from a thousand nozzles.

Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



Our national parks in jeopardy SIR:

With the purpose and purport of your three articles under the title "Our National Parks in Jeopardy" (February *Atlantic*), I find myself in complete sympathy. I am a wilderness fan. But I must dissent emphatically with Devereux Butcher's expressed applications of his beliefs to Mount McKinley National Park, with which I am very familiar.

Mr. Butcher's general thesis in "Resorts or Wilderness?" is that the provisions of the 1916 act creating the National Park Service direct it to "conserve the scenery . . . and to provide for the enjoyment of the same by such means *as will leave them unimpaired for the enjoyment of future generations.*" (The italics are Mr. Butcher's.)

Mr. Butcher reports that he and his wife visited Mount McKinley National Park in June, 1958, and that they drove the 180-mile round trip to Wonder Lake — the end of the only existing highway in the park — and it took them all day. He rejoices that there were no accommodations within the park, the only ones being at the eastern entrance, and deplores that the road is being widened, although before its present and pending reconstruction it had been notably unsafe.

Now, let us consider the facts about Mount McKinley National Park.

It is a roughly rectangular area of just under two million acres, approximately a hundred miles long and thirty miles wide. Its only road winds along the northern edge of the park for about one half its length. This was never planned as a Park

Service road, but was an old trail, before the park was created, to the Kantishna Mining District, which lies just north of the center of the park. The present highway is the improved Kantishna trail.

Mr. Butcher expresses his aspiration — and that of countless others, including me — by saying: "Millions of city dwellers go back to nature at every opportunity. We crave the unfulfilled refreshment and spiritual uplift that only contact with nature can give." How much of his craving would he have satisfied if he had had to walk from the eastern entrance of the park? Actually, the "mountain," the park's glory and *raison d'être*, is not visible from the eastern entrance. Its summit may be glimpsed briefly from the highway fifteen miles in; then it is not visible again for the next forty-five, and can be seen only in the last thirty miles. Through this last stretch, it remains about twenty-five miles distant. If we did not have this road, how many people, in order to see Mount McKinley, would be able to walk the sixty miles, spend the night in a sleeping bag, and then trek back? Direct access to Mount McKinley is impossible for the average tourist, since it requires crossing the rapids of the McKinley River, which separates the western part of the highway from the mountain. I have forded it, but it is unsafe when the water is high and is not for the average tourist.

In order really to enjoy the park, one should be able to stay in it, as I have — though I had advantages which were not available to the public, but should be. A lodge at Wonder Lake, of sufficient capacity,

would provide these advantages for others, and a bridge — at least a footbridge — across the McKinley River would open up a vast wilderness area and fulfill that portion of the legislative mandate which Mr. Butcher apparently overlooks, "for the enjoyment of future generations." There will be precious little enjoyment for them unless they can somehow get to the region which they are to enjoy and contrive to stay there for longer than a one-day automobile ride. To be sure, there is now a small and attractive lodge just outside the park boundaries near Wonder Lake, but the accommodations are limited and would have to be substantially enlarged before they could take care of the potential patronage and unexpected visitors.

I consider myself a fervent conservationist. But of what value are wilderness areas if it is virtually impossible for people to get to them and to get the "spiritual uplift" which they instill?

ERNEST GRUENING
United States Senator from Alaska
Washington, D. C.

SIR:

Yellowstone Park has an area of 3500 square miles, or in the neighborhood of 2,215,000 acres, all but 8500 acres of which is owned by the federal government. This park, therefore, is bigger than the states of Rhode Island and Delaware combined, and three fourths as large as the state of Connecticut. There are about two hundred miles of roads in the park. If one is willing to go so far as to claim that one lineal mile of road "civilizes" one square mile, about two hundred square miles of

this 3500-square-mile park are no longer to be regarded as wilderness, but areas totaling 3300 square miles are primeval wilderness, and, I am sorry to say, very few of these areas are used by any human being. The last area of Yellowstone Park to be opened by road was the Dunraven Pass section between the Canyon of the Yellowstone and Tower Falls in 1908. The road system was built for stagecoaches and wagons; for the most part, the roads could be used in one direction only. The National Park Service has widened these roads only since automobiles were admitted in 1915, and has given them hard surface.

It is impossible for one to contemplate the idea of having people live outside a great park like Yellowstone. The gateway towns are utterly unable to provide satisfactory accommodations for the public. There is no authority to establish standards for housing facilities, quality of food, and miscellaneous services, or to govern prices. On the other hand, if outside facilities were available, it is inconceivable that people would or could enjoy a great park like Yellowstone when they would have to travel long distances to get to a point of interest and then have to go out again for the night. They would just take one look and keep going. Most travelers do not have more than two weeks' vacation and have to spend much of that in getting to or from a great national park, if one is in their vacation plans.

HORACE MARDEN ALBRIGHT
New York City

Mr. Albright was assistant to Stephen T. Mather, the first Director of the National Park Service, when the bureau was established, and succeeded him in January, 1929. He had previously served ten years as Superintendent of Yellowstone National Park and as Assistant Field Director of the National Park Service. In the beginning of the Franklin D. Roosevelt Administration, he was one of the four men who organized the Civilian Conservation Corps.

— THE EDITOR

SIR:

Before your readers take Mr. Butcher's unconstructive diatribe too seriously, I wish they could know his solution for all the problems of Yosemite. Sitting in my office some years ago, he seriously told me that if he had his way, all visitors to Yosemite Valley would come by

bicycle from El Portal. That community is fourteen miles from Yosemite Village, and the road climbs two thousand feet in about five miles. Anyone for a bicycle?

H. OEHLMANN, *Executive Vice President*
Yosemite Park and Curry Company
Yosemite National Park, Calif.

SIR:

The articles on the national parks are excellent, and I am in almost complete agreement with them, especially Mr. Butcher's. For years I have maintained that the best thing we could do for our national parks would be to neglect the roads. Unfortunately, we have been urbanizing them.

WILLIAM VOGT
New York City

SIR:

It is most encouraging to have a magazine of the caliber of the *Atlantic* give so much space to a discussion of our national parks. The three articles cover the situation very well and point up the tremendous difficulties of the National Park Service in attempting to follow the congressional mandate of keeping these areas unimpaired for future generations.

There is much in the articles with which I agree: that road building, for instance, should be kept down to an absolute minimum and of a type in keeping with the terrain; that all amusement developments or tourist facilities should be discontinued within the parks and eventually moved outside park boundaries; that the primeval splendor of the parks and their spiritual values should be protected at all costs.

What is missing in these articles is any recognition of the all-important fact that close to 95 per cent of the park areas is still in a wilderness condition, the result of courageous fighting by the National Park Service for over half a century; that many present-day installations are the result of slow growth since the stagecoach days and cannot be eliminated easily or without tremendous cost; that new parks, seashore areas, and any enlargements of the system, whether from the standpoint of the much-needed buffer zones or the relatively small plots to accommodate facilities outside present boundaries, require congressional authorization and interagency cooperation as well as funds. This is a slow and painful process, but some real prog-

ress has, nevertheless, been made.

As a former President of the National Parks Association, and also in a personal capacity, I have always held the aim and hope that through amicable discussions between citizens' groups and the National Park Service, solutions could be found to many of these problems.

SIGFURD F. OLSON
Ely, Minn.

We are concerned with an important premise. To argue that only 5 per cent of the park areas is developed ignores the principle that any intrusion shatters the whole. No removal of roads was suggested, nor quick removal of facilities; but as more motels are needed and existing ones become obsolete, it was proposed to build new ones at park perimeters. Gateway towns free of subsidized competition can provide excellent accommodations at reasonable rates, as has been amply shown. With accommodations at all five entrances, villages in Yellowstone, for example, would be unnecessary.

— DEVEREUX BUTCHER

Pressures on college girls today

SIR:

I should like to thank you for the publication of Dr. Carl Binger's article "The Pressures on College Girls Today" in the February *Atlantic*. As a freshman at Vassar College, I found his analysis perceptive and remarkably accurate. Both from introspection and observation, I have discovered how profound the adolescent depression really is. Scholastic pressures mount, health slips, personal problems press, until the slightest occurrence can send spirits to black depths of despair.

Most of the girls I have met are thoughtful and intelligent; they have serious plans for their futures. It is natural for us to be deeply concerned when our preparation (which is what our education is) is confused by the emotional crises of both our friends and ourselves. Yet, as Dr. Binger suggested, the situation must not be this negative.

First of all, I think most of us recognize, even if tacitly, that we are not alone in our problems; all the classes before us have had to survive the same course. Our resolve to reach the goal with dignity, if not with distinction, is therefore strengthened.

Second, it is a consolation, albeit a small one at the moment, that the whole process should bring us nearer

to a more mature and satisfying life.

Third, there are often times when college life is delightful: we look forward to extracurricular activities, to weekends, and to building wonderful and rewarding friendships.

Finally, the college policy toward our problems is very important, as Dr. Binger noted. I think Vassar's policy is admirable: it was clearly explained during orientation that all the officials of the college were more than ready to listen to any of us, if only we asked to be heard. They do not pursue us, but if we need advice, it is ours for the asking. At once we have been assured independence and security.

CHRISTINA P. TISCHLER
Vassar College
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

SIR:

"The Pressures on College Girls Today" advances a very unjust generalization about the relationships of college boys and girls. Dr. Binger portrays the college boy as what seems to me to be an unleashed nymphomaniac who continually rationalizes his perversion. Then he seems to condone the boy by the words: "He may be right." The distraught college girl is indeed unfortunate that she does not have a set of values by which she can realize the place of sex in her complex orb.

One cannot rest the solution of this rare girl's great problems solely upon the college. Adjustment and fundamental education are the burden and duty of the home. Respect for and realization of virtue's importance must come from the home and be nurtured by the college. The girl who refrains from privileges due only to marriage is not "old-fashioned," as Dr. Binger puts it, but, rather classic, and retains a beauty that only her husband and God will ever fathom.

BRANN JOHN WRY, '66
Holy Cross College
Worcester, Mass.

Note

Señora Inés M. de Muñoz-Marín informs us that it was she and not her husband who signed the letter published in the April ATLANTIC in appreciation of our special supplement on Spain in the January issue. The letter was handwritten; the signature was difficult to distinguish; and before reproducing it we had received clearance from Puerto Rican authorities.

— THE EDITOR

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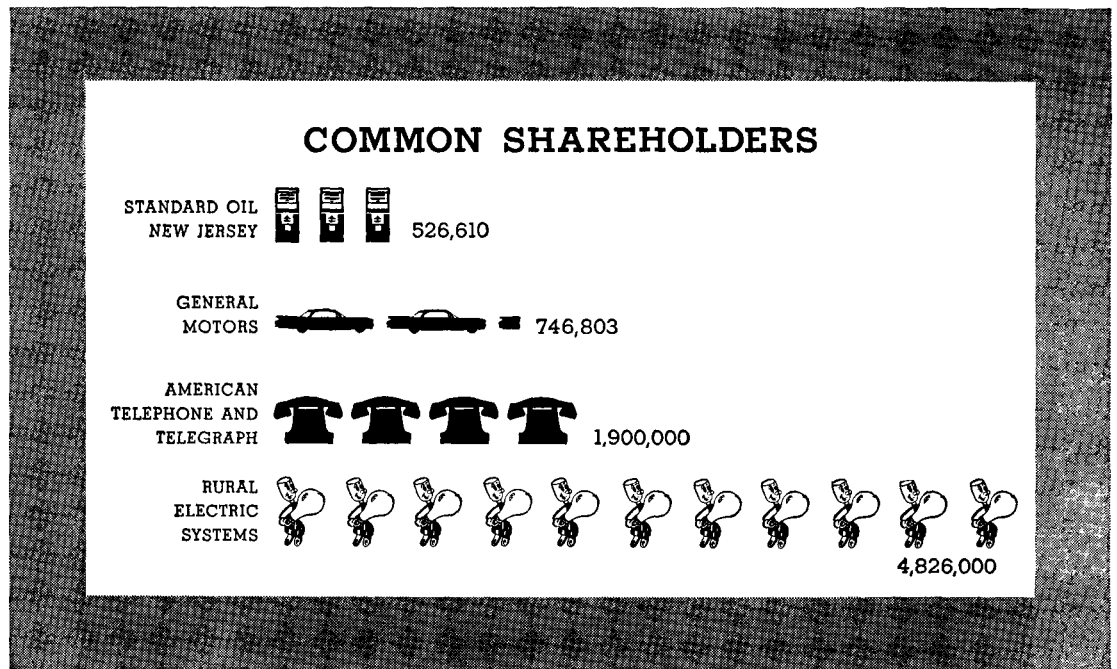
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AMERICA'S RURAL ELECTRIC SYSTEMS



THE LAWYERS TALK HISTORY

BY CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN

A biographer who has brought lucidity and insight to her biographies of three great lawyers, Oliver Wendell Holmes, John Adams, and the Queen's Advocate, Sir Edward Coke, CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN is here concerned with the courage which is occasionally called out of young lawyers and of the permanent record which that courage may leave in the long run of history.

BIOGRAPHERS are used to good company. I have been privileged to spend days and years in close communication with the brilliant and tough-fibered of the legal teaching profession. The subjects of my last three biographies were teachers, after their several fashions. Justice Holmes and Sir Edward Coke taught in law school, the first at Harvard, the other at the London Inns of Court. John Adams would surely have taught in law school had any such institution existed in his day. As it was, his teaching took another direction. By word of mouth, by letters to the newspapers, by official instructions to representatives of the legislature, and finally by his book, *Defence of the Constitutions of the United States of America*, Adams explained to his generation the kind of government, local and national, which they could expect to build, and the kind of government he thought they deserved. His first such effort, published in the *Boston Gazette* when he was only twenty-nine, made a stir in the province, was carried to London and reprinted there. "A Dissertation on the Canon and Feudal Law," it was called. "Government," wrote Adams, "is a plain, simple, intelligible thing, founded in nature and reason, and quite comprehensible by common sense."

It is my experience (and hardly original) that clever men who can reduce complex problems to simplicity are apt to be very well educated. Often enough, their so-called common sense derives not

from the rough-and-tumble of this world but from pure book learning, from scholarship, from long and solitary study. The studious man, who by some accident of the times finds himself in public life, has a range of reference wider than his fellows'. He can relate idea to idea and thereby isolate or combine the factors that will make up a pattern comprehensible to ordinary men. In short, he is a good teacher. And by this token, John Adams, from his college days, had read widely in the history of governments, ancient and modern. He compared them, assessed them in relation to the world he saw around him. His diary for the 1760s has a frequent and a striking entry: "At home with my family, thinking. . . . At home, thinking, reading, searching. . . ."

No wonder Adams was ready, when the time came. Yet John Adams was only one of many patriot lawyers. It is no accident that in America, as in the England of Edward Coke's day, the onset of successful revolution coincided with the emergence of an educated bar. We know the famous names: Jefferson, Madison, Hamilton, Dickinson, James Wilson of Philadelphia — lawyers who wrote our state papers and our Constitution. It is not these men, however, that I am concerned with at the moment, but an earlier group in Massachusetts — local attorneys of the Boston bar who never reached the great Revolutionary forum in Philadelphia, yet who served their coun-

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try valiantly and artfully in their professions: Jeremiah Gridley, James Otis, Oxenbridge Thacher, Josiah Quincy, Jr. — their names are all but forgotten. I take this occasion to celebrate them, as trial lawyers, business lawyers who made money and brought clients to their offices, as champions of the rights of their colony against an absentee government. And above all, as inveterate and natural-born teachers of legal history.

LET me give you a scene, after the fashion of biographers:

It is a winter's morning of the year 1761, in the old Council Chamber of the Boston Town-House. An important hearing is scheduled. On order from the Lords of Trade in England, the customhouse at nearby Salem has petitioned the Superior Court for writs of assistance to discover contraband coming in by sea. Dwellings are to be searched, as well as ships and warehouses. From Salem, Plymouth, Boston, howls of anguish have gone up; merchants cry they will be ruined. Four judges, wigged, powdered, and wearing their scarlet, sit with the royal governor, Francis Bernard, to hear the petition of the merchants against the Messrs. Paxton and Cockle of the Salem customhouse. Actually, there is no necessity for the red robes, this being a civil case, but Governor Bernard desired a good show, to impress the province. Spectators fill the room — merchants, citizens, and every barrister of the eastern counties, which means not more than ten or twelve. Below the judges, three lawyers wait, ready with their briefs: Gridley, Otis, Thacher. Somewhere in the audience a youth of seventeen, a Harvard sophomore, is ready with pen and paper to report the case, though he has no official position.

Gridley will argue for the customhouse and the crown, James Otis and Oxenbridge Thacher for the merchants, and thereby, in the eyes of the audience, for the province of Massachusetts. Teacher is pitted against pupils today; both Otis and Thacher read law in Gridley's office. Jeremiah Gridley, bluff, scholarly, in his sixtieth year, is known in Massachusetts as the "Father of the Boston Bar"; he has trained a dozen young attorneys. Otis, a strong, thickset man of thirty-six, vehement in speech and movement, magnetic, wildly erratic at times in behavior, is much respected in the province. "An honest man and a thorough-taught lawyer," John Adams called him. When the case had first come up, some months ago, Otis had been Advocate General of Admiralty, a lucrative crown post. The customs men had called on him to defend their position, but he resigned in order to argue for the merchants. His

associate today, Oxenbridge Thacher, is a man of forty-one, cool and quiet, with easy manners, a slow musical voice, an ailing body, and a quick wit which strikes when the adversary least expects it. Thacher, people say, is like Dan in the Bible, whom his father described as "a serpent in the way, that biteth the horse's heels so that the rider falleth backward."

Gridley rises to open for the crown. As always he is lucid, reasonable, well bolstered by legal precedent. "If it is law in England, it is law here," he says. Oxenbridge Thacher, when his turn comes, argues that writs of assistance are but temporary warrants, special warrants that must be renewed for each search. James Otis is the last to rise. The audience stirs expectantly. Otis is on his feet for five hours. A "flame of fire," wrote John Adams afterward. Otis cites Sir Edward Coke on *Bonham's Case*, he cites Magna Carta. An Englishman's house is his castle, it cannot be entered without a special warrant, and then only for felonies. "An act against the constitution is void!" Otis shouts. "An act against natural equity is void!"

Old Jeremiah Gridley was always irritated when his law students took flight into paragraphs about the laws of nature, *leges terrae*, and the barons at Runnymede. On one such occasion he had rebuked the offender openly in court. "Quoting history is not speaking like a lawyer," he said. Yet here was James Otis, spouting off into history and obviously impressing — if not the governor and the judges — at least the audience of sixty-three rich merchants whose fortunes depended on the outcome. Otis would lose this case, and Jeremiah Gridley knew it.

Otis did lose. Yet Gridley, when the day was over, experienced great pride. Not for himself, though technically he had won: the writs of assistance remained valid, customs officers could enter dwellings and warehouses to search for contraband. But in the popular mind the crown side had lost ground, and Gridley was aware of it. In the long run it would be James Otis' arguments that would bear weight in the colonies. Gridley's pride was all for his pupils. "I raised up two young eagles," he said. "They pecked out both my eyes."

Even a layman knows that poetic generalities, drawn from history, do not win lawsuits. Jeremiah Gridley was right, "Quoting history is not speaking like a lawyer." More than a century later, Frederick Maitland confessed that after a lifetime of teaching, he had come to the regretful conclusion that a lawyer does not need to know history in order to win cases.

But winning cases is one thing, and winning popular causes is another. In revolutionary

times, a law court is apt to be the great forum. Already, in 1761, lawyers like James Otis knew that we must one day break from the English government — but not from the fundamental principles of English law. And these principles must be taught to the people; they must be disseminated somehow. Otis, Gridley, Thacher, Adams (and that young Harvard student who sat in court with pen and paper) all showed a deep pride in their common-law inheritance. It was their best birthright as Englishmen, they said. They could not know that, after 1787, the states were to repudiate the common law simply because it was English, and still later to adapt it to their needs. Court records of the 1760s show some very shaky so-called “constitutional” arguments, interpreting ancient statutes in the light of present expediency. Reading them, one is reminded of Sir Edward Coke, whose enemies accused him of “inventing” Magna Carta.

But can we say that Lord Coke did not make good use of his invention, or that we in America did not profit by it? I think, too, of Coke’s colleagues, the lawyers in Parliament, who contrived to go down river from Westminster to the Tower of London and find ancient precedents to confound the policies of James I. Almost beside himself, the King declared at last that “if he would hunt what other *kings* have done, he might find somewhat for himself, although there be antiquaries and nimble wits in the House of Commons.” In this early battle at Westminster Hall, “historical research,” it has been said, “appeared as the guardian of national liberties.”

Our Massachusetts lawyers, then, were in a distinguished line of descent when they indulged in this “Anglo-American habit of going forward while facing backward.” The phrase is not mine but Professor Leonard Levy’s, from his brilliant book *The Legacy of Suppression*. I myself would put it more favorably and say that our Massachusetts lawyers of the 1760s were riding out the storm, not by cutting loose, but by paying out more anchor chain. Call it a need for justification, call it a sense of continuity, a groping for order, or a tactic of expediency — in the prerevolutionary courts of America, in local legislative speeches and papers, it was much in evidence. A new world was in the making, and a new society. But its laws were not to be fashioned newly, out of empty air and environment. Voltaire once told his countrymen, “If you do not like your laws, destroy them and make new ones” — a directive that is deeply repugnant to the Anglo-American tradition, which says that law is not made, it must grow from the root.

I cannot but think it fortunate that our Revolution, long before the fighting began at Lexington,

was engineered by men who knew the law, men whose minds moved not in terms of violence and quick results but in terms of the law and the courts and the reasoned, disciplined action that lies behind the law and the courts. And not only in Massachusetts, but in New York, Virginia, Pennsylvania, Carolina. In our own time we have seen what happens to revolutions which move too fast. It was John Adams who said, “I adore gradual abolition.”

AND now — the boy of seventeen who sat taking notes in the courtroom while James Otis was quoting history. The youth’s name was Josiah Quincy, Jr., and he was already in love with the law. He continued to write court reports — after his own delightful and highly personal fashion — for the ensuing eleven years. Young Quincy belonged to the well-known Massachusetts family which spells its name with a *c* and pronounces it like the *s* in the word for a bad sore throat. After the Writs of Assistance trial, and after his graduation from Harvard, Quincy read law with Oxenbridge Thacher. In 1770 he was co-counsel, with John Adams, in defending the British soldiers accused of murder after the so-called Boston Massacre. Captain Preston and six soldiers were acquitted; two of their comrades pleaded guilty to a lesser charge and got off with light sentences — an event in law of which America can be very proud, undertaken as it was in a rabid political atmosphere which favored any kind of trial but a fair one.

An ardent, intense young man with a gift for oratory and a passion for reading books, Quincy went after business as a bird dog goes after game. He is said to have been the first lawyer in Boston to hang out a shingle. All of these patriot lawyers, incidentally, were avid for business; Quincy found the competition keen. John Adams, traveling the northern circuit on horseback with Josiah and his older brother, Sam Quincy, in the summer of 1774, wrote home from a house where he and Samuel had lodged overnight. It was raining, but young Josiah would not stop. “Always impetuous and vehement,” wrote Adams, “Josiah Quincy pushed forward, I suppose that he might get upon the fishing ground before his brother Sam and me.”

Among the members of the Liberty Party, Josiah Quincy acquired extraordinary prestige while still in his twenties. He wrote fiery, flowery patriotic pieces for the newspapers signed “Hyperion,” “An Independent,” or even, “An Old Man.” In his law reports he hammered away at the Tory judges, in footnotes. “Wilkes Quincy,” the Chief Justice called him in derision, after the parliamentarian who in London was currently notorious. In 1774, when he was thirty, Josiah

Quincy sailed for London, to talk if possible with the Lords of Trade, try to interpret America, and make Britain see what she was doing to destroy her colonies. Frail, tubercular, and immensely attractive, young Quincy walked the London streets, desperate with the futility of his mission. The British, he wrote home, could not believe the Colonies were in earnest. And concerning the Continental Congress, "People here," said Quincy, "have no idea that a body of men can be virtuous." In Parliament, Lord Hillsborough remarked that there were at the moment two persons at large in London who should be in Newgate Prison or on Tyburn gallows. One was Josiah Quincy; the other, Benjamin Franklin.

The trip home was rough and stormy, Josiah grew daily weaker and more ill. On the twenty-sixth of April, 1775, just a week after the battle of Lexington, as his ship was nearing Boston Harbor and had sighted Gloucester Light, Josiah Quincy died. In his will he left to his only son, Josiah III, a considerable sum of money, and — says the document — "when he shall arrive at the age of fifteen years, Algernon Sidney's works, John Locke's works, Lord Bacon's works, Gordon's *Tacitus*, and Cato's *Letters*. May the spirit of liberty rest upon him!" Quincy added.

Perhaps it was naïve. Yet it was not ineffectual; Josiah III grew up to be, though not a lawyer, president of Harvard and mayor of Boston. Naïve, too, that in the elder Quincy's copy of Blackstone's *Commentaries*, he wrote, after the name of the author on the title page, "*who voted against the bill to repeal the American stamp-act.*" Like John Adams, like Holmes and Sir Edward Coke, Josiah Quincy had a romantic pride not only in his country but in the law. "My profession, the noblest on earth," he once wrote to Samuel Adams.

Quincy, Otis, Thacher, John Adams, Robert Treat Paine — in Suffolk and Middlesex counties these men practiced their profession as revolution approached. But Jeremiah Gridley, Father of the Boston Bar, apparently worried over his young colleagues. Perhaps they could do with a little more culture, more proficiency in the use of the English language, a wider reading in the classics.

Gridley formed a law club, which met regularly, in the 1760s. It was called "Sodalitas, A Club of Friends." "It should be part of our plan," said Gridley at the first meeting, "to improve ourselves by writing, by reading carefully the best writers, and by using ourselves to writing."

I like that eighteenth-century phrase, "using ourselves to writing." Young John Adams, a member, quoted it in his diary. "It should be part of our plan also," Gridley said, "to publish pieces now and then. Let us form our style upon the ancients and the best authors. I hope and expect to see at the bar," Gridley finished, "in consequence of this Sodality, a purity, and elegance, and a spirit surpassing anything that ever appeared in America."

Members of the Sodality worked hard over their papers. And in one case, at least, what they wrote did not die with them. Gridley told John Adams, "Pursue the study of law, young man, rather than the gain of it. Make money enough to keep out of the briars, but give your main attention to study. That is rule number one." Years later, Adams said the advice had made so deep an impression that no lawyer ever did so much business, in seventeen years of practice, for so little profit. But no matter how Adams emerged financially, one cannot wish that his career had taken another direction. In the easy phrase of today, John Adams did all right.

To the greatest lawyers — to those whose names are remembered — the law was inseparable from history, no matter who won the cases. And the influence of a teacher, for better or for worse, is no less today than it was in the 1760s. Ours is an age of specialization, with every branch of learning, including the law, divided into tight small compartments. It is difficult therefore to retain the whole view of a whole profession that makes for pride and excitement. It seems to me that the ability to retain belief in one's work — which means in what one is doing day by day — is surely no small part of heroism. When Lord Coke was old, he wrote, in the preface to one of his books, "I do owe more to my profession than all my faithful labors can satisfy."

The paper which follows has been drawn from GEORGE F. KENNAN's new book, RUSSIA AND THE WEST UNDER LENIN AND STALIN, the Book-of-the-Month Club selection for June. Mr. Kennan entered the Foreign Service in 1926, following his graduation from Princeton. He was the invaluable Russian-speaking aide to Ambassador Bullitt in Moscow from 1933 to 1935, was in Prague at the time of Czechoslovakia's disintegration, in Berlin until Pearl Harbor, and was our Ambassador to Moscow from 1952 to 1953. One of our most authoritative scholars of the Soviet system, he is today the Ambassador to Yugoslavia.



STALIN AND CHINA

BY GEORGE F. KENNAN

ONE permanent element of Russia's policy in Asia which stands out with reasonable definiteness and clarity in the historical record is the sheer geopolitical necessity of protecting from foreign penetration and domination those areas of Asia — Manchuria, Outer Mongolia, and Sinkiang — which lie adjacent to the Russian borders. For decades, the Czar's government was absorbed in this task. Before the building of railways and the opening up of China and Korea to penetration by the great powers, this question was less urgent for Russia. But by the end of the nineteenth century, the development of modern techniques of transportation and communication had facilitated the extension of great-power influence into hitherto untouched, or little touched, areas. With these developments, and with the simultaneous settlement of Siberia, the Asian border became a problem to Russia as it had never been before.

I do not mean to say that Russia's interest in these regions was only a reaction to the imperialism of others. You could just as well put it the other way around. The building of the Trans-Siberian Railway by the Czar's government, and particularly its extension across Manchuria, was

itself a stimulus to the activity of the other powers. They feared Russia's expansion into China as much as Russia feared theirs.

The fact is (and it is a fact we tend to ignore in these days when we are all such good anti-imperialists) that the process of nineteenth-century imperialism took place everywhere in a highly competitive atmosphere, so that to refrain from being imperialistic yourself did not generally mean to spare the area in question from becoming the victim of imperialism. The alternative to the establishment of American power in the Philippines, for example, was not a nice, free, progressive Philippine Republic; it was Spanish, German, or Japanese domination. Abstention on our part from the taking of the Philippines could have been argued, and was, from the standpoint of our interests; it could scarcely have been argued from the interests of the Filipinos themselves. And so it was in the great underdeveloped, politically unorganized spaces that lay between Russia and China.

In the period immediately following the Revolution, the Soviet leaders made a great point of condemning the former czarist Russian hegemony in these border areas as imperialistic and of promising the Chinese people that never, never would Soviet Russia move along this path. In 1919 and 1920 fulsome proclamations were issued in Moscow denouncing the unequal treaties by which Russia and China had previously been bound, renouncing all the privileges and rights flowing from these treaties, promising henceforth to live with China on a basis of complete equality. Ini-

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tially, these promises even included the transfer to China of the Chinese Eastern Railway, which before the war had been the property of the Russian state. But this promise was made during the extremity of the Russian civil war in 1919, at a moment when it was of vital importance to keep the Chinese from giving aid and comfort to Admiral Kolchak. As soon as Kolchak was defeated, the Soviet leaders had second thoughts. The Chinese authorities in North China and Manchuria were at that time, in the Soviet view, Japanese puppets. Did one really want to turn the railway over, in effect, to the Japanese? The answer obviously was no. So Moscow reneged on this offer by the simple device of denying that the offending passage had ever been included in the original proclamation and struck out on a line of policy which kept this railway in Soviet hands until 1935, when the Japanese, not the Chinese, forced the Russians to sell it.

This is a good point at which to remind ourselves that throughout the period between the two wars, the greatest problem for Soviet foreign policy in the Far East was the Japanese penetration into Manchuria — a phenomenon which had been stimulated by Russia's extreme weakness around the time of the Revolution.

There was no more ardent desire on the part of Soviet policy makers than to see Japanese influence removed from the Manchurian area. But throughout the twenties and the thirties, Russia remained too weak to take anything more than a defensive attitude in this question. Her main concern — and the best she could hope to do — was to prevent the Japanese from advancing still farther and encroaching on Soviet territory itself.

In Outer Mongolia, a different situation prevailed. This great region, which in the years just before the Revolution had been a Russian protectorate, was formally part of China. As good anti-imperialists, the Russian Communists should, of course, have been content to leave it to the Chinese. But the Chinese lacked the power to administer and protect the region. And when the anti-Bolshevik forces lost out and were expelled from Siberia in the Russian civil war, some of their least attractive leaders took refuge in Outer Mongolia, terrorized its inhabitants with their bands of bloodthirsty followers, and made use of the territory as a base for anti-Bolshevik military activity.

All this held considerable danger for the men in Moscow. Their only link with the Soviet Far East was the slender five-thousand-mile line of the Trans-Siberian Railway. Outer Mongolia lay close to the vulnerable part of this line that bends to the south around Lake Baikal. To remain inactive would have been to invite penetration and

domination of the area by the Japanese, acting in association with anti-Bolshevik Russian forces. This was particularly dangerous, because the part of Siberia just west of Baikal contained, itself, a large Mongolian population. If the Mongols to the south remained under Japanese and White Russian influence, this could become a source of disaffection for the Mongols within Siberia proper.

Faced with this problem, the Russian Communists acted in the best Asian tradition. They arranged the establishment of a puppet government in Outer Mongolia, got it to request their military assistance, intervened militarily, and restored, in effect, the old czarist protectorate — an arrangement which has endured to the present day.

ALL this had nothing to do, of course, with democracy. This was one of those situations (Americans sometimes find it hard to believe that they exist) where democracy was neither here nor there. The motives that prompted Soviet action in this case were exactly the same as those that had moved the Czar's government to intervene in these areas in the first place. I have gone into these details in order to show how compelling, how inexorable were the geopolitical considerations that governed Russian policy here, both before and after the Revolution. But let us note that at the basis of this geopolitical necessity there lay, invariably, the weakness of China. It was this weakness that brought the whole complex into play. The existence of a strong China clearly undermines the rationale for such a policy. The fact that today the control of the Chinese Eastern Railway and Northern Manchuria lies with China is a reflection of China's new strength. It will be interesting to see how long Russia will be able to retain her hegemony in Outer Mongolia now that the alternative to it is not Japanese power but the power of China itself.

So much for the purely defensive part of Soviet policy in the Far East — the part that related to the border areas. But the question also arose: What should Soviet policy be toward the Orient farther afield, toward China proper and the other countries of the Asian mainland? In Europe, the answer had been at least reasonably clear. First, it was the incitement to revolution; then, after 1921, it was that (somewhat less hopefully) plus the tapping of the economic resources of the great European powers in the interests of the physical strengthening of the Soviet state. But what should be the objective with respect to a great backward country such as China, a country devoid of the classic prerequisites for revolution in the Marxist sense and so weak economically

that its resources could contribute very little to Russia's economic development?

In the approach to this problem, Soviet policy makers were bedeviled by a question to which, down to the present day, they have found no adequate answer. It is the conflict between the goals of social revolution and of national liberation. Let me attempt to define it.

You have, in the Marxist view, an individual who owns none of the means of production and who works for someone else who does own them. He is the worker. He is exploited. Because he possesses no property, he is socially and politically pure, capable only of worthy and constructive impulses. You are for him; you are against the capitalist who exploits him. So far, so good.

But it is not only capitalism that figures in the Marxist scheme of things; there is also imperialism. Country A is rich and highly industrialized. Country B is weak and underdeveloped. Country A dominates country B economically; drains it of its raw materials; builds industries on its territory, profits from its cheap labor — in short, exploits it. That is imperialism, and you are, of course, as a good Marxist, against that. You are for Country B and against Country A.

But wait a minute. Country B, which you are for, does not, as it happens, consist exclusively of downtrodden workers, languishing in the sweatshops operated by the capitalists of Country A. Such workers make up, in fact, only a negligible portion of its population — far too few to constitute anything even like a mass movement. Despite the general state of underdevelopment, the bulk of the population has a social breakdown not wholly dissimilar to that of some of the imperialist powers. Some people own property; some work for others. If you look at this place through the Marxist lens, you can, in fact, see what appear to be all the familiar features of the Marxist landscape: poor peasant, rich peasant, landowner, bourgeoisie, worker, capitalist, toiling intelligentsia, nontoying intelligentsia, feudal reactionaries — what you will. A variegated society, in other words.

Now, are you sure, when you say you are *for* this country in the name of anti-imperialism, that you are really for *all* of it? Even for its bourgeoisie, for its capitalists and lackeys of capitalism, for its nontoying intelligentsia, for its reactionary military cliques? Can you reconcile this with Marxist doctrine, especially when it becomes evident that the exploitation perpetrated by these people upon their fellow citizens is no less oppressive, and sometimes more oppressive, than the exploitation conducted by the foreign capitalist. And what do you do, in particular, when it becomes apparent that it is precisely some of these people, some of the local exploiters, who are the heart and soul of the

anti-imperialist movement, the movement for national liberation? Do you support them in the name of the struggle against imperialism, or do you fight them in the name of the struggle against capitalism?

This was the conflict with which Soviet policy wrestled in China throughout the period between the two wars, particularly in the years from 1923 to 1927. It is also, incidentally, the problem with which Soviet policy is contending today in Egypt and Iraq, and perhaps will face tomorrow in Cuba.

IN THE case of China, the Russians never found any really satisfactory answer to this question, though endless variations were suggested and attempted. Both of the objectives, the defeat of international imperialism and the defeat of indigenous capitalism, were too close to the Communist heart for either to be wholly rejected. It was clear to everyone in Moscow, therefore, that one tried, despite the conflict between the two, to do both. There was a difference, though. One's concern for the workers was permanent; they were to win in the end. The anti-imperialist bourgeois forces, on the other hand, were to be supported only temporarily, until they had done their work, after which they were to be destroyed or, to use Stalin's phrase, to be flung aside like worn-out jades. On this all were agreed. Lenin himself had said, after all, that the workers in such countries should enter into temporary alliance or agreements with the bourgeois national-liberation movements, for the purpose of defeating imperialism; but he had stipulated that they were not to merge with these movements entirely, that they were not to lose their own organizational identity; they were to retain their independent existence in order to undermine the political strength of their bourgeois allies. They were first to use the bourgeoisie as an instrument against the foreign imperialist; then they were, at the proper moment, to destroy it. Beyond this, Lenin himself did not go. His successors were left with the difficult task of putting this vague and contradictory injunction into practice.

There were, in the early twenties, many centers of power in China. The relations between them were invariably ones of rivalry and struggle — struggle modified from time to time by temporary and highly unstable alliances, which were marked, in turn, by a maximum of expediency and a minimum of good faith.

Of these various centers of power in the China of the early twenties, two stood out in importance from Moscow's standpoint. One was Peking, where there still functioned, by tolerance of and

arrangement with the local war lords, an authority terming itself the government of China and recognized as such by the powers. The other was Canton, in the south, where there was centered (also by arrangement with the local war lords) the Kuomintang movement, headed by Sun Yat-sen. The Soviet leaders, with their general fondness for having two strings to their bow, played with both. From 1921 to 1925 Moscow labored to attain recognition from and to establish normal relations with Peking. This was not easy. The Chinese were, as always, reluctant to give up on paper even that which they had long since ceased to possess in fact. They were, therefore, sticky about the Chinese Eastern Railway and Outer Mongolia. But the precedent set by Britain's recognition of the Soviet government in 1924 was helpful. Formal diplomatic relations were established between Moscow and Peking later that year, on a basis calculated to save Chinese face while giving the Russians real control in both instances.

Diplomatic relations with Peking were moderately valuable to Moscow so long as they lasted. They contributed to Moscow's prestige. They gave the Soviet government a regular observation post in China and a chance to have a voice in the problems of China's foreign relations. But the Chinese elements which stood behind the Peking government were regarded by Moscow largely as reactionary collaborators and allies of Western imperialism, and of little use to the anti-imperialist cause. Sun Yat-sen's movement, being strongly nationalistic and at the same time socially progressive, was much more interesting as a possible vehicle of Soviet influence. The result was that in 1923 a high-powered Soviet adviser, Michael Borodin, was sent to reside, so to speak, at Sun Yat-sen's court. Under Borodin's direction, the loose political movement called the Kuomintang was whipped into a fairly tight militant organization, patterned structurally on the Russian Communist Party but having, as Moscow clearly recognized, a different ideological inspiration and political significance.

In addition to the non-Communist political forces of Peking and Canton there were also the Chinese Communists. The Chinese Communist Party had been founded only in 1920, by a motley band of intellectuals. By the mid-twenties, it had achieved a certain degree of ideological unity, but it remained weak and without mass support. Its members accepted Moscow's leadership and submitted to Comintern discipline. For this reason, Moscow could not absolve itself of responsibility for the Party's political fortunes. But Stalin, for temperamental reasons, was much more interested in achieving the expulsion of the imperialists from

China than in pursuing the will-o'-the-wisp of an early Communist revolution within that country. He viewed the Chinese Communists primarily from the standpoint of their potential usefulness to the anti-imperialist cause; and in view of their lack of mass support and their military helplessness, he did not rate this usefulness very highly.

The result was that the Chinese Communists were instructed by Moscow, even before Borodin's arrival in Canton, to enter the ranks of the Kuomintang, to merge with it ostensibly, though retaining clandestinely their own organizational structure, their own discipline, their own bonds of subservience to the Comintern. From this delicate and ambivalent position within the Kuomintang, it was to be the task of the Chinese Communists to strengthen the Kuomintang in its anti-imperialist efforts, yet at the same time to penetrate its organizational structure, to win domination over it from within, and thus to place themselves in a position where they could eventually take it over and use it as an instrument for the Communist conquest of power within China itself. In this way, Moscow hoped to kill with one stone — at least, to appear to be killing with one stone — the two birds of international imperialism and Chinese capitalism. It was over this impossibly delicate and contradictory undertaking that Borodin was supposed to preside.

To tell the Chinese Communists to merge with the Kuomintang was, of course, a violation of Lenin's injunction that Communist parties, while aiding the national liberation movements, were to retain their own political identity. But this was rationalized on the grounds that Lenin had at one time contradicted that injunction himself by urging the British Communists to merge with the Labor Party for the purpose of disintegrating and destroying it. In this rationalization — ignoring national differences and invoking a precedent for a situation to which it was really quite irrelevant — there is a good illustration both of the sacred, revelatory quality attached to Lenin's words and of the schematic, indiscriminating manner in which his successors attempted to apply his recorded utterances to the situations of a later day.

SUN YAT-SEN died in 1925, a year after Lenin. His death, leaving, as it did, a serious vacuum in the leadership of the movement, served to enhance the importance of the Russian advisers. From this time on, the burden of shaping Kuomintang policies and of guiding the relationship between the Kuomintang and the Chinese Communists fell increasingly to Lenin's successors in

Moscow, and particularly to Stalin, whose authority, while still not unchallenged by others in his entourage (especially in the field of foreign policy), already exceeded that of any other single figure in the Party. Stalin seems to have been particularly apprehensive, at just this time, about British policy in China and about the possibility of further British penetration there. It was always difficult to judge how much of Stalin's professed anxiety, in cases such as this, was genuine and how much feigned. In the years 1926 and 1927, a relatively high component of Stalin's professed fear of British intervention in China appears to have been genuine. Certainly his calculations must have been affected by the reverses suffered in Russia's own relations with England in the mid-twenties and the strain placed on the relationship with Germany by the *rapprochement* of the mid-twenties between Germany and the Western powers. All this was enough to suggest to Stalin's suspicious mind that the bogeyman of the Soviet imagination — an anti-Soviet coalition of the Western powers, including Germany, under British leadership — was beginning to take concrete shape.

It was presumably considerations of this nature that caused Stalin to attach such great importance to the anti-imperialist potentialities of the Kuomintang, as compared with the domestic-political potentialities of the Chinese Communists, and to insist on the subordination of the latter to the former. The same considerations explained the emphasis laid by Moscow on the creation by the Kuomintang of a regular armed force. In pressing the Kuomintang to establish such a force, Moscow showed little concern for the social origins of the corps of officers selected and trained for this purpose: it was more interested for the moment in their military competence and in the possibility of their effectiveness against the imperialists. Here Stalin was no doubt misled by the success of Trotsky, during the Russian civil war, in making effective use of men from the officers' corps of the old czarist army, even when these men were far from having any sympathy with the principles of Communism. The appeal had been made successfully to these Russian officers on a straight patriotic basis. Why, Stalin must have asked, could not the same be done in the case of China? One of the results of this line of reasoning was that a promising young Chinese officer by the name of Chiang Kai-shek was brought to Moscow for training and then sent back to Canton to found there and to head a new military school to be known as the Whampoa Military Academy.

This, I suspect, laid the foundation for the catastrophe. No sooner had the Kuomintang armed force become a serious reality than Chiang

Kai-shek made himself, by a series of brutal and questionable devices, not only its effective commander but also the dominant figure in the movement as a whole. And no sooner had he achieved this status than he began to take measures with regard to the Communists which made it increasingly evident that a continued subordination to the Kuomintang might be not only their personal but also their political undoing. Anxious warnings that Chiang was taking an unfriendly and menacing attitude toward the Communists went forward repeatedly to Moscow, with pleas that the Communists be at once released from their bond of subordination to the Kuomintang and permitted to remove themselves from the danger area before it was too late. In Moscow, the question quickly developed into an acrid issue of Comintern policy. But Stalin, stubborn and on the defensive, stuck by his guns. Repeatedly, the answer went back to China that the Communists must continue to try to collaborate with the Kuomintang. It was made clear that there was to be no "treason to Chiang Kai-shek."

IN LATE 1926, despite the growing evidences of tension and disunity within the Kuomintang camp, the decision was taken to launch a military expedition northward to the Yangtze, in order to enlarge the area of Kuomintang power. The expedition was successfully conducted in the military sense; but it led, as military success so often does, to open political disunity. The movement split. One faction, led by Chiang himself, headed for Shanghai and the treaty ports, with a view to getting control of their great financial and material wealth. A second faction, composed of what was regarded as the Kuomintang's liberal wing, established itself at the Wuhan ports, farther up the river, but fell increasingly under the influence of its own non-Communist and anti-Communist generals.

On the approach of Chiang to Shanghai, the Communist supporters in that city, still putting their trust in the Kuomintang, as Moscow had ordered, rose up in a manner strikingly similar to the later uprising of the Polish patriots in Warsaw against the Germans at the approach of the Red Army in 1944. Chiang behaved, on this occasion, so much like the Stalin of 1944 that one wonders whether the unoriginal and imitative Stalin did not take his cue from this example. What Chiang did was to pause at the gates of Shanghai and to wait for the Communists to fight it out with the anti-Kuomintang authorities in that city. Not until this fracas had ended with a Communist victory and the anti-Kuomintang forces had been

effectively destroyed did Chiang enter the city, on Communist invitation, with his fresh forces. He then fell upon his exhausted Communist allies, slaughtered them unmercifully, and thus emerged the undisputed master of the situation.

This was, of course, a dreadful reversal for Stalin's China policy and a heavy blow to Moscow's prestige. It led, naturally, to bitter recriminations and heart-searching in the Comintern and in the Central Committee of the Party in Moscow. From the time the news of the Shanghai events was received, it was finally recognized in Moscow that Chiang himself must be regarded as a traitor and an enemy. Stalin went along with this view, although, with his usual tactical skill, he contrived to evade personal responsibility for the disaster. But he was still reluctant to give up his belief that the Kuomintang could be employed as a useful instrument of Soviet policy. He insisted, therefore, that the Chinese Communists now adopt the same sort of semisubservience to the more liberal wing of the Kuomintang, centered in the Wuhan ports, that they had previously been required to adopt toward Chiang. This, too, ended in a woeful setback. The Wuhan Kuomintang, also under the domination of its military leaders, likewise proceeded, somewhat less dramatically but scarcely less effectively than had been the case with Chiang, to make short shift of its Communist allies.

This completed the disaster. The Chinese Communist Party was decimated and forced to go underground. Moscow, with its remoteness and its lack of feel for the situation on the spot, had simply pushed the Party into the dragon's mouth. To save Stalin's face, the Party's leader, Chen Tu-hsiu, had to be expelled and denounced, without a shadow of grounds, as a Trotskyite. It was Mao Tse-tung who rescued some of the underground remnants of the Party and took them away to the hills to lead for many years the life of outlaws, in company with criminals and desperadoes, until, in the mid-thirties, they could effect their long march around the periphery of China to the north and there, on the border between Chinese and Soviet power, lay the foundations of the new Chinese Communist movement.

WHAT all this amounted to was that by the end of 1927 the effort of the Kremlin to build up and exploit a national-liberation Chinese movement, with a view to the expulsion of overseas imperialist power from China, had ended in an irreparable fiasco. The movement, as soon as it acquired military strength, had got quite out of Moscow's control. Then it had turned, with contemptuous

ruthlessness, to bite the hand that fed it. Furthermore, to the interests of this unhappy venture there had been sacrificed the incipient and not wholly unpromising Communist movement of China of that day — sacrificed to a point where remnants of it could survive for a decade into the future only as individual underground conspirators in the Chinese cities and villages or as a tiny band of outlaws in the remote fastnesses of the western mountains.

Why had all this occurred? What had gone wrong? What was the lesson of this catastrophe?

Stalin's political opponents — notably the Trotskyites — laid it to his willful departure from Lenin's principles and charged him with having persisted in grave tactical errors.

This argument need not, I think, detain us long. We have no need to assume, as Stalin's Marxist critics felt obliged to do, that Lenin was infallible. And if Stalin did stretch Lenin's principle that Communist parties were not to merge with national-liberation movements, he did not stretch it very far. These broad ideological propositions in which Russian Communists have always loved to clothe their actions have seldom corresponded entirely to the actual situations with which people were faced. As a consequence, they have constantly been stretched for reasons of expedience. Lenin himself stretched them, with a cheerful lack of inhibition, whenever he found it useful to do so. This is how Communist doctrine soon acquired, after the Revolution, that rubbery consistency which it has today and which permits it to be used as an infinitely flexible rationalization for anything whatsoever that the regime finds it advantageous to do.

It is true, of course, that Stalin persisted far too long in a line of policy which was jeopardizing the very existence of the Chinese Communist Party. The reason for this, apparently, was the fact that the matter became a prestige issue between him and his rivals in Russia. He was a man who hated to admit himself wrong, and it would not be the last time that he would sacrifice the interests of foreign Communists rather than confess himself to be in error and thereby yield a point to his opponents at home.

Beyond this, one sees at every hand in the complicated record of this episode the confusion occasioned by the fact that for people in Moscow — not to the same extent, perhaps, as for people in Washington, but also not in negligible degree — China was a different world and not readily intelligible. The ground of China, as Mr. Conrad Brandt said in his excellent book on this subject, was treacherous for this type of long-distance control. Here, again, the semantic confusion was appalling, and it was compounded by the insist-

ence of the Russian Communists on attempting to describe in doctrinal terms things that would have been much better understood if presented in more traditional expressions. One has the impression, in going through this story of Stalin's difficulties in China, that the happenings there seldom were what they appeared to be or what Moscow took them to be, that the whole semantic baggage of revolutionary Marxism was simply exploited in many instances by the supple Chinese to disguise impulses, necessities, plans, intrigues, and possibilities of the various Chinese factions which in reality had nothing to do with ideology at all. Moscow, in other words, understood very poorly what it was doing. What occurred at that time in China was simply the painful demonstration of a truth which is deeply repugnant to Russian Communism but with which Moscow is being more and more forcibly confronted in our own time: namely, that this is a multiple, complex world, not a simple one; that truth is not unitary but multiple. The differences that divided Russia, a Christianized country which had drawn its cultural influences from Byzantium and later from the Protestant West, and the Oriental world of China were simply too great to be fully bridged even by the attractive stereotypes of Marxism.

IN HIS preoccupation with the anti-imperialist cause in China, in his desire to see British and Japanese and Americans expelled from that country and all the elements of their special privilege and power there destroyed, Stalin was, as the British might say, on a hopeful wicket. This was indeed the pattern of the future. The revolt of non-Europe against Europe was destined to be the dominant political reality of the middle decades of the present century. And Stalin had some reason to feel that he ought, by rights, to be the proprietor of this process. The Russian Revolution had been, in fact, the first great phase of this movement, the inspiration and encouragement to millions of people farther afield who also wanted to shake off European influence or hegemony.

Two decades later, the goal which Stalin pursued in 1927 in China would actually be entirely achieved: the imperialists would be utterly expelled -- to the last man, to the last pound sterling, to the last dollar, to the last missionary -- but not under Stalin's leadership. It would not be Stalin who would realize for China the twin ideals of national liberation and social revolution. It would be someone else.

Why was this? Why did Mao Tse-tung succeed where Stalin failed?

The first reason was that Stalin's effort was pre-

mature. It was, remember, not the force of Marxist ideas or even Communist political activity that finally destroyed the positions of the European powers in Asia in our own mid-century; it was the combined effect of the two great European wars. The first war weakened these positions and undermined them, but it took the second to complete their destruction. It was not, by the same analogy, Communist efforts which destroyed the old order in Europe itself in the thirties and forties and eventually delivered the eastern half of the continent into Communist hands; it was Hitler who did this. It was he who destroyed the powers of resistance of the peoples of Eastern Europe and left them vulnerable to Communist pressures. And, similarly, in East Asia it was not Moscow, and least of all Washington, which really delivered China into the hands of the Communists; it was the Japanese, whose occupation of large parts of the country destroyed the natural powers of resistance in the population and whose final removal at the end of the war created vacuums into which Communists were prepared to flow, whereas Chiang was not. Without World War II, it is hard to believe that Mao's triumph could ever have occurred.

Had Stalin waited another twenty years, his chances for success would have been better. But even then, I think it doubtful that he could have succeeded. If time was against him in 1927, so was space. He faced the fact that he was five thousand miles from the scene of action and a foreigner, whereas Chiang and Mao were Chinese and were right there.

Many Americans seem unable to recognize the technical difficulties involved in the operation of far-flung lines of power, the difficulty of trying to exert power from any given national center over areas greatly remote from that center. There are, believe me, limits to the effective radius of political power from any center in the world. It is vitally important to remember this, particularly in the face of the fears one hears constantly expressed today that the Russians want universal power and will be likely to take over the world if we fail to do this or that.

There is no magic by which great nations are brought to obey for any length of time the will of people very far away who understand their problems poorly and with whom they feel no intimacy of origin or understanding. This has to be done by bayonets, or it is not done at all. This is the reason why, despite all that is said about Soviet expansion, the power of the Kremlin extends precisely to those areas which it is able to dominate with its own armed forces without involving impossible lines of communication, and no farther. There are geographic limits to the possibilities of military occupation; and such colonial

regimes as can occasionally be successfully established at points remote from the ostensible center soon develop, as has been demonstrated time and time again since the days of the Byzantine Empire, a will and identity of their own and become increasingly ineffective as instruments. In this way, the exercise of centralized power is gradually reduced, once more, to something like its natural limits.

What I am asserting is that universal world dominion is a technical impossibility and that the effectiveness of the power radiated from any one national center decreases in proportion to the distance involved and to the degree of cultural disparity. It was this reality that Stalin, in a very incipient way, was up against in his encounter with Chinese Communism and the Kuomintang in 1927. His lines of political authority were simply overextended. For that reason they were ineffective and dangerous to all concerned. The result was the occurrence, then and there, in the

relationship between Moscow and the Chinese Communists of something the nature of which still puzzles many people today. It was not an overt break. Throughout his years in the wilderness and even later, Mao continued to give lip service to his political affinity with Moscow and to pay to Moscow that tribute of outward deference which is required of all foreign Communist parties. But I cannot believe that things were ever the same after 1927.

From this time on, Moscow had in Mao — though this had at times to be concealed — an ally, but not a satellite. Chiang's massacre of the Shanghai workers in 1927 had demonstrated that Chinese Communism could survive and prosper only as an independent force, making its own decisions in the light of its own understanding of Chinese realities, not as a puppet of far-off Moscow. With this event, something snapped in the chain of authority and influence which Stalin had tried to fling to the shores of the Pacific.

THE TRIP

BY ANTHONY KERRIGAN

To walk as far as she is —
farther than the legend of my father —
is to skirt, carefully lifting the wet branches,
around a blueberry patch.

Horses are yoked to bears
in these fields.

One eye is a blue forest, the other the sea.
Bees come to comb their tresses in the apples of her hair.

From time to time, the thought of the sea-splashed granite.

And then suddenly:
"Here it is!" resounding in the evening snow of the next season, at dusk.
And children's voices carrying across the valley like winged icicles.

To go to her is to step
(skirting the wet branches)
slowly
over a blueberry patch.

KHRUSHCHEV AND CHINA

BY EDWARD CRANKSHAW



In 1941 EDWARD CRANKSHAW went to Russia with a British military mission, remaining there for two years. He returned in 1947 for the Foreign Ministers' Conference and has been there repeatedly since. Out of his travels and contacts within or on the fringes of the Soviet empire have come his books — CRACKS IN THE KREMLIN WALL is the best known — and such patient and revealing disclosures as this which follows.

N EARLY five years have gone by since I first outlined in the pages of the *Atlantic* the reasons for my belief that all was not well between China and the Soviet Union. During 1960 the existence of a strained situation between the two great Communist powers was made apparent to all the world through press polemics between Moscow and Peiping and through various actions on both sides. The first climax in what was clearly a very tough conflict of ideas and policies was the Bucharest Conference in June of last year; the second was the Moscow Conference, of more than eighty Communist Parties, which started early in November and dragged on into December. This Moscow conference was so secret that the very fact that it had been convened was not announced until it was all over. Then there was published an 18,000-word declaration, a sort of mid-twentieth-century *Communist Manifesto*, which was clearly the outcome of elaborate and protracted debate. This declaration was presented as proof of perfect unity of purpose and identity of views among all Communists everywhere. But what it actually proved was that Khrushchev had very largely got his way *for the time being*, carrying his main points of substance at the cost of conceding to the Chinese an emphasis on the revolutionary dynamic, which, to judge by his past actions and utterances, he would have preferred to do without.

This document is referred to here only because

of its relevance to the Sino-Soviet conflict. As a statement of Communist aims and strategy, it is full of interest, but of more immediate importance is the debate that lay behind it. It was possible to guess at the general lines of the debate because of the positions previously taken by the Chinese and the Soviet press: China and Russia were never mentioned by name in these press polemics, which on the Soviet side were directed against unnamed "dogmatists," and on the Chinese side against unnamed "revisionists"; but everybody interested knew that for "dogmatists" should be read Chinese and for "revisionists," Russians.

It was not until February of this year that this vague and generalized picture was suddenly brought into focus. It was brought into focus by a long and detailed account, not only of the proceedings in Moscow, but also of the June conference in Bucharest and of the secret correspondence between Moscow and Peiping which lay behind the two conferences and provided the basis of the opposing arguments. This account came into my hands from a satellite source, and I was able to publish a detailed summary of it in the *London Observer* of February 12 and February 19. It created a considerable stir, because it provided firsthand information — as distinct from deductions — of the reality of the struggle and its true nature. It also showed last year's conflict to have been conducted with a personal bitterness and

violence on both sides far greater than it would have been legitimate to deduce from the press polemics, bitter as these were. It confirmed, incidentally, the general accuracy of deductions already made, and added considerably to these.

The most immediately striking aspects of the story were, of course, the mutual recriminations. We are accustomed to Khrushchev's using violent language about us: we have seen him indulging in fairly choice invective at Paris and at the United Nations. But it was something new to overhear him employing the same language toward his Chinese allies, accusing Mao Tse-tung of being like Stalin, of being oblivious of any interests but his own, of spinning theories detached from the realities of the modern world. It was even more new to overhear the Chinese spokesmen answering back in the same coin. Thus, at Bucharest, P'eng Chen went so far as to accuse Khrushchev personally of fixing the meeting for the sole purpose of attacking China and undermining Chinese prestige, of giving people wrong ideas about the true nature of imperialism and altogether underestimating its strength. The Chinese Party, he said, did not at all trust Khrushchev's analysis of the general situation. Five months later, in Moscow, the Secretary General of the Chinese Communist Party, Teng Hsiao-ping, accused the Soviet Party of being opportunist and revisionist, of lacking any deep knowledge of Marxism, of propagating ideas about disarmament which were absurd, of perpetrating an "opportunistic mistake" in giving aid to Nehru and Nasser.

All this, quite naturally, caught the attention of the world. The general reader was far more interested in the Russians' making fun of the "paper tiger" vocabulary of the Chinese, and in the Chinese claim that they and they alone had held back the Soviet Army when it had mobilized against Poland in 1956 and had prevented that same army from withdrawing from Hungary a few weeks later, than in the root causes of the quarrel and the arguments that illuminated these causes. Let us try to go deeper.

THE present differences between Moscow and Peiping cannot be understood without some knowledge of the historical background of the relations between prerevolutionary Russia and China and between the Bolsheviks and the Chinese Communists before the successful Chinese revolution in 1948. This background material is presented with beautiful economy and clarity by George Kennan in his article in this issue. It is impossible to read his piece without a lift of the intelligence; the human feeling behind so much of

what seemed to many nothing but an arid doctrinal dispute comes flooding through.

Let me give an example.

Between the Chinese and the Russians there are a number of major differences. Let us take the one which connects immediately with Mr. Kennan's article. The Russians argue that they are correct in giving aid not only to revolutionary movements dominated, or inspired, by Communists, but also to all anti-imperialist or nationalist struggles for liberation, even though these movements may be led by anti-Communists — for example, Nasser, Nehru, Nkrumah — always provided that there is no risk of their leading to war. It is correct to support these bourgeois nationalist leaders because, although they are anti-Communist, their immediate struggle is directed against the Western colonial powers, which are thereby weakened by the success of the nationalists. Lenin is quite effectively cited in support of this view.

Lenin, of course, was one of the greatest opportunists of all time. The Chinese, ignoring this fact about Lenin, bitterly attack the Russians for precisely their opportunism. For Communists to give aid to Nehru, they say, is to waste money, to squander valuable resources, to discourage genuine Marxist revolutionaries, and to strengthen the imperialist camp by enlarging the effective area of anti-Communism.

This is the sort of debate which people call an arid doctrinal dispute. Some months ago I was taken heavily to task for inferring from the press polemics that this particular difference was critical and vital. Who in his senses, my critic demanded, could conceivably imagine that two great powers could quarrel seriously about a thing like that? I for one could imagine it very well, though I have never been remotely a Marxist, still less a Leninist. It seems to me to offer a fine opportunity for unlimited debate. Indeed, it is somewhat similar to the very debate which has been for so long convulsing the West. The Americans, as a whole, were for a long time skeptical about giving Western aid to neutralists; they thought the money should be saved for those who could be relied on to fight Communism actively. The British, as a whole, were all for extending the area of neutrality, and for much the same reasons as Khrushchev.

But, to the Chinese argument is added something very strong and human, upon which a great light is thrown by Mr. Kennan. The Chinese have had it all before. There was a time, a long and bitter time, when Stalin actively backed not the Chinese Communists but the darling of the Americans, Chiang Kai-shek. The Communists were instructed to subordinate the immediate interests of the Party to the Kuomintang. As a result of this Moscow policy, they suffered greatly,

and their march toward the Communist revolution was retarded. Stalin would have said that the overriding interests of the world revolution, which depended absolutely on the preservation and consolidation of the Soviet state, made it necessary for Communists to temporize and reach accommodations with anti-Communist forces, even to the point of sacrificing individual Comrades, individual Parties. But some of the sacrificed Comrades in China saw things differently; they were being betrayed, they thought, in the interest of Soviet ambitions to become a great power — as indeed they were.

And now, lo and behold, here is Stalin's successor at it again, actively supporting the Chiang Kai-sheks of Asia, the Middle East, Africa, and Latin America; telling the genuine Communist revolutionaries in all these areas to keep quiet and come to terms with their opponents; doing his level best to hamper the triumphal onward march of China itself in a variety of ways — and all in the interests of what? Of the ultimate victory of Communism, says Khrushchev. No, of the immediate good of the U.S.S.R., says Mao Tse-tung. This is the feeling behind the Chinese charge that the Soviet Union has been seeking to isolate China in order to achieve an understanding with America. This is why, in opposition to the Russians, the Chinese are doing anything in their power to support the active Communist elements everywhere and to embarrass Khrushchev in his attempts to reach accommodations with non-Communist nationalistic movements. They know the Russians too well.

And the Russians? Clearly they fear the outbreak of nuclear war more than anything else in the world, and it is this fear which, for the time being, is conditioning their policies in the international sphere. Clearly they wish to maintain effective leadership of the Communist world, but to encourage revolutionary dynamism as, and where, it may appear is to run the risk of sponsoring a local war which may all too quickly spread into a major war. It is a very grave dilemma. Soviet Party policy since the 20th Party Congress in 1956 (when Khrushchev made his denunciation of Stalin) has been predominately concerned with trying to escape from this dilemma.

FOR the outer world the most important thing that happened at the 20th Congress was the formal abandonment of what, until that time, had been an integral part of the Leninist canon. Lenin stated that the way to world revolution lay in a series of "bloody conflicts." This did not mean necessarily that the Bolsheviks were to achieve

global Communism by undertaking wars of conquest. What it meant, above all, was that wars and their aftermaths produced conditions which were favorable to the spread of Communism. War was inherent in the nature of capitalist imperialism, but the Comrades need not be distressed; on the contrary, wars were to be welcomed as a breeding ground for Communism.

Lenin did not mind how many capitalists were killed. He was writing before the atomic age, but for some years before 1956 it had been apparent that sooner or later, in view of the existence of the atom bomb, this grisly little doctrine would have to be amended. Future wars were not going to favor the growth of Communism; they were going to wipe out millions, capitalists and Communists alike. The Soviet Union announced its possession of the atomic bomb in 1949. Thereafter, until 1952, its policies were bedeviled by the Party's Leninist belief in the inevitability of war. It was not until the eve of the 19th Party Congress in October, 1952, that Stalin himself began to side-step. He announced that wars were still inevitable but that with good luck and good judgment the Soviet Union could keep out of them, while the imperialist powers tore each other to pieces in the battle for markets.

Soon after Stalin's death, Malenkov hazarded the view that nuclear war would be a catastrophe for the Soviet Union as well as for the imperialist powers. This was sharply contradicted by Khrushchev, who said that the Soviet Union would survive a nuclear war, whereas the imperialist powers would not. There the matter rested until Khrushchev, at the 20th Party Congress in 1956, announced that some of Lenin's views had been overtaken by history and that the "socialist camp" was now so strong that war was no longer "fatally inevitable."

Very few people paid much attention to this doctrinal shift at the time; the world was much more interested in Khrushchev's attack on Stalin. But for a Soviet Communist the most serious thing in the world is to tamper with holy writ. This amendment marked a major turning point — or, rather, formalized a turning point that had already been taken.

There was another amendment, scarcely less important. This was to the effect that in view of the great strength of the "socialist camp" and the altered balance of power, it would henceforth be possible for revolutions in other parts of the world to be achieved without violence.

These two amendments form the crux of the difference between the Russians and the Chinese. It is hard to tell precisely when the difference began to come to a head, and it does not much matter. It was already abundantly clear by the

end of 1959 that the Chinese were very angry indeed with Khrushchev for what they took to be his too great eagerness to come to an accommodation with President Eisenhower. All through the first part of 1960, the Chinese press was developing its attack against "revisionism." The Russians did not reply in public, but the documents upon which this article is based show that after the abortive Paris Summit meeting they sent several sharply critical letters to Peiping. Simultaneously, the Chinese committed a very serious offense against Party rules by using the meeting of the World Federation of Trade Unions in Peiping to develop their attack on Soviet policies and to proselytize their own.

IT WAS in this atmosphere that the Russian and Chinese delegates, led by P'eng Chen, came face to face with each other at the Bucharest Conference in June. At the last minute, Khrushchev decided to use the Bucharest forum to attack for the first time Chinese policies and attitudes in front of delegates from other Communist Parties. In the course of his attack he called Mao Tse-tung an "ultra-leftist, an ultra-dogmatist, a left revisionist." He added, for good measure, that the Chinese, who for a long time had been taunting the Russians about their fear of atom bombs, knew nothing about modern war. P'eng Chen answered with some of the remarks quoted earlier in this article and added, as a parting shot, that the Chinese had already shown in Korea and against the Japanese that they knew more about war than most people. The meeting did not quite break up in disorder. A joint communiqué was agreed upon for the sake of presenting a unified front, and it was decided to prepare for a full-dress conference of all Communist Parties in Moscow in November.

Between June and November, things went from bad to worse. In August, it was widely reported in the world press that Soviet technicians had been withdrawn from China and that certain issues of the Chinese-Russian language magazine, circulating in the Soviet Union, had been suppressed. In Moscow, in November, the Chinese showed bitterness about the withdrawal of the Soviet technicians, which they said had done great harm to the Chinese economy. The Russians retorted that they had been driven to do this because the Chinese had been using the technicians in a way the Russians disapproved of, and because they were being doctrinally perverted by the Chinese. There were other causes of tension brought up at the Moscow meeting. For example, it emerged that the Soviet Union was showing reluctance at giving

China the atom bomb; further, that a scheme for establishing a unified Pacific naval command had broken down because of Moscow's fear that the Chinese might draw the Soviet Union into a war over Taiwan.

But these were only symptoms of the underlying conflict. And the main lines of that conflict were fully defined in two remarkable letters, one from the Soviet Party to Peiping, dated June 21, 1960; the other, Peiping's reply, dated September 10.

The Soviet letter, which criticized in detail the policies and attitudes of Peiping, indicated with perfect clarity that the overriding fear in Moscow was that these policies might lead to war. War would be a total disaster and must be avoided. This was the main theme. The Communist Parties would not allow man's progress to be thrown back centuries, nor would they permit the destruction of hundreds of millions of people. Coexistence was the only possible policy. The Soviet Comrades were firmly convinced that a decade of peace would be enough to guarantee the victory of Communism, and then the danger of war could be banished forever, even though capitalism still lingered on in some parts of the world. The letter went on to reproach Mao Tse-tung for changing his position. He himself, it said, had subscribed to this view in 1957; now the Chinese were questioning the very idea of coexistence.

This letter was tabled by the Chinese at the Bucharest Conference, and it was in the course of the violent discussion resulting from it that Khrushchev told the Chinese that they knew nothing about modern war. But the formal Chinese reply was not sent until September 10. And the general line of the reply was an attempt to discredit Khrushchev in the eyes of world Communism (copies were sent to fraternal Parties), first by the claims about the Polish and Hungarian revolts cited previously, then by ranging farther back with a strong criticism of the de-Stalinization campaign. The letter said bluntly that the Soviet Party had forgotten its responsibilities as the leading Party; that its attacks on the Chinese Party had severely damaged Soviet prestige in the eyes of all Communists; that the Russians were not merely failing to support struggles for liberation all over the world, but were actually opposing them; that although it might conceivably be necessary to negotiate with the imperialists, there was no need to glamourize this expedient; that China did not want war, neither did she want coexistence, but, rather, a third way, which she was quite content to call "Cold War."

The raging quarrel about the inevitability of war still continued in Moscow. Neither the lessons of the Bucharest Conference in June nor the corre-

spondence and the press debate that followed had brought the two positions any closer. Indeed, it was the callous disregard of the Chinese Secretary General, Teng Hsiao-ping, for the consequences of war which seems to have swung to Khrushchev's side a number of foreign Communist Parties (but not the Albanians) which until then, had been inclined to sympathize with the Chinese in their expressed view that the Soviet Party was guilty of "opportunism" and of being altogether too soft toward America. Teng Hsiao-ping went out of his way to repeat the old boast that there were 650 million Chinese, and if only half survived, socialism would triumph. It was under the impact of this speech that one Western Communist leader said he could not dream of telling his people on his return that the only way to socialism led through nuclear war; they simply would not have it.

But even more serious in Moscow was the totally unprecedented Chinese attitude toward the unspeakable sin of fractionalism. When the Russians accused the Chinese Party of trying to start a fraction, it marked the peak of the quarrel. It is the sort of accusation made only in the last resort, and when it is made the Comrades hold their breaths and the world, for a moment, stands still.

But what happened this time? Did the Chinese tremble? Did they in desperation deny the charge with all possible indignation? Not a bit of it. Teng Hsiao-ping declared coolly that China had a perfect right to form a fraction. Lenin, he said, when he was preparing to split the Social Democratic Party into Bolsheviks and Mensheviks, had himself established a precedent by forming what was at first a minority fraction in order to win a majority successfully in the end. There was nothing to be said after that: it was a declaration of war. My own view is (but there is nothing in the document to confirm it) that one effect of this direct Chinese challenge was to rally around Khrushchev those of his Soviet colleagues who, until then, had been working to some extent against him, so that his position in the Soviet Union now is stronger than ever before.

What was the upshot of the whole affair? In the end, the Chinese signed, under protest, the celebrated Moscow Declaration, simply to present to the world an appearance of unity, and on the strict understanding that there would be another meeting within two years. The Russians agreed to send back their technicians under guarantees from the Chinese that they would not be interfered with. Khrushchev was able to carry his most important point about the noninevitability of war. But, in turn he had to accept a definition of coexistence, which by all accounts he would have preferred to leave undefined. In his arguments

with the Chinese, he had found it necessary to lay every possible stress on the point that coexistence did not mean abandoning the revolutionary struggle; rather, that it meant a heightening of the class struggle. "Peaceful coexistence of countries with different social systems does not mean the conciliation of the socialist and bourgeois ideologies. On the contrary, it implies intensification of the struggle of the working class, of all Communist Parties, for the triumph of socialist ideas." Only time can show how the Russians propose to interpret these fighting words.

Only time, too, will tell how the Chinese intend to modify their recent aggressive attitudes. A number of points remain unresolved. Thus, the Russians insisted that the danger of local wars developing into a general war is too acute to permit the toleration of local wars. The Chinese said this was nonsense. And they had a very good dig at the Russians when they argued that Russia herself had already stopped two local wars from developing dangerously — in Suez and in Cuba — by threatening long-range intervention! Again, the Russians insisted, as they have since 1956, that in certain circumstances revolution can be carried out without violence and that this should be the aim. The Chinese denied this hotly and said violence should be encouraged and supported.

Enough has been said to indicate not only the personal bitterness behind the great quarrel but also the immensity of the gulf between the two opposed conceptions. The Russians, with so much to lose, need time and peace to consolidate their own gains and to build up their country as a great and prosperous power. Although they may play with fire all over the place (How much are they driven by the need to prove themselves better Bolsheviks than the Chinese? How much by the traditional desire to weaken the Western camp?), any situation that might lead to a general war is anathema to them. The Chinese do not care. But for the time being they depend far too much on support from the Soviet Union to cut adrift entirely. How much of their attitude is due to simple resentment at the pretensions of Stalin's successors, whom they regard as inferior? How much to profound ideological convictions? How much to an inborn conviction, self-evident to them, that they, the Chinese, are the greatest people in the world, and that to play second fiddle to a barbarian white people is a situation not to be endured a moment longer than necessary?

So much, anyway, for the Communist monolith. It is quite possible that before very long we shall find ourselves looking back to the cozy days of Russian domination of the Communist camp with the kind of nostalgia with which we sometimes look back on the Europe of 1815.

Sportsman, author, and conservationist, CLARK C. VAN FLEET is a native Californian who for five decades has roamed the forests and fished the streams of the West Coast. Some of his experiences he described in his book STEELHEAD TO A FLY, and throughout his career he has kept a constant, watchful eye on our natural resources.

THE VANISHING SALMON



BY CLARK C. VAN FLEET

THE Latin generic name attached to the five species of Pacific salmon found on the Pacific Coast of our nation is *Oncorhynchus*. In common terms the salmon are named as follows: 1) the king, tye, Chinook, or spring salmon, depending on what part of this country you are from; 2) the silver or coho, the first in the United States, the second in Canada; 3) the humpbacked salmon; 4) the sockeye salmon; 5) the dog salmon, so-called because it is the staple diet Eskimos freeze to feed to their dogs.

Each is a little different in feeding habits, span of life, and spawning grounds, but all have something in common. All except the dog salmon are anadromous fish (maturing in the ocean but returning to their natal streams of fresh water to spawn), delicious to eat and great sport to catch, and each species dies immediately or soon after its only reproductive effort. The salmon complete their life cycle in this last dramatic effort, which often takes them hundreds of miles into the interior, and then their carcasses lodge in the shallows and sink in the eddies and holes to provide food for the next generation.

Our salmon are exceedingly fat and strong when the homing urge strikes them and they enter the rivers. Once in fresh water, they seldom if ever feed. By the time they have reached the spawning beds, their stomachs have atrophied and, empty of food, no gases form, so that they re-

Photograph by Harry Blair.

main on the bottom as their bodies disintegrate. Practically speaking, they melt away with the active assistance of copepods, animalcules, various larval insects, crawfish, trout, and other predator fish. I well remember my first sight of a stranded carcass in a deep eddy in the McCloud River in California. I was probably twelve years old. A phalanx of trout two pounds and less jostled each other in the current below. The thick, leathery skin of the salmon still held the body together, but the flesh was slowly melting away. Occasionally a big trout would leave his place in the line and, at speed, strike the side of the carcass with a sharp thump, then dart with exceeding agility back to his vantage point at the rear. A veritable cloud of flakes and numerous insects would drift downstream after each blow, and below them, the trout, and further down, young salmon, were busily darting here and there picking up the morsels of food so released. I watched all this with fascinated absorption, not realizing until years later how nature had provided that, even in death, the mature salmon was to become a banquet table for its own progeny in preparation for the long and hazardous journey back to the sea.

In the days before the American came to the West Coast of the continent, our rivers and streams from Monterey in California to Blaine in Washington were literally filled with homing salmon seeking the gravel beds of their birth. There were mil-

lions, followed by millions more. As the spawning season went on, the shallows, the riffles, the eddies, and the holes were clogged with carcasses and remnants. Yet, the next year the river migrants were as plentiful as ever.

Today, within one man's lifetime, one tick in the clock of eternity, this plenty has been changed to scarcity, this abundance has come close to zero. Callousness, greed, voracity, ruthlessness, bad planning, bad management – a thousand reasons for failure, but not a single excuse, have brought this tremendous natural resource to an end along the West Coast of the United States (not including Alaska).

UNTIL 1900, no particular diminution of the fishery could be noticed. Most of the salmon rivers were clear and unfouled, dams were few and well scattered, erected mainly on the headwaters of the streams affected. As the "iron chink" replaced hand labor in the canneries and more and more fish could be handled at these factories, traps increased in number and size, drift and set nets were hauled in by horses instead of by men, and the canneries ran both day and night during the season. Cases of salmon were turned out by the millions, instead of the few hundred thousands, yet the silver hordes came back each year in apparently undiminished numbers.

The above refers to the fisheries as a whole. In California, affairs were not so rosy. Panning for gold in the early days, although it increased the turbulence of the streams during the spawning months to some extent, was a relatively negligible factor in smothering the redd. It was not until flume mining, followed by hydraulic works, became prevalent and the resultant wash of silt was deposited on the gravel beds of the egg-laying grounds that serious effects on the salmon population in the state could be noticed. Many of the smaller tributaries to the main salmon rivers lost their runs entirely, and in others the runs were seriously diminished.

The hassle between the downstream users of water and the hydraulic and dredge miners became bitter because so much of the state's flow of water became "too thick to drink, too thin to cut." Finally the quarrel reached the floor of the legislature, and a law was passed that all effluent from mining operations was to be ponded and clarified before being dumped into any flowing waters of the state. This substantially curtailed, although it never completely stopped, the fouling of our major streams. It was only when gold became too cheap in the market for the high cost of extraction that there was a real cessation of the above practice. Final relief was afforded in the World War II

years, when all gold mining in the state was halted by government ukase, and it has never been resumed.

On the surface, it would appear that the detritus problem in California had been solved for good. Such, unfortunately, is not the case. Today gravel-dredging operations on many of the main streams, the building of superhighways throughout the state, and the maintenance of all the roads within the counties and state territories are a constant source of mud, detritus, and scourings, which are incontinently dumped into the nearest stream. Besides, raw walls of uncovered dirt are left at the mercy of the elements to continue to foul the waters of the state during the rainy seasons. The effect on the lives of the stream dwellers can well be imagined.

Since the thirties, logging practices in the hills have undergone a profound change. The logging railroads, stationary donkey engines, spar trees, and high-lining have given way to trucks, caterpillar tractors, and mobile loaders. A network of main roads, side roads, and spurs lace through the timber in all directions. The cats drag the logs to loading points, leaving deep gouges in the scarred earth from the falling and bucking spot to the loading yards at the nearest road. The earth in newly cut-over land is left mounded and churned and gullied, the humus disturbed and buried, bare soil exposed, littered with debris. During the winter rains, these areas become seas of mud and washes of muck which flow to the stream beds and choke them with silt, limbs of trees, and abandoned logs. The earth is turned into a desert waste, and former living streams become unusable for spawning salmon or trout. The destructive floods of the last few years in California on the Yuba, the Feather, the Klamath, and the Eel have been the result of bad logging practices in their respective basins.

At about the same time in this century, water power in the Far West became an object of increasing interest to the rapidly growing populations of the area involved and the nation as a whole. Everywhere there was a clamor for more dams, more water conservation, and more irrigation. The race was on between the private power companies, the Bureau of Land Management, the Army Engineers, the Bureau of Reclamation, the public utility districts, the advocates of another T.V.A., and the Rural Electrification Administration. All who had a desirable site to peddle jumped into the act. First came Coulee Dam, that vast obstruction that blocked off nearly 80 per cent of the Chinook salmon spawning beds on the Columbia River, an important salmon-producing stream. The fishing industry battled this proposal fiercely but was eventually defeated by cunning propaganda. For weeks before the decision to build this monster

dam was made, the Sunday newspapers of the Northwest were filled with suggestions for transporting the migrating fish over this obstruction. (Not one of the suggestions was even tried after the dam was completed.) A tacit promise was made, though never underwritten, that no dams downstream from Coulee either in the main river or on the tributaries below that dam would ever be erected. Let us see how well this promise has been kept.

SINCE Grand Coulee was begun and completed in the thirties, four additional dams have been erected on the Columbia: Bonneville, The Dalles, John Day, and McNary, below Grand Coulee. Ice Harbor, Oxbow, and Brownlee have been built on the Snake River. Others proposed on the Snake are the 690-foot Nez Perce Dam, below the confluence of the Salmon and Snake, and the High Mountain Sheep Dam, offered by the Pacific Northwest Power Company, some three miles above the mouth of the Salmon. The battle is joined between the Northwest Public Power Association, which demands the Nez Perce project, and the Pacific Northwest Power Company, which advocates High Mountain Sheep. At stake are the 172,500 migrant salmon and steelhead that run the Salmon River, which is free of dams to its headwaters, and spawn in its watershed. These salmon represent the last substantial migration of anadromous fish in the whole Columbia Basin. The quarrel is centered now in the United States Congress. If Nez Perce wins, we can write off the Salmon River as a producer of fingerlings for the perpetuation of these fish. Here again an implied pact is being broken: that the Salmon, the Imnaha, the Clearwater, and the Grand Ronde rivers would be excluded from any dam program, so that their runs of anadromous fish would be undisturbed. Slowly, the ring is closing on the last of the tremendous salmon runs that formerly graced the vast basin of the Columbia. A great and irreplaceable resource is going the way of so many others that have suffered from the exploiters of our public domain.

As disastrous as the policies of the government and the private power companies are in the Columbia Basin, they are by no means as serious as those practiced by these same agencies in California. Some 75 per cent of the water gathered by the great Sierra Nevada Range in this state is dumped into the two river systems that flow through the Central Valley. From Shasta on the north to Tehachapi on the south, a veritable chain of streams and rivers debouch into the Sacramento River to the north and the San Joaquin River to the south, passing eventually through the Golden

Gate into the Pacific. At appropriate times in the past, huge hordes of salmonoids seeking the gravel bars of their birthplace traveled these highways to the interior to deposit their eggs and renew the cycle of their destiny. The brooks, streams, and rills were replete with them.

Today the picture has radically changed. The Pacific Gas & Electric Company alone, in its major complex from Siskiyou in the north to the county of Kern in the south, has fifty-seven dams, which impound the headwaters of every stream of any size that flows down the slopes of the Sierra Nevada to the west. Now these obstructions are compounded by projects of the federal government itself that have locked the lower gates to the former travelways for these anadromous fish — Shasta, Folsom, and Friant dams. It is true that the government has built hatcheries below these dams in an attempt to preserve the runs of fish, but the race for the survival of this former fine self-renewing natural resource is gradually being lost. Nimbus Dam and Nimbus Hatchery afford an excellent example of the fumbling attempt of the bureaucrats to arrest this decline.

When Folsom Dam was planned to impound the American River, it was acknowledged that the finest run of Chinooks left extant in the Sacramento River Basin would be shut off. Therefore, the federal government allotted one million dollars to build Nimbus Hatchery just below the regulating dam at Nimbus. Assurance was given that the temperature of the water taken from the bottom of Nimbus Dam would never exceed 44 to 45 degrees, which was amply cold for hatchery purposes. The hatchery was built, the first salmon eggs taken and fertilized, the first fry produced and placed in the troughs. In July the warning was sounded. The temperature of the incoming water was rising alarmingly. In August and September the temperature of the water continued to rise, and serious losses of fry were experienced. By the middle of October, 96 per cent of the fry had turned belly up. The hatch for that year was a failure. The temperature of the incoming water had reached nearly 70 degrees. It is, of course, an axiom that as temperature rises, dissolved oxygen is driven off. The salmon fingerlings simply died of asphyxiation.

The whole affair was hushed up, and it was said that conditions would be better the next year. But this went on for seven years. Today the salmon run of the American River is gone forever. Nimbus Hatchery stands as a monument to bureaucratic futility and muddling.

Frankly, I suspect that, had someone acted, the complete loss of these California river runs would only have been put off a few more years. From Redding, where Keswick Hatchery is located, to

Rio Vista, where the brackish water meets the river, some sixty-five canneries dump their wastes into the Sacramento. Raw sewage filters into this river from a dozen large and many small cities and towns along its banks. A great quantity of water, robbed of its oxygen content, flows into the river from numberless drainage ditches, which are high in temperature at places where the water drains off irrigated land. And the very time that the migrant fingerlings are drifting downstream to their free life in the ocean, this condition is at its worst. After Rio Vista comes the concourse of industrial plants from Pittsburgh to Richmond, with their dumped industrial wastes; then the Bay area, with its twenty million gallons a year of raw sewage added. The surprise is that a few fingerlings seem to get through this mess every year, although the number is noticeably dwindling. In 1960 the coast of California suffered the worst fishing season ever for salmon. The going price for salmon at the docks was seventy-five cents a pound wholesale, eighteen pounds and up, with under-the-table premiums running the price to ninety cents. Yet the commercial fishermen had a bad year.

IN OUR unregenerate race for industrial expansion along the Pacific Coast from San Diego to Blaine, Washington, with the rapid increase in population throughout the region, we are declining from a have to a have-not area at an alarming pace. The extractive industries are hard put to find additional supplies. More and more oil is being imported to supply a burgeoning demand. Gas is being brought from as far away as Texas and Alberta to enhance our own failing supply. Our nonrenewable resources are definitely falling off.

Furthermore, our renewable natural resources are diminishing with even greater acceleration. For every board foot of timber grown, we are cutting down two board feet. Square miles of terrain formerly bearing noble stands of ponderosa pine, white pine, Douglas fir, Port Orford cedar, and a host of other evergreens are now blackened stump yards, expanses of impenetrable brush, or jack and lodgepole pine thickets. The steeper hills and mountains are raw and streaked with gashes and slides where the earth has slid to the valley below and washed into virgin streams.

In the California of my youth, every stream, creek, and brook teemed with trout. I have seen the Garcia River, near Point Arena, so full of rising fish that the surface seemed peppered with raindrops from a heavy shower. The rivers and tributaries were black with salmon, packed in the holes and breasting the shallow riffles in avalanches of broaching fish. I have driven in a buggy along the

roads of Marin County and counted sixty-eight cottontails to a mile — just along the road — of an early morning, while the occasional bare hillside was covered with quail, often six to eight hundred in a flock. I have hunted ducks near Colusa in the Sacramento Valley, where, as dawn revealed the scene, the view of them was obscured by the myriads of wild fowl flashing from the first gunfire. All of this, only forty years ago.

Now the trout streams of the state are mostly bare of fish until the Fish and Game Commission truck edges up to the bank and empties into the holes "chamber of commerce" trout which are classed as catchable size (seven to eight inches). Following the truck is a line of cars, whose occupants rush to the bank to be the first to drop a line. A grand sport for women and children, but hardly man-size. For gunners, pheasants are raised in pens for each fall's shooting season, released just before the opening, and, often, about every two weeks during this season. Then the pheasants, not yet acquainted with the habitat, never having heard a gun, scarcely having learned the use of their wings, come under the guns of the doughty hunters. The grandest sport of all for the scatter-gun enthusiast is duck shooting from a blind — the wait in the darkness for the light to break, the whisper of wings, the quacking of unseen birds, the hurtling bodies in the half-light, the swing, and the trigger pull. But nowadays most of the good marshes are pretty crowded, and the birds are spooked before they come into reasonable range. Hence, magnums have begun to replace standard range shells. The magnums drive the birds higher and spoil any chance there might be for a decoy to work. Besides, limits have been cut to the bone, lease blinds on flyways are very costly, and owning your own lake is only for the quite wealthy. Still, the pheasant and duck population can be rehabilitated by care, stringent regulation, and good sportsmanship.

With the Pacific salmon, the case is entirely different. Dying, as they do, after completion of spawning, access to their native streams must be continuous and unimpeded. If the chain is broken by filth, pollution, obstructive high dams, or continuous harassment, that run of salmon in that particular stream or watershed never returns. The cycle is broken forever.

In my estimation, the former great wealth of the salmon fishery in California is doomed. In Oregon, the main runs are badly crippled but not entirely gone. In Washington, the runs are diminished along the coast and in the waters around Puget Sound, but careful husbandry could even bring about an increase. My advice to Alaska is to heed the lesson so well portrayed in the states to the south of it.

DANCE OF THE GOD

BY JOHN MOFFITT

Dance! Dance!
Krishna, dance!
Dance as you danced
That only night
By the glittering stream:
Dance again
With the lifting step,
With the airy turn
Sudden as thought.
Mukunda, dance!

Holding your flute
As you held it once,
High to your lips
In your upheld hands,
Dance me that same
Dance again:
Swirl and sway
Through my cloudy trance
As for the milkmaids
Ringed about:
Leap and float
As you floated then,
When your flute notes
Drew each one
From the dream of desire,
From the dream of home,
With smooth voice
Found out each one
And drew her, anguished
For love and shame,
To join you in your
Luminous dream.

And always the black eyes
And blue skin
Urging, urging them
Ever on
To the lonely bank
Of the glittering stream,
To the flowery grove
In fierce moonlight,

Where, garlanded
With yellow and white
Of jasmines and marigolds
Tightly twined,
You danced your dance
In wild moonlight,
And the maids whirled round
To your anklets' sound,
And with all you danced
Though you danced alone.

Till each knew at last
That her lover was
Not the sure lover
She left at home,
But the eight-years boy
With the piercing eyes,
With the night-black eyes
And day-blue skin
And the gleaming hair,
Which tossed and fell
As you danced your dance
With the milkmaids there:
And the god in you
Was the god in them
As they joined in love
By the glittering stream.

High to your lips
In your upheld hands
Holding your flute
As you held it once,
Dance as you danced
That only night
By the silent stream
In fierce moonlight,
With the lifting step,
With the airy turn:
Mukunda, dance
In my perilous dream,
Leap and float
As you floated then
While the milkmaids circled,
Clasping hands,
The dance of your naked
Innocence.

Dance! Dance!
Krishna, dance!

THE TENDER MERCIES

An Atlantic "First" by

MAY DIKEMAN



A Vassar graduate and mother of three children, MAY DIKEMAN tells us, "I now belong to an amateur theatrical group, paint portraits and street scenes, ride horses, and read Paul Tillich silently when not reading 'What Happened to Piggy?' aloud."

HAVING been schoolmates, and after a marriage and divorce apiece, Doug and I should have drifted apart or worked around to each other. So, like every motiveless relationship that lasts, I prized it as pure and grudged it as a waste of time, like a volunteer job, and I presume Doug felt the same way, if Doug's feelings ran in anything like the same channels as other people's. But the very absence of tension gave our closeness a kind of vital embarrassment which made us considerate of each other — more so, probably, than either of us was to others.

There was one way in which we did use each other — as family to bring people up to meet (better than family, for we were completely unjudicial), and it was as Doug's "folks" that I was hostess to her the first time that I ever saw Dorothea.

Vivacious, simple girls — often with some minor creative introversion, like oil painting on paper plates — appealed to Doug. They could handle him, or could take him, I suppose, and they were graceful in a trio, asking me where I got an ash tray or what I did to the deviled eggs. It was almost as if Doug or Dorothea could have known that she was the last of these playmates, whom he always got married off, as he put it. Dorothea nearly was what Doug said of them all. He always said, "She's probably the most completely honest human being I've ever known." And since

Dorothea would deal with a case in hand, not its implications, she would ride it out when Doug got obstreperous. Doug could, although with me he usually watched himself. I remember one night when he sat in a Columbus Avenue bar called Craze Babe, proclaiming, "I'm lonely. I want to be created a Companion of the British Empire."

When they arrived at my place, Dorothea had a foundling kitten in her pocketbook and Doug was carrying the stuff she had cleared out of her pocketbook, with a lipstick brush and a purse atomizer in his breast pocket. "Precious?" Dorothea greeted me. "Could we heat some milk?"

Doug and Dorothea had opposite coloring, which I'm sure is preferred in couples, even if matched couples are statistically shown to work out best. Doug was a hazel-eyed blond man, and Dorothea had dark hair with blue eyes, the combination, it has always seemed to me, which could give nuance to idiocy. A few white hairs standing out in her dark hair had the effect of making her look younger than twenty-six. All three of us were twenty-six. That I often thought of later.

Besides picking up kittens, they had been buying shoes for Dorothea (white high heels) and discovering that the old comfort station in Union Square was a Spanish mission, but you could only see this from the doorway of S. Klein's ("Shop at S. Klein's for a glimpse of Old Mexico!"). All

Lithograph by Hans Erni. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

this certainly sounded solid, and I knew Doug once more had found the most completely honest human being.

But the kitten didn't take the milk. The drops rolling down his fur, which wasn't quite fur yet, and the languishing look all newborns have, had the same effect on us a colicky human infant would have on a party. "He's getting weaker by the minute!" whispered Dorothea. Her dark hairbreadth eyebrows knotted fiercely with anxiety.

The rest of the evening was devoted to first aid to the kitten. Doug couldn't take the smell of sweetened condensed milk heating and opened the window, which Dorothea said caused a direct draft on the kitten. Then she began addressing the kitten as Boodles.

"Boodles!" said Doug. He lay back with his drink, muttering "Boodles." As we passed in the hall, he said to me, "She does it to get at me." Then, when they were going, Dorothea took a long time showing me her hat, which she had made and which could go two ways. "Or should I carry it?" she asked Doug. Doug was rocking himself by one shoulder against the door jamb. The outside lines of his mouth were white. I knew Dorothea was one Doug would take a while to get married off. Not only her feeding kittens, but her making hats, trying them on, and even not wearing them after all, enraged him. I helped Dorothea bed the kitten down in her pocketbook again in a nest of Kleenex. Doug lined up her lipstick brush, purse atomizer, and lipstick in his breast pocket as if arming himself and murmured an apology that would have covered vandalism.

THAT visit must have been in the fall, because it was on a moist spring night — I could hear the drips through my screen — that Dorothea called me and said, "I don't know if you even remember me; it's been six months."

After I said that of course I remembered her, I asked her how she'd been. Dorothea's voice was not loud but breathy, as if she were in the room. "Not too good," she said. "I haven't been too good at all."

All the effects created by a shock happened: the temperature changed, the things on my desk became a clutter I had to sort at once, I looked at my calendar as if it bore delivering information — that was my conviction when Dorothea told me in the words people normally pay no attention to that she was sick. My conviction couldn't make her sicker, but I felt it could and it had.

She went into cool detail. She had been in the hospital for seven weeks. "My *strength* I need to

get back!" she announced, combatively, as if it were something she were going to court for. It turned out that, as on routine occasions with Doug and his girls, they wanted to come up right then. I said fine.

Doug came on the phone. Being a professional free-lance Ph.D., Doug did academic stints, and now he spoke in a proctor's voice, in formally abbreviated imperatives. "Prepare not to know her. You will not know her. We will bring oranges, a squeezer, and a strainer. No, we carry our own supply."

I got ready to meet literally a new person. And if they had not phoned, I would not have known who Dorothea was. Actually, this was easier than finding her recognizable through a great change.

Although she was so thin that her features belonged to another person, Dorothea did not look really sick, her skin and hair had sheen (the few white hairs were gone), and the size of her eyes made the whites shine. She had on the white shoes, and she slid them off and on all evening, apologizing, "I've got to get back to a good, normal weight."

"No, from the beginning, Dotty!" Doug interrupted her hospital story occasionally. If I tried to divert it, Doug would say, "Now, let Dorothea finish her story." There were details they both laughed at. There was a Japanese doctor who, even if you said good morning to him or could you get up to go to the bathroom, replied, bowing, "But never mind, never mind." There was a doctor whom Dorothea asked, "Have I got a fighting chance?", and he took out an Italian-English dictionary.

Dorothea fixed her own orange juice in my kitchenette. They told me she had lived on orange juice and milk since Christmas.

"Well, it's supposed to constitute a complete diet," I said.

"It is," said Dorothea. "Oranges and milk!"

"The oranges adding the vitamin C," said Doug. Doug and I spoke of a rhyme they had given us in first grade about oranges and milk are good health twins, and that is how the day begins. As we sat extolling oranges and milk, the perfect diet, tears came into Doug's hazel eyes. It was the only time this happened.

In the morning, Doug sent me a Candygram, followed by an anxious call asking me if I liked candy and explaining a hitch about wiring flowers. I never understood what he was grateful for.

Just before I was due to pay a return visit, Dorothea called me and said she had had a setback. She spoke with resigned annoyance, as if of having her apartment painted. She asked if I would take her to the clinic. "Doug can't, because he says they herd them like sheep," she ex-

plained. Doug called me and said the same thing. I was pleased they had thought of me separately. As he always did when he spoke of Dorothea's condition, Doug sounded as though he were reading mimeographed instructions. "Prepare to see a now really *quite* sick person," he said. Then he added, in the mellow, ingratiating lecturer's tone in which, I suppose, he did seminar readings, "All my tears are shed. For Dorothea there is no exit."

TO GET to Dorothea's, I took the cross-town bus at 8 A.M. Swinging through the signal-green spring park, between the oiled concave ads for sherry and personal loans, in streaming sunshine — sunshine exploding like growth from a pod, so that transmittal, bloom, sonority seemed the only substances, and seeds and instruments unable to do what they had done; the small sun in the sky could not have made this sunshine — I realized I was establishing a route.

By contrast, Dorothea's apartment was a cave, although it was the back, garden apartment of a drop-entrance, improved brownstone. The light in her bathroom, where her tub water was running out, made the living room cell-gray, and beyond the window guards a circle of sunshine on the fence and ailanthus tree looked like the end of a tunnel. There was a smell of oranges, and a big black cat with white on him leaped to the back of a chair. "Is that Boodles?" I asked.

"Yes," said Dorothea. "Here is my clinic card." Written on it was the word "Special." To my relief, since I wasn't sure how to assist her, Dorothea walked by herself, like a toddler who intends to achieve his quota of steps before he falls.

In the pink-marble waiting room everyone sat on folding chairs like audiences facing each other, under signs saying "Shelter" with an arrow pointing both ways. Dorothea pushed her curly dark bangs off her forehead. Her head lolled back. I thought she was fainting, but the position of her body stayed alert. From the audience facing us there were low cries. Dorothea was sitting with her head bald as a doll's, holding her whole head of hair, a glossy, waved wig that looked as if it would have smothered her doll's head, on her knee.

"Do I embarrass you?" Dorothea suddenly whispered anxiously. "It gets hot." I forced myself to touch the faceless head of hair on her knee, and said, as matter-of-factly as I had admired her handmade hat, "It looks so real."

"It cost eighty bucks," said Dorothea. "Doug had it made for me. He wants me to have another. Maybe auburn. A sort auburn." She added apologetically, "It was the fever."

While Dorothea was seeing her doctor, she sent me to have her prescription refilled. I had not known pills were kept in bins like beans and were shoveled with scoops, and this concerned me, like something I should not have seen, as if antibiotics had been exposed as palliatives. Dorothea's pills looked like navy beans. She came out of the examining room with an expression of concentration. "The doctor says the calcium count is getting high in my blood," she said. "He says this could be serious. I've got to lay off all that milk."

Then she said she felt nauseated and walked ahead of me to the ladies' room. She retched without getting sick. This affected me more than anything previously. When she was better, I took her back to the elevator and got her home.

Like all latecomers, I was full of practical ideas. I wanted to call in another doctor, but Dorothea already had the doctor all other doctors called in. It seemed to me a misfortune she had not started lower down and worked up to this doctor. I asked Doug about her relatives. "Oh, very tenuous," he said. "Just scattered siblings, and *married*." Doug always referred to marriage as if it were a moral disqualification. I even asked him her religious background, if any, and he said he believed the family had been reformed-evangelical something. The modern and all-embracing sound of this made us both dejected. I wanted to get somebody from Community Service, but Doug said they sent homemakers. The word "homemaker" was even more disheartening than reformed-evangelical.

Doug and I stayed with Dorothea, sometimes in shifts and sometimes together. The three of us would sit and watch the twenty-one-inch screen Doug had bought her and listen to the back-yard life. There was a singer who had an evening lesson with her instructor. Evidently he lost patience, and banged the top of the piano while she shrieked a high note over and over, and Doug remarked that this sounded as if he were beating her and she were screaming, and we always laughed when this went on. Doug was editing an anthology, and pages lay all over the rug. When Boodles would prowl among the pages, Doug would declaim, "Boodles, Boodles, burning bright!" Dorothea particularly loved the poems of Tennyson and Allen Ginsberg. Dorothea and I discussed Boodles. "Look at him sleeping; doesn't he lie like a seal?" Dorothea would ask. "He walks like a polar bear in the back," I remarked. Doug would shout, "Look at Boodles! Doesn't he look like a *goat*? Doesn't he look like a Doberman pinscher?" When Boodles scattered the poems, Doug muttered, "Stick around, Boodles, we'll open a keg of nails."

Then Doug and I had one for the road at the Crazee Babee. "Who would do this for us?" he kept asking me. "Who, *who*, would ever do any of this for you or me?"

"*She* would," I'd say. "I would for you. You would for me."

But he itemized. "She has everything! The twenty-one-inch screen. The new Simmons by the window for a change from the alcove!"

"You've been terrific to her, Doug," I said.

But Doug began to breathe strongly. I could see the spokes in the irises of his eyes. "She has no worry about her rent. I got her the air conditioner. She thinks it doesn't cool, but she doesn't know what it's like outside. Isn't it a twenty-degree difference? Isn't it?" Doug really seemed to want to go through what Dorothea was going through without any of these things, as the only way to make up for whatever we weren't doing for her, although we couldn't think of what it was.

But riding the cross-town bus back through the dark park, with summer now built up solidly outside us, Doug read the ads to me in a low voice. All that summer he wore a tweed sports coat the color of his hazel eyes, which gave him a sufficient look. He read to me lulling, "A brand name you trust," "For dryness and body," "When you need money," "When you think of cheese."

NIGHTS I was alone with Dorothea she sat on her pillow wearing nothing but a towel which she corded around herself, and told me about her men. The name Bertram stuck in my mind. She would say, "That one was a love thing," or "That one wasn't a sex thing." I was alone with her the night the pain started. She rolled the length of the bed in a formally vigorous rhythm as if it were an exercise, gasping, "Oh, God, God," and "Mama, Mama." I had to look away from this, but my eye caught the shoe bag on her closet door with the white shoes sticking out. In between, she said, "Sorry!" and then lay motionless as if listening intently. Then I kept quiet too, and we both listened for the pain to come back.

After a hard bout, Dorothea flopped herself backward over the edge of her mattress so that I saw her face upside down. The big whites of her eyes shone. She flapped a slip of paper at me. "Honey," she said, "could you get this filled for me?"

In great relief I took the piece of paper. I looked at it and saw that she had given me a dry cleaner's receipt. I felt that if she did have any prescription, she would not know where, and I went on out without knowing what I would do.

I went into a Columbus Avenue drugstore and

phoned the clinic, said it was an emergency, and asked for Dorothea's doctor's number. As I knew he would, he sounded as if I had got him out of surgery or a shower, but I wished only that I might have thanked him for getting Dorothea absorbed in her calcium count. He said to give him the pharmacist. In a few minutes the pharmacist gave me the pills. I asked him if it would hurt my patient if she accidentally took too many. He looked at me across the counter and said, "What difference would it make?" I took the little box back to Dorothea. She took a pill, and both of us sat listening for the pain, but it did not come back. When I went, she whispered, "Why are you so good to me?" I said she'd do it for me, and I left. All night I felt that I had failed her.

In the morning, by special delivery, I got a letter-envelope containing a jade necklace and a slip of paper saying, "Your true goodness to me will never be forgotten by me."

Differences came up between us. Doug wanted Dorothea to go to the hospital, but he wanted my approval, and I objected, although Doug was paying her bills. Dorothea told me Doug told her she was staying home to torment him. She told me Doug was sicker than she was; Doug told me Dorothea had been deeply unstable before she ever got sick. Then the two of them got together and became cool to me. This was the hardest time, because Dorothea now started to forget the names of things. She forgot the word "orange" and kept telling me she was out of what-do-you-call-its. Then the three of us got close again in a new atmosphere of certitude which absorbed whatever any of us said.

One night when Doug and I stopped at the Crazee Babee, I had a bad cold, and Doug had bought me a green plastic lime containing pure lime juice. He put lime juice in my beer. I asked him if Boodles were the original Boodles.

"Yes," said Doug. "No! I don't know! To me, all cats are boodles. This could be a new Boodles. People name cats like cruisers. Boodles II, Boodles III. There's a Chris-Craft at the Seventy-second Street Yacht Basin named *Mousie IV*." Doug sat on his bar stool with the thermometer he had bought me in his teeth. "Think of having four women named Mousie. Or maybe he had four mice. Maybe he only *saw* four mice. Maybe he named his cruiser after his dt's. Drink your lime juice; vitamin C evaporates at barroom temperature. Here, check your barroom temperature." I told him I wished he would stop using the expression "For Dorothea there is no exit." Doug debated this line seriously, as if it were a line from a poem. He recorded our temperatures on a coaster, sterilized the thermometer in his beer, and urged the bartender to check his temperature. He sug-

gested we walk over to the Seventy-second Street Yacht Basin and see the *Mousie IV*. I asked Doug if there were anybody Dorothea might especially wish to see. He said he had contacted a list of names months before, but they all said they couldn't bear to see her in such condition. Then he urged two Puerto Rican men drinking beside us to check their temperatures. They declined graciously in Spanish. One seemed to remark that he combed his cheetah in pestilence, and the other saluted all valid morsels. I said to Doug, "Who was Bertram?" "He was years before I came in," said Doug. When Doug put me in a cab, he said he did feel we were making a serious mistake in not looking at the *Mousie IV*. Through my cab window I saw him standing in the middle of Broadway, with taxis and buses sideswiping him, obliterating him, and casting him up again. With his light jacket and light hair he looked illuminated, like a kind of channel buoy, a Bondexed human safety-zone marker. I never thought I would see him alive again. At 5:30 A.M. my phone rang, and Doug's voice asked me gently if I had got home safely and urged me to get plenty of bed rest.

FLU kept me away three days, and when I called Dorothea there was no answer. Although if there was once no answer, there would not be an answer again. I kept calling, because the continuous ringing kept my mind blank. Then Doug called me, ceremoniously asked how I felt, and explained that Dorothea had been taken to the hospital because her pelvis became paralyzed. He said she had been good about going and said now maybe they were finally getting somewhere. I felt a panic of loss, as if I had left something in a public place now locked up. "Boodles is here with me," Doug added, as if this were hopeful news. "He's sitting in my fireplace, as a matter of fact." We worked out a schedule for alternating visits to Dorothea. I found Dorothea pleased at the hospital because her hair had started to grow back. She wanted a mirror to see it, but the day I brought her the mirror she was asleep. She was now emaciated, but she looked sunburned. I said to Doug, "Why does she look sunburned?" Doug said he had thought she looked pale, but both of us said that the other might be right.

Doug called me and said his relationship with Boodles was not a happy one. He said Boodles watched him. "He can't really see you," I said. "Cats are very nearsighted. At any rate, he can't see you in color. Cats are color blind."

"That makes it almost worse," said Doug. "Perhaps he sits and thinks, 'In the day, all men are gray.'"

I offered to keep Boodles, but Doug said he hated to ask this and would talk it over with Dorothea when he could catch her awake. Dorothea said Boodles could stay by himself in her apartment if Doug or I went by to feed him and change his litter, so we took Boodles back to the empty apartment in a wired orange crate.

Dorothea now looked like a little boy. She looked younger each time I saw her, a boy fourteen, twelve, nine. Doug remarked that she looked like an aged woman, but each of us deferred to what the other said she looked like. Since she had stopped being anything we could connect with Dorothea at all when her blue eyes were shut, we had to specify something she had come to be like. The case probably was that she did not look like a person by then, but she was something that was there, that twitched slightly and could grow rings of new black silk hair, birth hair. Dorothea said the hospital was mean. She cried and said they gave her hot water in a glass with dirty fingerprints and threw her shoes at her. It was obvious to Doug and me from everything we observed that everyone was devoted to Dorothea. Something that pained me about her being in the hospital was that no one looking at her asleep would suspect that her eyes were blue.

Every morning, whether I was visiting that day or not, I called to ask about her condition. One morning in the middle of August the switchboard operator asked me if I were a relative. We went through the whole form. I said no, a friend; the operator said, then you haven't heard the sad news; I said no, what? Dorothea had been dead for fifteen minutes. She died that morning at 9:15.

As we always do when told the time of a death, I thought this was a wrong time to die, when people hang their hats in their offices and open the mail. I wished for Dorothea that she had died at dawn, midnight, dusk, or high noon, a time solarly defined without numerals, and she seemed the more unidentified behind her closed blue eyes.

There was no answer on Doug's phone. I tried him all day, while worrying that this was preventing his calling me. He called in the evening. I never knew where he spent the day that Dorothea died. He said, "We've got to get Boodles."

I agreed, although I was alarmed.

"There's a problem," said Doug. "I can't find a pet shop. We need a carrier."

I thought of the orange crate Boodles had traveled in before, but I didn't mention it. "I think I can borrow one," I said.

"No, a *new* one," said Doug. "A new carrier!"

I said I would find one. Doug remained considerate and asked if it would inconvenience me to advance the money until we met at Dorothea's apartment.

I was very apprehensive about seeing Doug, although I also felt this necessity for postponing our realizing that our job was finished. But when I got to the apartment, Doug had a man with him, an elderly Middle European. Boodles was walking on the window sill. The man explained to me, "I am Mr. Meyers from the typewriter company where the poor lady rent my typewriter. My niece does not have an apartment nine years. Nine years! So I see this poor lady is sick, a very sick girl, only I do not like, I only ask the super, my niece does not have an apartment nine years, he tells me 1B is very sick, but what can he —?"

"The apartment will be available on the first, Mr. Meyers," said Doug.

"Only, if I could ask one thing, my niece has the feeling. If something has happened in a place —"

"We won't tell your niece, Mr. Meyers," said Doug.

"Outside is like a garden?" said Mr. Meyers.

"Somewhat," said Doug. "Somewhat like a garden."

"You go out there once?" said Mr. Meyers.

"We go out there once," said Doug.

"You mind?" asked Mr. Meyers. He went toward the French doors quite diffidently. If he had opened the doors suddenly, we would have been likelier to have stopped him in time. Boodles flashed past Mr. Meyers out into the night.

Doug let out a roar and rushed into the garden. If there had been any hope of coaxing the cat in, it was gone now. Doug blundered wildly around the garden, knocking over a rustic chair. He shouted, "Boodles!" This word, shouted, probably sounded as if he had shouted "Burglars!" with a gag in his teeth. The singer and her instructor stopped their banging and screaming, a window opened above us, but I did not look up. "How do you call a cat?" Doug implored me. He crouched down and began to hiss. "A cat is called Poodles?" said Mr. Meyers. The garden was full of little blotches and glints, it seemed filled with cats, but the cats' fronts were old socks from clotheslines, the cats' eyes were bits of broken bottles. "Be quiet!" I said to Doug. "He may still be around." Doug pulled himself rigid with the strain of keeping quiet. He looked seven feet tall. Without raising his voice over a whisper, he said, "You bastard, you bastard, you bastard."

"What do I do?" said Mr. Meyers.

I said, "He wanted his girl's cat very much; he didn't want him to run away and be lost."

"I am sorry," said Mr. Meyers.

WHEN I could get Doug away from there, we wandered over to the Craze Babee.

We sat in a booth. Doug drank without glancing at me. His blood-filled eyes did not appear to see. Suddenly he threw his cupped hands across the table, knocking over his empty glass, which I caught surreptitiously with my lap. His hands, cupped in seizure, supplication, shook. He broke into hard tears. His shoulders shook and shook the booth. I looked in alarm that people would believe he was only drunk, but nobody made this mistake. A churchly pall fell. I saw the backs of the other drinkers bowed in the purple and beryl reflections of the jukebox. "He was in my hands," he said. "I had him in my hands." Without pausing, he said, "She said to me, 'They took my orange.' I opened the drawer of her bedside stand, I showed her her orange, I showed her that her orange was still there! She said, 'No, they took my orange.' That was the last thing she said to me. Those were her last words." Doug threw out his arms. With his arms strained back in the wide V, the jugular tubed out on his throat. His face lit up with sweat. He hit his fist into his cupped hand with impact that made a clean click of bone like a knockout. "The world becomes an orange!"

In a gentle, normal voice, he added, "I went away, then, and I found myself ten hours later walking on Eighth Avenue." He stood up slowly and said, "I'm going back to get him. Are you ready? Here are your cigarettes."

Mr. Meyers and the superintendent met us. "Young people, good news!" said Mr. Meyers. They showed us a small female tabby. "No, no, that's not ours," I said. "It is a *cat*," said Mr. Meyers.

Doug and I went out into the garden. Doug checked our supply of cigarettes and suggested I go in and make us some coffee.

While I was boiling the water in Dorothea's kitchenette, I heard rustling outside. I went to the windows, and saw, like a huge grass insect bending a blade, Doug climbing the ailanthus tree. Standing on the fence near the tree, his tail flailing, was Boodles.

I ran to the cabinet and got a can of cat food and the can opener. I ran back out into the garden, up to the fence, and showed Boodles that I was opening the can. Boodles sniffed down toward it and drew back. Hanging to the bowed trunk of the ailanthus tree, Doug pulled himself higher. Climbing this spindly tree to catch a cat was the first action I had ever seen Doug engaged in. I wanted to cry, "Dot, look what Doug's doing!" His weight seemed all buoyancy, like a performer's in a slack-wire act.

As Doug hung, watching his timing to grasp the cat, for which he would need both hands, the tree swung over the sunken concrete floor of the yard.

If Doug dropped on the cement, the fall could break his back.

I held the opened can up to Boodles. As he leaned down to sniff, Doug grasped him. Boodles screamed like six fighting cats. He lashed in Doug's grip so that I could not even see him; I only realized that the twelve-pound cat was hanging by all twenty nails from Doug's hand and wrist. Doug slid and leaped down and ran inside holding the cat down from his eyes. We slammed the doors after us.

The back of Doug's hand was torn open. Between the ripped veins were blue punctures which already showed they would become infected regardless of any precautions. Boodles became a domestic cat again as soon as he was indoors, and he mewed and rubbed our legs sympathetically. Doug calmly washed his hand and methodically tried to squeeze the bite punctures, but these would not bleed, and he let me paint his whole hand with antiseptic. "Dorothea would never let him out, in case he should get hurt," said Doug, and he laughed quite naturally.

Doug seemed a little disappointed at the smallness of the carrier. I told him it was the biggest I could get, but actually carriers had cost more than I had expected, and one really roomy for Boodles would have cost twenty dollars. When we got Boodles in, he would arch his back and push the top up, but this made Doug laugh. Finally we pressed him down and got it latched. By the time we left the apartment for the last time, Doug's whole hand was already swollen. I pictured him losing his hand, his arm, dying. As it was, Doug had to soak his hand for twenty-four hours and get penicillin. We took turns housing Boodles till his adoption appointment came up at the Bide-a-Wee.

The Bide-a-Wee opened at ten, and Doug

wanted to get there when it opened. I stayed on the curb with the carrier while Doug hailed a cab. Boodles got wild outdoors in the carrier, yowled and bounced until the carrier fell over on its side. We got in a cab, but we struck traffic snarls, and Doug sat forward and argued with the driver. I thought of the only funeral I had ever ridden in, when a car cut into our cortege and angered my uncle, and my aunt had said of her dead sister, "Sarah will wait for us."

I was afraid something would go wrong at the Bide-a-Wee. But they found Doug's name promptly in the black notebook with the pencil tied to it and wrote out the receipt, and Doug signed it. An attendant carried Boodles away in the carrier and told us to wait for the carrier, which we automatically did. It was all completed as decorously as a funeral.

Doug pushed the heavy modern glass door open for me. As he took the now weightless carrier from me, it dropped and sprang open, and we both shut the empty black box quickly. The ringing sunshine filled the street, lighting the airlines terminal, the street, the East River, where a tug and barge were under way. In the strong sunshine after the strain, and with the necessity for smiling, Doug's face looked as if it had been skillfully aged by a colorless make-up pencil. "What enabled me to keep up at all, all through it," he said, "was that you could do so much for someone whom, of course, you never even loved."

I looked at him, but he was still smiling at me. Standing in the sunshine pouring over these channels of lading, embarkation, and take-off, I thought of how I had given Dorothea my time, my energy, movie magazines, and Riviera pears, every personal and commercial image of love, while now the very sunshine tolled, whom you never even loved, whom you never even loved.

PUGLIA

BY LYNNE LAWNER

Olives in twisted colloquy, the lowering storm,
Broom-swept gray rock half-lucid as smoked glass
Watch with calm the struck Vespa hit the grass
Whose bright chrome hurries to shatter the numb worm.

A quaint stone wall: we haul him, howling, from the road
To the local unstaffed hospital where the white
Sister Superior with her two canaries sits out
Easter, disaster, and the astral sinking of the toad.

GRAHAM GREENE:

The Man and the Message

BY CHARLES J. ROLO

Critic and author, now making his home in New York City, CHARLES J. ROLO, in addition to being the ATLANTIC's regular book reviewer, has contributed a series of literary portraits, including those of Aldous Huxley, Thomas Mann, and Albert Camus.



WITHIN the past decade, Graham Greene, now in his fifty-seventh year, has become one of the handful of contemporary novelists who enjoy both a major literary reputation and large-scale popularity. He is England's best-selling author on the European continent; he has been translated into twenty-three languages, including Hebrew and Hindi; twelve movies have been made out of his work; and two of his novels, including his latest, *A Burnt-Out Case*, have been selections of the Book-of-the-Month Club. In addition to being widely read, Greene has been more voluminously discussed than any of his contemporaries: six books (including two in French and one in German) have been written about him. Among the distinguished writers who have expressed great admiration for his work one finds figures as diverse as François Mauriac and William Faulkner. And informed Swedish critics have spoken of him as a candidate for the Nobel Prize.

As a novelist and as a man, Graham Greene is a figure surrounded by paradox, ambiguity, and surprise. To begin with, he has a dual literary personality: for twenty-nine years, he has been a writer both of serious novels and of thrillers, which he labels "entertainments." Although he is widely regarded in Catholic circles as a leading Catholic novelist, Greene's theology has been the subject of endless controversy. His admirers include atheists, who maintain that his books unintentionally

Drawing of Graham Greene by Mervyn Peake.

show up religion as a blight; existentialists, who claim that he is one of them; the Moscow journal *Soviet Literature*, which sees Greene as a social critic boldly exposing the corruption of capitalist society; and tens of thousands of book buyers who find his storytelling irresistibly readable.

In his autobiographical writings, Greene has frequently expressed a profound attachment to failure — "seedy" has always been his favorite adjective. Yet his own career presents a picture of phenomenal industry and unflagging purpose. From the outset, he made it a rule to write five hundred words a day ("stepped up to seven-fifty as the book gets on"), and today his output totals eleven novels, seven "entertainments," three plays, two travelogues, two collections of short stories and one of essays, and a volume of verse — twenty-seven works all told, plus children's books, film scripts, and a good deal of journalism.

Personal impressions of Greene vary considerably. Physically, he is a tall, lanky man, with arresting blue eyes, who likes to appear slightly seedy; he looks weather-beaten — as though he had spent a long time out in the rain. Some interviewers have seen the novelist faithfully reflected in the man; they have spoken of his "tormented smile" and "neuralgic agony" of spirit. Others, perhaps too literal-minded, have found Greene's social manner and his way of life more worldly than his works had led them to imagine.

Two young magazine editors who visited Greene in London were disconcerted to discover that his so-called "hole in the ground" was an extremely snug, well-appointed flat in the aristocratic heartland of Mayfair. "What worries us," one of them blurted out, "is that you yourself seem so much happier than we expected." Those who know Greene well do not doubt that the inner man is a battleground on which punishing campaigns are constantly being fought. They emphasize his exceptional kindness, but they also see in him a streak of the schoolboy who delights in mystification and play-acting — Greene is an inveterate and elaborate prankster. But for all his contradictions, one thing is certain about Greene: at the basis of his work there is a deeply passionate and searching concern about the human situation. He is, unmistakably, a man and a writer who puts the Four Last Things first: death, judgment, hell, and heaven.

IN THE United States, Greene failed to make much of a splash until *The Heart of the Matter* appeared in 1948. Some American readers still think of him as a onetime writer of spy stories who, like Marquand, crossed over to the respectable side of the literary tracks. This is not the case. But Greene's literary career has certainly been a curious one.

His three earliest books were historical novels with a romantic tinge, written under the influence of Stevenson and Conrad. The first of them, *The Man Within* — published when Greene was twenty-five — was well received in England. The setting is Sussex in the early nineteenth century, and the hero is in flight from a gang of smugglers he has denounced to the revenue officers. What is most striking about it today is that it introduces so many of the themes which have remained at the center of Greene's work: betrayal, pursuit, the Greenian hero's sense of endless self-defilement, the "good" woman as the redeemer, and suicide. *The Man Within* was followed by two murky failures, which Greene has never allowed to be reprinted. Then, needing money, he turned his hand to a modern thriller, *Orient Express* (1932), which was a popular success and was made into a Hollywood movie. Ever since then, Greene has alternated regularly between serious fiction and entertainments. But *Orient Express* killed off the historical novelist, for in the course of writing it, Greene discovered that he was most at home in the contemporary world.

During the nineteen thirties, Greene wrote three more novels, *It's a Battlefield*, *The Shipwrecked*, and *Brighton Rock*, and two more first-rate thrillers, *This Gun for Hire* and *The Confidential Agent*. (The titles of Greene's books used throughout this

essay are the U.S. titles, which sometimes differ from the English. Publication dates given in parentheses refer to the original appearance in England.) It was not until the end of the decade that criticism began to take Greene really seriously. *Brighton Rock* (1938) marks the turning point in his career. Until then Greene, though converted to Catholicism as far back as 1926, had not explicitly given theology a major role in his fiction. *Brighton Rock* is the first of his Catholic novels. In it, Greene emerges as a writer seeking to restore the religious sense to the English novel, and theology begins to make his private world fully comprehensible.

However, even the work of Greene's maturity can be and is read on two different levels. To the initiated, the heart of the matter in Greene is a complex and sometimes ambiguous spiritual dialectic; his novels are, in effect, dramatized theology — a Catholic critic has called them "modern miracle plays." But one of Greene's great achievements is that so many people of different persuasions are able to read these novels as realistic narratives and to become deeply involved in the fate of his characters without necessarily accepting, or even fully grasping, the underlying religious argument.

What is remarkable about Greene's popularity is that it has been achieved with a vision of life that seems relentlessly bleak. In the whole of his fiction, there are probably not a dozen images of natural beauty. It is a world of bad teeth and bitten fingernails, where every form of pleasure is suspect, every love affair doomed; where the ever-recurring simile, "like an infection," announces that infection lurks everywhere. Greene invests whatever he sees with squalor and heart-break and wallows in the horror of it all. To be sure, he handles his characters with a poignant compassion, and his major theme is that there is hope for the blackest of sinners, since the human mind cannot comprehend the extent of God's mercy. Even so, as Sean O'Faolain has wittily observed, Graham Greene, reversing Browning, is forever saying: "God's in his heaven. All's wrong with the world."

The world's wrongness fills Greene with a mixture of horror and fascination, from which he has managed to distill the spells of authentic drama. He is a consummately skillful storyteller, a master of incident, suspense, and atmosphere. One of the three or four finest stylists writing in English today, he has brought to the serious novel the swift transitions of the cinema. The compelling quality of his work stems, too, from the extraordinary intensity with which his vision of the world is experienced. To be sure, there are in Greene's novels many meretricious bits of busi-

ness; scenes that are blatantly “rigged”; manifestations of grace so contrived that even to that defiant Catholic, Evelyn Waugh, they have a “whiff of occultism”; and passages which seem to have been written by a clever schoolboy trying to score off his opponents. But the underlying vision, even if one repudiates it, is unmistakably something deeply felt, and one is not surprised to learn from Greene that his private world was perceived “once and for all” in childhood and adolescence. “Religion,” he has written, “might explain it later, but the pattern was already there.” And the pattern reveals with startling clarity how intimately and how directly Greene’s work is linked to his spiritual autobiography.

GREENE, the fourth of six children, was born in 1904 in Berkhamstead, a town near London best known for its boys’ school, of which Greene’s father was headmaster. When he entered the school, he became the inhabitant of “two countries” separated only by a door, through which he returned home on Saturdays and Sundays. How could this life on a border, he later wrote, be other than restless? “In the land of stone stairs and cracked bells ringing early, one was aware of fear and hate, a kind of lawlessness. . . . One met for the first time characters, adult and adolescent, who bore about them the genuine quality of evil. There was Collifax, who practiced torments with dividers; Mr. Cranden, with three grim chins, a dusty gown, a kind of demoniac sensuality. . . . Parlow, whose desk was filled with . . . advertisements of art photos. Hell lay about them in their infancy.” Obviously, from his early days, Greene was imbued with a preternatural sense of evil. Peter Quennell, who went to the same school, found it an innocuous place, “strangely transmogrified” in Greene’s recollections.

Periodically, Greene would escape surreptitiously to the other country across the border, with its fruit trees and its rooms smelling of “books . . . and eau-de-cologne.” In these moments of release, he “became aware of God with an intensity. . . . And so faith came to one — shapelessly, without dogma, a presence above a croquet lawn, something associated with violence, cruelty, evil across the way. One began to believe in heaven because one believed in hell.”

The future “really struck” when Greene, at fourteen, read Marjorie Bowen’s novel *The Viper of Milan*, a lurid story of the wars between the dukes of Milan and Verona. “From that moment I began to write. . . . It was as if I had been supplied once and for all with a subject.” In his essay “The Lost Childhood,” Greene wrote: “She

had given me my pattern . . . perfect evil walking the world where perfect good can never walk again. . . . Goodness has only once found a perfect incarnation in the human body and never will again, but evil can always find a home there. Human nature is not black and white but black and grey. I read all that in *The Viper of Milan* . . . and I saw that it was so. There was another theme I found there . . . the sense of doom that lies over success. . . . And when success began to touch oneself, too, however mildly, one could only pray that failure would not be held off too long.”

In spite of his dramatic inner life, Greene’s childhood was haunted, he says, by boredom. Eventually he ran away from school and hid out on the Common, only to be humiliatingly ambushed after a few hours by his elder sister. His parents sent him to a London psychoanalyst, in whose house he spent “delightful months — perhaps the happiest months of my life.” The analysis, however, was hardly fruitful: “I emerged . . . correctly orientated . . . but wrung dry I was fixed in my boredom.” Nevertheless, Greene’s exposure to Freud is noticeable in his work — in the extensive use he makes of dreams to reveal the inner life and in his emphasis that the seeds of corruption are sown in the “lost childhood.”

After his analysis, Greene fell in love. But his despairing passion for his sister’s governess had the quite unusual effect of intensifying his boredom, and he resorted to a drastic remedy. Five or six years earlier he had attempted suicide on four occasions, by drinking photographic developing fluid, and later had fever lotion, thinking they were poisonous; by eating a bunch of “deadly” nightshade; and by swallowing twenty aspirins and diving into a deserted swimming pool. Now he played Russian roulette with his brother’s six-chambered revolver. His gamble with death had the effect of an exhilarating drug, and for several years he periodically repeated it until he found he wasn’t even excited. “The war against boredom had got to go on”; and Greene is still fighting it. A friend has described him as “the world’s greatest master of the art of being bored without being boring.”

In contrast to Greene’s early years, the first phase of his adult life was in no way spectacular. At Oxford he published a conventionally romantic book of verse entitled *Babbling April*; and he joined and quickly deserted the Communist Party. After leaving Oxford and short-lived jobs with a tobacco company and as a tutor, Greene settled down to journalism. A year later, at the age of twenty-two, his impending marriage to a Roman Catholic made him decide that he “ought to learn about Catholicism.” During his instruction he became

"convinced by specific arguments in the probability of [the Church's] creed," and he began to be aware of "the appalling mysteries of love moving through a ravaged world."

One more event in Greene's personal history seems to have played an important part in shaping his fictional universe: a trip, described in *Journey Without Maps* (1936), to the interior of Liberia. Ever since, as a small boy, he had read with "appalled glee" the novels of H. Rider Haggard, Africa had represented to him, and still does, "a strangeness, a wanting to know . . . a nostalgia for something lost." And the African safari was consciously prompted by "a curiosity to discover . . . from what we have come to recall at which point we went astray."

In spite of the squalor and the barbarism that met his eye, Greene was deeply stirred by the bareness of the African's needs, his spontaneous gentleness and love, and the "depth and purity" of his terror. Toward the end of the trek, he had an experience that was "like a conversion." After pulling out of a severe bout of fever, "I discovered in myself a passionate interest in living. I had always assumed before . . . that death was desirable." Greene returned with a heightened disappointment in what civilization had made out of the childhood of man; a conviction that something of value was lost when the primitive's awed sense of supernatural evil was transformed into "small human viciousness." His immersion in primitive Africa, with its witches, its devil dances, its uninhibited symbolization, had in effect carried him back to and revived his demon-haunted childhood. The hero of Greene's next book was directly inspired by the diabolic schoolboys at Berkhamstead, and, like the youthful Greene, he literally sees the dark furnishings of hell everywhere around him.

THE plot of *Brighton Rock* is based, as are the plots of many of Greene's novels, on material from the daily newspaper: a clash between rival race-track gangs extorting tribute from the Brighton bookies. On the surface, it is a densely plotted tale of murder and amateur detection, whose central figure, Pinkie, is an adolescent gangster of limitless malevolence. But the novel is informed by a dark theology which places the supernatural in implacable opposition to ordinary human values. The diabolic Pinkie is seen as a tragic figure, and his progress in evil is presented with a horrified compassion. His pursuer, Ida, a fun-loving, maternal, cheerily sensual woman, intent on tracking down the killer of a man who spent his last hours with her, is a comic villain, whose "normality"

is made to appear monstrous. In Greene's eyes, Ida, with her boozy love of life and her inviting bosom, her middle-class assurance of what's right, and her passion for justice on this earth, is the natural enemy of religion, a personification of invincible ignorance. Pinkie, a "Roman," at least *knows*. As a child he swore he would be a priest, and even now he is scornful of those so blind they cannot see that there's assuredly a hell, and "maybe" a heaven.

The third major character, Rose, the waif Pinkie marries so that she cannot give evidence against him, is as irretrievably good as he is evil. But she loves and is willing to be damned for Pinkie, and resents Ida's efforts to save her from him. For Rose and Pinkie, good and evil, inhabit the same world, to which people like Ida are strangers — "the ravaged and disputed territory between the two eternities."

There is a certain tin-chapel stridency, even a hint of the Manichee, in Greene's avid insistence on the ubiquity and power of evil. Religion itself, as R. W. B. Lewis has pointed out in an acute study of Greene, often appears in his work as "an insidious, a perverse, an exhausting and life-denying emotion." Greene so arranges things that genuine faith seems incompatible with happiness. His conventionally pious characters are usually repulsive Pharisees. And he seems to forget or deny that God can be loved by the relatively sinless.

Greene is deeply imbued with Pascal's view that "Man achieves greatness to the extent that he knows himself to be miserable." For Greene, man learns of his relationship to God only through a wrenching awareness of the world's pain and corruption, and without this relationship, man is condemned to nonexistence. Greene transforms Descartes's famous proposition into, "I suffer, therefore I am." The capacity for sin and suffering becomes the measure of aliveness, of how "hot" is one's relationship to God. Many of Greene's readers would agree with George Orwell's remark that he creates the impression there is something distingué about being damned.

Throughout Greene's work there runs Peguy's idea that "The sinner is at the very heart of Christendom. No one knows more about Christianity than the sinner. No one, unless it is the saint. And in principle they are the same man." The greatest saints, Greene wrote in a discussion of the self-styled Baron Corvo, "have been men with a more than normal capacity for evil, and the most vicious men have narrowly evaded sanctity." *Corruptio optimi est pessima*. The hero of *Brighton Rock*, damned by Luciferian pride, is a saint *manqué*. Greene's next hero is a sanctified sinner.

In 1938, Greene made a trip to Mexico to

investigate the government's persecution of the Church. Out of it came a travel book, *Another Mexico*, then *The Power and the Glory* (1940), first published in the United States as *The Labyrinthine Ways*, which possibly remains his finest novel.

The state of Tabasco is at once an image of the godless modern world and also of the wasteland of original sin; and the nameless "whiskey-priest" is the object of two pursuits — he is hunted by the police for performing his office, and the Hound of Heaven is at his heels. His conscience tells him, tormentingly, that he is a disgrace to the priesthood, a drunkard, a coward, and a fornicator who has fathered a child. He realizes that his godless antagonist, the idealistic police lieutenant, has all the exemplary human qualities he should have himself. But the redemptive power of God's love does not depend on the spiritual condition of His priests, whereas the lieutenant's revolutionary idealism has a fatal flaw: "There won't always be good men in your party. Then you'll have the old starvation, beating, get-rich-anyhow."

The priest's lonely, harrowing trek through the hovels and jungles of Tabasco becomes an allegory of the soul's arduous journey toward salvation. In his degradation and suffering, the priest learns a humility, a love, a trust in God which he never knew in the old days when he was safe and comparatively innocent. The climax is faintly marred by a too pat parallelism to the Passion of Christ. But, as a whole, *The Power and the Glory* is a highly satisfying and extremely moving work of art, in which ideas, plot, and setting interpenetrate each other and almost every formal detail gives resonance to the story's inner meanings.

A TOWN on the West Coast of Africa, where Greene worked for British Intelligence during the war, is the setting for *The Heart of the Matter* (1948). Its hero, Major Scobie, is a devout Catholic and a colonial administrator of legendary integrity and humanity. But pity for his neurotic wife leads Scobie to borrow money from a notorious Syrian diamond smuggler so that he can send her off on a holiday. And while she is away, pity from a very young widow rescued from a torpedoed ship leads Scobie into a lugubrious love affair. In a futile effort to spare his wife and his mistress from pain, Scobie, with a horror of what he is doing to God, advances deeper into sin and eventually commits suicide.

A certain fuzziness in Greene's portraiture of Scobie sometimes encourages the impression that it is Scobie's love of God which actuates his disastrous orgy of pity, and this leads to the paradoxical conclusion that Scobie is propelled into mortal

sin because he is good. But, throughout Greene's work, pity is repeatedly condemned as "the worst sin of all" — a mask for self-pity, or a sign that one is substituting oneself for God. Thus, Scobie's "terrible promiscuous" pity is a fatal human flaw in conflict with his love of God. My reading of the conclusion is that Greene is not "justifying" Scobie; he is simply asserting that only God knows what was in Scobie's heart in the moments before he died and that God's mercy is infinite. Evelyn Waugh, a friend and admirer of Greene's, found the handling of the suicide "a mad blasphemy." Greene himself has said: "I don't know what all the fuss is about. I wrote a book about a man who goes to hell — *Brighton Rock* — another about a man who goes to heaven — *The Power and the Glory*. Now I've simply written one about a man who goes to purgatory."

The first half of *The End of the Affair* (1951) is a strong, brilliantly suspenseful tale of suburban adultery and obsessive jealousy, with a minor characterization (the Dickensian private detective) that is a comic masterpiece. The second half shows how an irreligious, sensual young woman arrives at sanctitude, and it is attended by a blunt assertion of miracles and a pat exposition of the workings of grace. Catholic as well as non-Catholic critics have complained that when the supernatural takes charge of the plot, the literary machinery creaks.

The Quiet American (1955), a novel about the war in Indochina (which Greene covered for the *London Times*), was treated by some critics as a political tract, hostile to America and "soft" toward Communism. Actually, its argument is that a dedication to improving the world, when it is not informed by a religious conscience, is doomed to make things worse. The novel has two weaknesses. Focusing, as it does, on a real political situation, it raises a practical issue of policy and proceeds to evade it. For Greene recognizes that the English correspondent's total noninvolvement is hardly less irresponsible than the American's overinvolvement. The characterization of the American, moreover, is not much more than a caricature. But the narrative, with its crosscurrents of love and complex intrigue, is consistently vivid and exciting.

Greene's latest novel, *A Burnt-Out Case*, is a strange tale of spiritual and emotional death and rebirth, set in the interior of Africa, where Greene himself experienced a dramatic awakening. Its mysterious hero, Querry, has traveled to the Congo to get as far away as possible from civilization, and he becomes the guest of a remote leprosarium run by Belgian priests and nuns. Querry, once a famous Church architect, is a man reduced to such total aridity that he has even lost

the capacity to suffer. Eventually he reveals, somewhat cryptically, that the disease which has reduced him to nothingness was success. It brought him boredom, disgust with his reputation, and the discovery that he was a fraud, that he did not love anyone and had ceased to believe in God.

Meanwhile, in a world where life is stripped to the essentials, Querry begins to rediscover a reason for living. A leper who has an accident in the forest gives him "the odd sensation that [someone] needed me." He makes himself useful to the mission. He has a twinge of suffering and begins "to feel part of the human condition." When an absurd death overtakes him, his last words are: "This is absurd or else. . . . And it is a safe guess that the unfinished phrase is 'or else there is a God.'" Querry has traveled a good way up the road that leads out of the darkness of success.

A Burnt-Out Case is Greene's fullest treatment of one of his early fixations — that the wages of success is a kind of death. This quietly absorbing book, artfully charged with mystery and psychological suspense, is one of Greene's best novels. One feels that he put more of himself into it than into any other of his works.

GREENE's entertainments differ from his novels in having a minimum of comment and a maximum of incident, less development of character, and a concession to the happy ending. But the vision remains the same. The protagonists are hounded not only by the police or political enemies but by guilt, the horror of life, a sense of moral implication in the criminality of the modern world. In Greene's hands, the melodrama of contemporary intrigue becomes infused with spiritual meaning.

"Talent," Greene has said, "even of a very high order, cannot sustain an achievement, whereas a ruling passion . . . gives to a shelf of novels the unity of a system." Greene's ruling passion — his intense consciousness of evil — has made his novels and entertainments pieces of the same sharply defined fictional universe, which the English critics call Greeneland. It is a world, we have seen, uniquely formed of elements ancient and modern: Christ's Passion and the sordid catalogue of contemporary violence; Pascal and psychoanalysis; the defiant assertion of miracles and the literary techniques of the suspense story. Constantly re-enacted in this world is a drama of pursuit with four protagonists: the hunter, the hunted, the betrayer, and the long arm of grace. The symbols that give meaning to its landscape — vultures in search of carrion, an injured fly imprisoned under an unwashed tooth glass, fog swirling around lonely street lamps — express cor-

ruption, mutilation, the breath of evil. This ravaged landscape of Greene's is a scenic image of the human condition — a view, so to speak, of original sin. It proclaims that mankind, in Cardinal Newman's words, "is implicated in some terrible, aboriginal calamity."

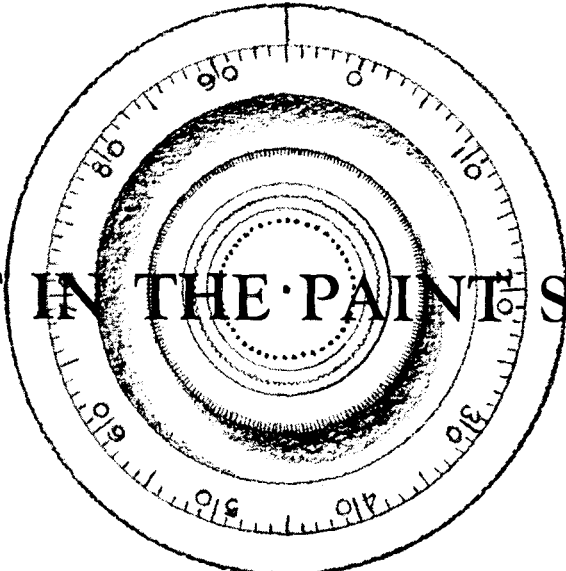
Like the Christian existentialists, Greene sees an unbridgeable gulf between human morality — the concern with right and wrong, justice and good works — and theological virtue. Between the world of God and that of man there can be no rational connection: only love links the human and the divine. The priest in Greene's play, *The Living Room*, quotes these words from some book of devotion: "The more surely the senses are revolted, uncertain and in despair, the more surely Faith says: 'This is God: all goes well.'"

Greene's theology uncompromisingly rejects the natural world as a realm of imperfection and corruption, and it admits of no human solutions to the problem of evil. The drama which is the storm center of Greene's work is a drama of allegiance. Man has the liberty to love God and to recognize that grace is always in pursuit of him. This is his God-given power and glory, and if he repudiates or ignores it and lives by the values of corrupted nature, he reduces himself to a kind of "stubborn non-existence."

All of Greene's work is a revolutionary assault on man-made values. Its message is simply this: that the heart of the matter and the end of the affair are man's relationship to God — "It's not what you do [that matters]. It's what you think."

If Greene's portrayal of priests is often harsh, it is to emphasize that they, too, are human and cannot comprehend God's mercy. If a murderer like the hare-lipped Raven is treated with a curious tenderness, it is because he is an anarchist against man-made morality. Conventional piety and the formal aspects of religion are often slighted because, Greene feels, they tend to drive out the essentials — love of God and love for a corrupt and suffering humanity which is made in God's image.

Greene shares Baudelaire's view that the role of civilization has been to cover up the traces of original sin. In the "sinless, graceless, empty, chromium world," the Greenian sinner symbolically plays a role like that of the detective who proves, in a murder mystery, that somebody believed to be dead is very much alive. By their consciousness of sin, Greene's sinners affirm what the world around them denies: the existence of God. In Graham Greene, theology and melodrama are inseparable, for his subject, as François Mauriac has said, is "the hidden presence of God in an atheistic world."



POET IN THE PAINT STORE

BY SOL SAKS *After leaving the paint business, SOL SAKS traveled a rocky, devious road that led to reporting, editing a small-town newspaper, and finally, writing plays for television. Mr. Saks lives in California and is finishing his first novel.*

FORTUNATELY, we still have a photograph of the paint store Papa started some forty years ago on Twelfth Street. Sometimes when Papa complains about the inefficient way his sons run the business, we bring the picture out in tolerant amusement. It shows Papa in the midst of unbelievable disorder, surrounded by piles of untidy merchandise distributed under the simple system that the merchandise most called for should be closest at hand. In the midst of this stood Papa in a characteristic pose of serenity and contentment: his elbow resting on an infinitesimally small cleared space on the showcase, his chin in his hand, and his finger at the side of his nose, looking — and he must have known it — like a learned writer of long, dull treatises.

My brother Harry must have inherited his business drive and indestructible demand for order from some unheralded ancestor, for three months after going into the business, at the age of nineteen, he was running the store; and within six months the store was operating efficiently. New shelves were built; stock was tidily rearranged according to type and size; floor space was cleared; all merchandise over ten years old was remaindered; inventory was taken once a year; and the cash register was checked every night. This last worked a hardship on the entire family, because up to then we had been in the habit of going to the register for all expenditures, from a penny for

candy to the thirty-five dollars for rent money. Even under Harry's regime, the register didn't always check, but he could almost always find the mistake by painstakingly going over the day's operations with Papa. He usually discovered that Papa had skipped a few columns and rung up ninety dollars instead of ninety cents or had extracted three dollars for a pair of teakwood book ends he had bought from a friendly peddler.

The reverberations of Papa's business methods were not quickly silenced, however. In the efficient years that followed, Harry found, on two different occasions during inventory, a roll of bills, one behind the turpentine drum and one in an empty paint can. Both of them had been hidden against a possible burglary during Papa's administration and promptly forgotten. Once, years after the business had grown to four prosperous stores, the bank account did not balance, an inconceivable catastrophe under Harry. Checking back, it was found that an entire deposit had never been entered on the bank statement. Without any other evidence, Harry went home and found the bank deposit — three thousand dollars in cash and checks — under the rug, where Papa had hidden it until the next morning and forgotten forever after.

We were four brothers, and as we finished school we all went into the business as unquestioningly as other sons entered Harvard. As each of us left

school, a branch store would be opened for the brother with most seniority. This would make room at the Twelfth Street store for the incoming brother. I was the last to take over with Papa the management of the Twelfth Street store, and when I decided shortly thereafter to leave the paint business entirely, the regular movement of the family and business was tremendously jarred. We had completely run out of brothers.

After a family conclave, it was decided that only a daring move could solve the problem. Papa would run the Twelfth Street store. However, there were two great obstacles to be overcome before Papa could be left in sole charge. They were purchasing and the safe. Papa's method of ordering merchandise was strictly emotional. He would order only from salesmen he liked, in direct proportion to their likability. It was eventually decided that all the ordering would be handled by one of the other stores. The only hitch was that once in a while a salesman, either purposely or unwittingly, would compliment Papa for his shrewdness in building and managing this huge business and giving his sons good jobs. Papa would modestly say that they were good boys and deserved it and would repay the compliment by ordering for immediate shipment a hundred and thirty-two cans of bathtub enamel, an eight-year supply for the average paint store. To avoid the humiliation of explaining to wholesalers that the president of our concern was not authorized to order merchandise, the matter would be solved by another lecture to Papa and a below-cost sale on bathtub enamel.

The safe was a more complex problem. The safe, old-fashioned when we bought it, had been in the store for twelve years, but Papa had never learned to work the complicated combination. So, during the last month I was there, Papa did his safe-opening exercises for a half hour every day. He would put on his reading glasses, open his notebook, and start out with three turns to the right, stopping at forty. Kneeling before the safe, his brow furrowed, he would work the combination over and over until his muscles cramped, turning around only to shush a customer who might be speaking loudly enough to distract him. After four days of practice, he managed to open the safe successfully two out of three times with an average elapsed time of four minutes. Three days before I left for good, however, when I was already getting bids from safe movers, I saw Papa walk to the safe with unaccustomed confidence and, without even putting on his glasses, swirl the knob and open the safe.

He accepted my congratulations with no false modesty. And, with the patronizing manner of one who has an unending store of resourcefulness

Coming in the
JULY ATLANTIC

**A Special Supplement on
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The revolution in psychology and psychiatry inaugurated by Freud has produced a cultural revolution which has reached into every aspect of American life.

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in coping with problems which might frustrate ordinary men, he explained that he had devised a short cut. He closed the safe by turning the dial a half turn to the right, whereupon he could open it by a simple half turn to the left. My objection that a burglar could open it just as easily he answered with equal logic. If the burglar turned the dial to the right instead of the left it would completely lock the safe, thereby cutting the risk fifty per cent. Since his reasoning was not entirely illogical and the cost of removing the safe would have been fifty dollars, I let the matter go, and Papa took over the management of the Twelfth Street store.

Although Papa's methods of doing business still remained peculiar, they were not nearly as

disastrous as we had feared. And, since the important decisions were made in the other stores, the family could afford to be tolerant of his rugged individualism. Papa, for instance, had a simple method of deciding which customers were to get credit. He would trust any man who didn't at the moment owe him money. This included strangers and customers who had paid their long overdue debts only after lawsuits. I wish I could say his faith was vindicated. Every January Harry would go through the pile of accounts receivable and patiently destroy all those over three years old; whereupon Papa would proceed to get the pile up to its usual height.

During the slow periods, Papa would sit at the large table in back and write poetry. He was going through a rather difficult period of conflict at the time, and his poems reflected it. The subject matter would be about equally divided between the unappreciated beauties of nature and customers who came in for a gallon of turpentine and refused to leave a deposit on the bottle.

From being a boot camp for training and indoctrinating sons, the Twelfth Street store now became the Siberia for undesirable employees. My brothers all had an inherent characteristic from a very obvious origin. If an employee was likable, they couldn't bring themselves to fire him, no matter how inefficient he was. In a case like this they transferred him to the Twelfth Street store. If, like the detected gambler who is wordlessly handed a gun with one bullet and left alone behind closed doors, he would take the hint and efface himself from the scene, all was well. If not, after bewilderedly trying to follow Papa's method of doing business, he would resign in desperation.

Strangely enough, in the years that followed, the Twelfth Street store usually broke even, didn't lose money very often, and on rare occasions even showed a profit. Harry, after months of long harangues and orientation lectures to Papa, had finally given up, and pretended to himself that there was no store on Twelfth Street.

Things went along on this consistently uneven keel for years, until the morning of the holdup. Papa had just opened the store and was alone when the man entered, with gun drawn. He first asked for Papa's wallet, in which he found but three dollars. He then waved the gun threateningly and ordered Papa to open the safe. Papa was more than willing. But in his nervousness he turned the dial to the right instead of the left and locked the safe. There was now nothing for Papa to do but put on his reading glasses, open his notebook, and start on the unaccustomed combination. There are some men who, in moments of great stress, rise to heights normally beyond them.

Papa was not one of these. He missed the first time, muttered an apology, and glanced fearfully at the gun.

"Hurry up," growled the holdup man and waved his gun again. Papa tried twice more and failed. The man was beginning to be suspicious. "What's going on here? Why don't you open it?"

But by this time Papa's frustration had overcome his fear. "How can I open a safe" he asked irritably, "if you get me nervous by yelling at me and waving the gun? If you'll just be quiet for a minute, I'll get it open."

"You can't expect me to stand here all day," the holdup man complained righteously. "Somebody might come in and catch me."

Papa was a reasonable man and could see the justice in this complaint. "OK, OK," he said. "Just be quiet. I'll get it this time for sure." But he didn't.

"What's the matter with you? You got the combination right there in front of you. You blind or something?"

"OK, you're so smart. Here" — Papa handed him the notebook — "you open it!"

So, with Papa at pistol length, the holdup man began on the combination. Despite the danger of violence if the man's efforts proved fruitless, I'm sure Papa stood there hoping he'd be unsuccessful. To Papa's undying shame, this man who obviously had none of the benefits of an education opened the safe on the first try.

As much to Papa's surprise as to the other's anger, the safe was empty. Papa thought fast. "I didn't know," he said hurriedly. "I'm not the boss."

"You're not the boss?"

"Just a clerk, that's all. If I was the boss of a big place like this, do you think I'd have only three dollars in my pocket?"

It worked. The clay of which Papa was made was not all used up the day he was born. "Well, if you're just a clerk" — the holdup man pocketed his gun — "here, take your three dollars back."

"No, that's all right," Papa said. "You're entitled to it." The whole affair then took on the aspect of an argument between two friends over a restaurant check. But Papa was firm, and the other left with the three dollars.

It wasn't until a week later that Papa discovered that previous day's receipts. Like a well-kept dog who cannot forget the habits of a hungry youth, he had hidden the money in a roll of wallpaper and forgotten it. I never discussed this incident any further with my father, and it's possible that I'm wrong, but I think that if that holdup man will show up at the Twelfth Street store, Papa will give him the money.



Señora Jacqueline Wirshing-Serrano, school teacher, the guest of honor at Mary's Flower Show in New York, May 8-15, featuring Puerto Rico's blossoms.

Everything blooms in Puerto Rico

THIS PRETTY Puerto Rican girl has been gathering flowers for the luncheon table.

Her bouquet was chosen from over a *hundred* varieties blooming in the garden that morning.

Can you guess the date? It was November 2, 1960. How did *your* garden look last November second?

There you have one reason why wives of American executives rave about their lot in Puerto Rico. The

gardens are triumphs. Their thumbs are always green.

They plant hibiscus in January and orchids in October. They make daiquiris with limes from their own lime trees. They dine on patios scented with jasmine. They deck the halls at Christmas with poinsettias from their own back yards.

And while wives tend their gardens, husbands have their own triumphs to glory in, for business, too, is sprouting

in this land of growth. Take the electronics manufacturer who started a branch here five years ago. Today he has *two* plants—and a third in prospect. Another firm has expanded to *eight* branches. All are prospering.

Is there something *you'd* like to cultivate? A garden, a business, a healthy family, a serene spirit? Puerto Rico may be the place. Come and find out.

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Why a whole wall of Scallop Shells?

● It was not just the whim of a sixteenth century architect.

The idea of adorning this wall with some five hundred shells came from the Spanish grandee whose wealth built this Salamanca palace. He used the shell symbol to proclaim that one of his ancestors was among the medieval pilgrims who journeyed to St. James's shrine in Compostella wearing the scallop badge on their hats.

Pilgrimage, voyage, quest—each has been symbolized, since earliest times, by the scallop. It was identified with Venus, born of the sea. It was the badge of the pilgrims to Compostella and of the Crusaders to the Holy Land. And, appropriately, in a later day, it came to be the name and trademark of the Shell Companies.

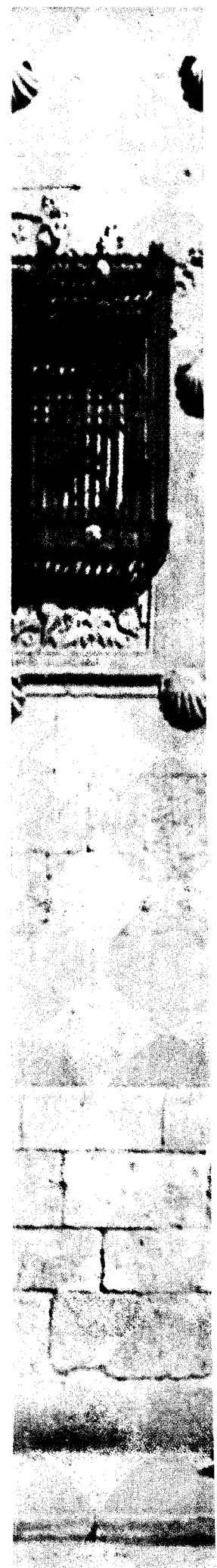
Under the familiar scallop trademark, Shell men are probing for oil in rain forest and desert, and even under the ocean's floor. But these are only the forerunners of hundreds of other explorers who search in Shell laboratories the world over for new and better products from petroleum.

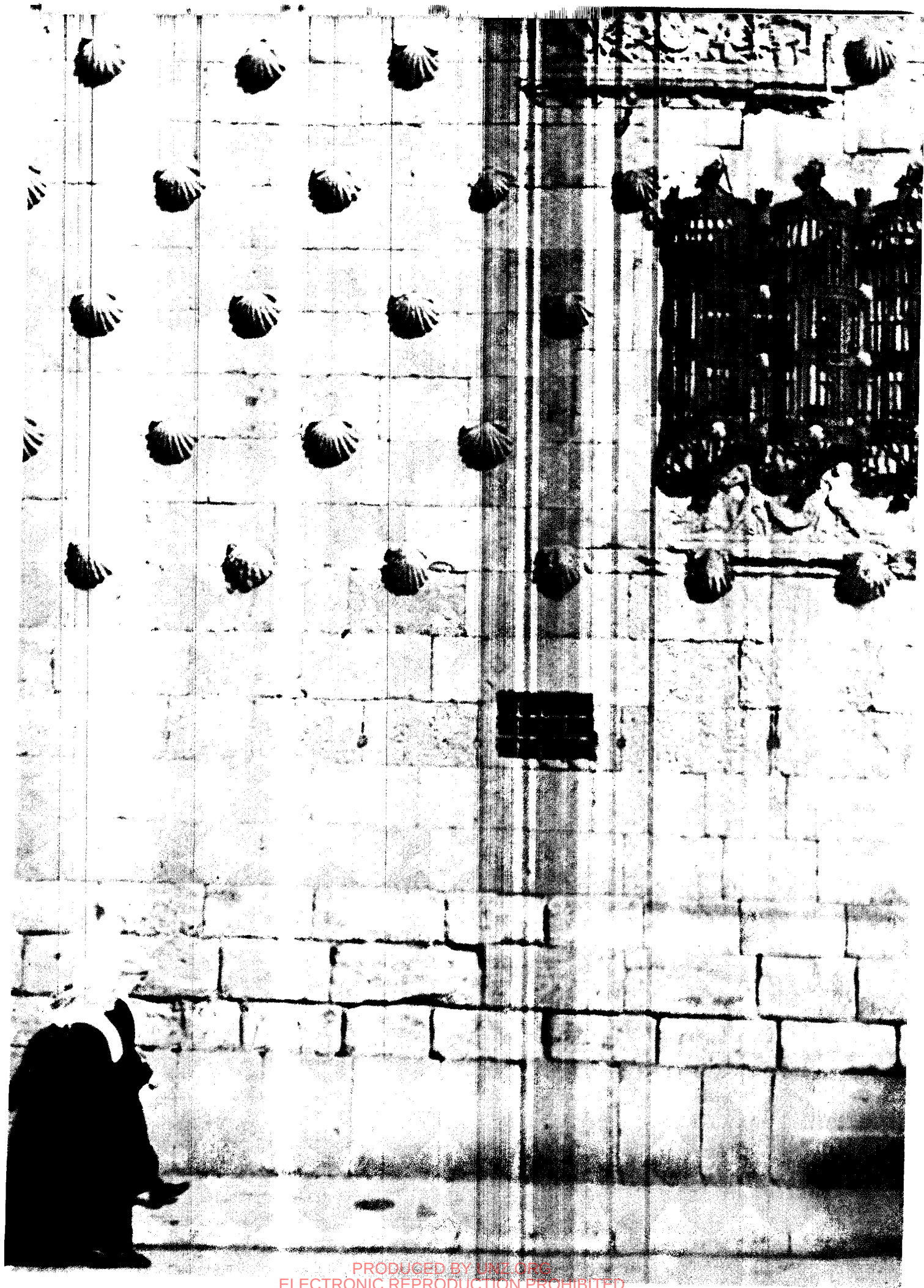
Out of their quest come finer gasoline and motor oils, of course. And, in addition: better fertilizers, herbicides and insecticides to increase the world's food supply. Man-made rubber with advantages formerly found only in natural rubber. Paints, plastics, adhesives—dramatically improved to meet today's needs.

When you see the sign of the shell, think of it as the symbol of the quest for new ideas, new products, and new ways to serve you. *The Shell Companies: Shell Oil Company; Shell Chemical Company; Shell Pipe Line Corporation; Shell Development Company; Shell Oil Company of Canada, Ltd.*



SIGN OF A BETTER FUTURE FOR YOU





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Don't blindfold him!

THE MAN in this picture is a cancer research scientist. The device he is using looks like something out of science fiction—but actually, it's an electron microscope. It shows the sub-microscopic detail of a cancer cell—magnified 100,000 times. *The cost of one electron microscope is \$35,000.*

Some of the equipment needed for cancer research is even more expensive.

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AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY





IMAGES OF MYSELF

by Igor Stravinsky

World-renowned composer, who was born in Saint Petersburg seventy-nine years ago, IGOR STRAVINSKY studied composition under Rimsky-Korsakov and made his reputation with the FIREBIRD ballet produced by Diaghilev in Paris in 1910. The ATLANTIC is happy to present the following recollections of the composer's early years, which will form a chapter in his new book, EXPOSITIONS AND DEVELOPMENTS, to be published by Doubleday.

I AM able to sleep after dark only when a ray of light enters my room from a closet or adjoining chamber. This need must extend from my earliest infancy, though I can no longer recall the source of the original light. I fail to remember any night lamp in the corridor beyond the room I shared with my younger brother, and I am sure no oil wick was left burning beside an icon in our house — a Russian tradition. Our only icon, in my mother's room, was not hallowed by a flame. The light I still seek to be reminded of must have come either from the porcelain stove — incandescent at bedtime — in the corner of the room or from the street lamp outside my window on the Krukov Canal, and as the air holes of the stove formed menacing faces, I think the street light must have been the reassuring one. Whatever it was and whatever bogeys it stood at bay, this umbilical cord of illumination still enables me to re-enter the world of safety I knew at seven or eight.

But the world of a child that age, at least in its outline, is still "safe" in the morning. My world began regularly at seven o'clock, for though classes in the Saint Petersburg Second Gymnasium did not start until two hours later, the gymnasium was a long walk from our house. My nurse, Bertha, the "safest" person in all the world, awakened me, and in a voice that was the most loving I ever heard in my childhood. Often, but not every day, Bertha's reveilles were mingled with the rattle

and torrential tumble of bath water being drawn for me in the ancient zinc-plated bathtub (two steps up from the floor) at the end of the corridor. Morning culinary odors reached the bathroom, and they, too, indicated the presence of another "safety," Caroline, our Finnish cook, a family fixture for thirty years.

Breakfast was served by the maids, or by Simon Ivanovich. (I do not remember the maids, because they were often changed and because as I grew older, my mother made certain they had grown older, too.) Simon Ivanovich was a small man with a small military-style mustache; he had been the subaltern of my uncle Vanya at one time. He was remarkable chiefly for a bald head that must have reminded other people besides myself of a bull's. He lived in a tiny antechamber under the front stairs, or, rather, he shared this cubbyhole with piles of my father's books.

I loved Simon Ivanovich with all my heart, and, in return, I think he supported my side in all questions of family allegiance. He probably saved me from disgrace on more than one occasion, but I have a clear recollection of being rescued by him on the event of my first intoxication. I had gone to a party with my elder brother and some of his fellow engineering classmates. We were all in our mid-teens and determined to exhibit our maturity by alcoholic copiousness — all except my brother, that is, for he had gone

Drawing of Peter I Monument by P. I. Lvov from SOVIET GRAPHIC: 1917-1957, Moscow.

home early. At one point a fellow tippler asked me my sex, and then I realized we were all drunk. I kept saying: "I can't go home. If my parents see me —" In fact, I did spend part of the night in the Kinsey pollster's room, which is where Simon Ivanovich found me (with my brother's help), and he somehow managed to bring me, undiscovered, to my room.

Simon Ivanovich lived with our family thirty years and died just before the Revolution, an old man. One more island of "safety" stood between him and school. This was Zackar, the doorman, a kindly old gentleman in an absurd Swiss beadle's uniform. He also seems to have been there all my life.

School was much less "safe," of course, though even there people existed whom one could love. In the Second Gymnasium I was especially fond of two boys, both of them, though unrelated, with the name Smirnov: they were identified simply as "Smirnov One" and "Smirnov Two." The "safest" person in school, however, was the priest who pronounced the nuisance prayers with which the morning classes began and who taught a course in catechism and Biblical history called "God's Law." Father Rojdestvenskoy was very popular with the boys, but they cruelly baited him, and his class was a chaos of inattention. I do not think I showed more interest than anyone else, and Father Rojdestvenskoy knew that I knew nothing, but I was a favorite in his class.

Bible studies in czarist schools were as much concerned with language as with religion, however, as our Bible was in Slavic rather than Russian. The sound and study of Slavic delighted me and sustained me through these classes. Now, in retrospect, my schooltime seems to have been consumed largely by language studies, Latin and Greek from my eleventh to nineteenth years, and French, German, Russian, Slavic — which resembles modern Bulgar — from my very first days in school. Friends sometimes complain that my habit of comparing languages makes me sound like an etymologist. Actually, problems of language have beset me all my life — I composed a cantata, *Babel*, after all — and even now, a half century since I left the Russian-speaking world, I still think in Russian and speak other languages in translation. In spite of the "safety" of Father Rojdestvenskoy and of a few comrades, I abominated the gymnasium and longed to be free of it and all schools forever.

Like most types of dirt, the school meal was inedible; student strikes were organized in protest, but without success. I was always hungry, therefore, and tea was served not in late afternoon in our house, but only after dinner; in fact, not until bedtime did Simon Ivanovich bring in the samovar

with the tray of bread and confiture. The routine of the day was suspended only when my father sang at the Maryinsky. On performance days, too, the whole house trembled, for my father was irritable when nervous, and performances always made him nervous. (I am the same, now, on my own concert days, and though my rancor at a particularly unwilling shirt stud or recalcitrant collar is always justified, no doubt it is also an example of pure "behaviorism.") On performance days my father dined apart from the family, though sometimes we all ate together after his performance. I remember sitting on the stove in my room on these occasions and listening, hungrily, for the return of his carriage. After these late dinners Mama or Bertha came to see us in bed and to hear our prayers: "Our Father Who art in Heaven" — "*Otchey nasch eezshey yehsee na nehbehsekh.*" (This is Slavic; I do not know how to say it in Russian.) And yes, I remember now, the curtains were always parted to admit the light of the street lamp by the canal.

UNCLES are "safe," too — ordinarily, that is, although I experienced my first deception in the arms of one of them, but, to be truthful, this "uncle" wasn't quite a real one, which may have been the trouble. My "uncles" were my mother's cousins, an artist and two generals. The artist, Dadya (Uncle) Mischa, was a Mephistophelean character, or so I suspect; I am certain, anyway, that he was too shrewd to be "safe." As a painter of the Perevishniki realist school, Uncle Mischa was violently opposed to the modern movement of Diaghilev, and later in life I was embarrassed by the contradictory points of view of uncle and friend, especially since Uncle Mischa's scenes of Ukrainian wheatfields and cows on riverbanks covered the walls of our apartment. The two generals were Dadya Kolya, who was the commandant of Kronstadt, better known as the inventor of a new type of gun, and Dadya Vanya, a divisional general.

The deception occurred during a brief perambulation in Dadya Vanya's unmotherly arms, when he promised me that I would see a bird and no bird appeared. (This ancient promise of the photographer is a serious evil, I think, that should be discouraged, for though our fall may not be Edenesque, we are shown our nakedness by it, and we do begin to doubt the absoluteness of our "safety.") What I remember most vividly from that first photography session, however, is the smell of Dadya Vanya's epaulets and the cold, metallic taste of the braids on his uniform, which I sucked like candy.

Dr. Dushinkin, our family physician, was another "safety." An elderly man and a general in charge of a military hospital, he called at our house once a week. I seem to remember him in uniform only, and only in winter, as he came in from the street, his beard glistening with snow. Dr. Dushinkin made me stick out my tongue, expose my chest to his icy stethoscope, report on my matutinal movements, and swallow a little black pill if I had not had any movements to report. I recall our family dentist, too, though dentists are never "safe," of course, and this one, to begin with, was a German. I do not recollect his name, but I am sure I could still find his office near the Issakievsky Cathedral.

The "safety" of friends is mixed, and probably only those old enough to be out of competition are able to qualify. One of my dearest old friends was Vladimir Vasilievich Stasov, the disciple of Glinka — indeed, he had played piano duets with Glinka, which made him a sacred cow — and the advocate and associate of the Russian "Five." Stasov was a gigantic figure, with a long white (when clean) Father Time beard, a tiny tongue, and a dark, dirty surtout. His gestures were large and loud, and he was always shouting. If he had a confidence to tell you, he would cup a huge hand to your ear and shout it there; we called this "the Stasov secret." He said only the good about everything, leaving the bad to take care of itself, and we used to say that Stasov wouldn't speak ill even of the weather. Sometimes, with his energy and enthusiasm, he reminded me of a panting dog; a dog I wanted to pet but was afraid would knock me over in response. Stasov knew Tolstoy, and he had many delightful Tolstoy stories to tell. He said that once when Tolstoy was speaking to a group on non-violence and nonresistance, someone asked him what to do if attacked by a tiger in a forest. Tolstoy answered, "Do the best you can; it happens rarely."

I remember Stasov best at his funeral, however, and I am unable to recall his apartment without seeing a coffin in it and Stasov in the coffin. He seemed so unnatural in his coffin, because his arms were folded, and Stasov was the most open-armed man in the world. The room seemed grotesquely narrow, too, for such a huge man, though this was partly because of the rainy day; we were crowded by our coats and umbrellas. I remember that, as the coffin was carried through the door, the conductor Napravnik said, "They are taking out a piece of history."

MEMORIES themselves are "safeties," of course, far safer than the originals, and growing more so

all the time, and the wrong ones usually can be chased, when they turn up, and the right ones again rummaged for in the favorite memorial reliquaries. My most persistent memory images from the years before the *Firebird* return to me without chronology. Recently, for instance, I have often thought of the Maryinsky Theater with its front entrance draped in black at the time of Tchaikovsky's death. I remember how the curtains billowed in the winter wind and how moved I was by the sight of them, for Tchaikovsky was the hero of my childhood. I have also remembered frequently of late the first music I ever heard, a bristling fifte-and-drum corps marine band from the marine barracks which were near our house, at the juncture of the Krukov Canal and the Neva. This music, and that of the full band which accompanied the Horse Guards, penetrated my nursery every day, and the sound of it, especially of the tubas and the piccolos and drums, was the tickling pleasure of my cradlehood. I know, too, that the wish to imitate this music led to my first efforts at composition, for I tried to pick out its intervals at the piano as soon as I could reach the piano, but found in the process other intervals that I liked better, which made me a composer.

A curious return of memory has recently caused me to think about the appearances of Czar Nicholas II in the streets of Saint Petersburg when I was a child and about the political world in which I was born. The Czar was a colorless figure, but his horses were a beautiful sight — two ahead of the imperial sleigh, with a blue net behind them to catch the snow, and a third galloping at the side. Even at that time, wherever the Czar went, gray-coated policemen went with him and ordered all bystanders to "Circulate, circulate." When the Czar's private train passed one of the country homes of my wife, Vera, everyone in her family was obliged to remain indoors behind tightly shuttered windows, while armed guards were posted along the track. The Czar's own railroad car was painted blue, but three cars in this train were the same color to complicate still further the task of a would-be assassin.

But other memories crowd upon me as I tell these: my first visit to the circus, the Cirque Ciniselli, as it was called, where ladies in pink corsets rode horseback standing up, as in a Seurat or Toulouse-Lautrec; and my first visit to Nizhni Novgorod, a city of green cupolas and white walls, a city full of Tatars and horses and the smell of leather, furs, and dung; and my first view of the sea, in my seventeenth year, which is surprising because I was born near the sea and lived close to it most of my life. I saw the sea for the first time from a hill in Hungerburg on the Gulf of Finland,

and I remember my astonishment that this narrow ribbon between earth and sky was — as it would be from a hill — so “vertical.”

Many of my later memories of Saint Petersburg are associated with Diaghilev, and I recall especially the first time I saw his apartment on the Zamiatine Pereúlok and how disturbed I was by the large number of mirrors on his walls. I remember Diaghilev, too, as we would go together to visit Alexander Benois in his rooms in the Vasilievsky Ostrov, or take a boat to one of the island night clubs — the Aquarium, the Villa Rose, the Arrow — in the Neva; and I can see Diaghilev now, entering the Leiner restaurant on the Nevsky Prospect (this is where Tchaikovsky caught cholera), bowing to people right and left, or as we would dine after a concert, in a little “sawdust” delicatessen, on marinated fish, caviar, Black Sea oysters, and the most delicious mushrooms in the world.

I remember also how I loved to watch the gulls, especially when the water rose in the rivers and canals, for when the city stood up to its nose in

water, the fish swam closer to the surface and the birds gyrated lower. A child does not wonder why the sight of gulls should move him so deeply, but an old man knows that they are death reminders and were such even when he watched them by the Neva one November afternoon when he was seven or eight.

How does a man grow old? I don’t know, or why *I* am old, if I must be (I don’t want to be), or if “I” am “he.” All my life I have thought of myself as “the youngest one,” and now, suddenly, I read and hear about myself as “the oldest one.” And then I wonder at these distant images of myself. I wonder if memory is true, and I know that it cannot be, but that one lives by memory, nevertheless, and not by truth. But through the crack of light in my bedroom door, time dissolves and I again see the images of my lost world. Mama has gone to her room, my brother is asleep in the other bed, and all is still in the house. The lamp from the street reflects in the room, and by it I recognize the simulacrum as myself.

*In Memory
of
Ted Cumming*

BY FREDERICK SEIDEL

There are runner tracings in the snow,
arrows of devotion, here and gone —
but which way do they go?
They go down to the creek and carry on beyond it,
over the white hill, and beyond, and behind me they extend
as far as the eye can see, and to either side.
So many of them I can’t tell
which ones belong together.
They are like left hands playing left-hand concertos.
They are the way they took.
They play the few concertos that there are for them.
Over and over
they are distance, they are reasons why.
The rest is snow.
And if the snow is a two-way mirror,
because our light is on I cannot tell
which side is the reflector.
When our light is out, perhaps his light is out too.
And perhaps our side is the reflector.
Or the snow is a window.
The dead field mouse on my summer porch
burns with a helical fire, like an ice cube,
when I touch it on my way in.
Distances, reasons why . . .
distant star,
red star, so far away
how far?

Our Libraries Overseas

A career diplomat who entered the Foreign Service in 1930, GEORGE

V. ALLEN served successively as our Ambassador to Iran, Yugoslavia, India and Nepal, and Greece before being made Director of the United States Information Agency in 1957, under President Eisenhower.

BOOKS AND THE AMERICAN IMAGE

BY

GEORGE V. ALLEN

THE United States has done many fine things for Mexico," the Mexican foreign minister once said to me. "You spent fifty million dollars helping us eradicate hoof-and-mouth disease; you have constructed sewage systems in each of our towns along the border; and you have helped us build health clinics and other public works throughout the country. But the finest single thing you have ever done for us, in my opinion," he went on, "was the establishment of the Benjamin Franklin Library."

In my own view, U.S. Information Service libraries, of which the Benjamin Franklin in Mexico City is one, are the finest things we have done in many foreign countries. We maintain these libraries in 162 principal cities throughout the world, in every important country except the U.S.S.R. and Red China, where we are forbidden to operate.

Paradoxically, our overseas libraries are more admired and appreciated by the people who use them, and at the same time are more often attacked, and more bitterly, than any other American installation abroad. They have been pillaged by mobs in Bogotá, Baghdad, Athens, Beirut, Algiers, Calcutta, Taipei, Cyprus, and, to a lesser degree, in half a dozen other places. To mention just one example, a mob of young hooligans stormed the U.S.I.S. library in Algiers on November 11, 1960; they smashed windows, demolished furniture, and looted or destroyed books, maga-

zines, and phonograph records. Yet local citizens had found this same library so useful that during the same year it had served nearly 40,000 patrons. With a collection of under 7000 volumes, its circulation totaled more than 18,000 books.

The attackers were French *colons* who thought that the United States was too favorably inclined toward the Arab nationalists. In Athens, the assailants were Greek nationalists who wanted Cyprus and felt that the United States was not sympathetic enough to their cause. In both cases, the attackers were right-wingers and strongly anti-Communist. The Communists concentrate just as intently on our libraries; indeed, such attacks are a testimonial to the enhanced position of the United States in world affairs.

When a library is destroyed or damaged, we usually rebuild it as soon as tempers cool. Sometimes the local authorities concerned assume responsibility for rebuilding. On occasion the local people have spontaneously raised funds to restore the library. In Athens, the cadets in the Greek Naval Academy started a campaign to raise funds, which was carried on in the public schools. In Algiers, the French government assumed responsibility.

When we ourselves have decided to close a library, for budgetary or other reasons, the local community has almost always petitioned us to keep it open. Several German cities have provided

buildings free of charge or have built new ones to prevent libraries from closing.

Around the globe, from Akureyri to Zanzibar, more than 80,000 people visit our libraries every day. With a total of 2,280,000 volumes, they served an audience of more than 26 million readers and loaned nearly 8 million books for home reading during 1960, while at least twice as many were used by readers on the premises. This means that, on the average, each library served about 156,000 patrons, and each volume in the system was circulated about three times. Students form a considerable part of our clientele.

THE 1953 McCarthy investigation into alleged subversive activities and influences in the information program centered its heaviest attack on the overseas libraries, alleging that the books and personnel were soft on Communism. A cutback in appropriations resulted in the firing of a number of library employees, the closing of several libraries, and a general reduction in services.

But, despite this temporary setback, the libraries have continued to grow in size, in number, and in influence. During recent years, many of them have been moved into new locations with better facilities for serving their patrons. The book collections have been expanded and improved in quality, and the local — that is, non-American — employees of the libraries are receiving more intensive in-service training, to equip them with knowledge of American library techniques.

On the average, the overseas libraries are open to the public about forty-eight hours a week. The majority are open in the evenings and on Saturdays, and some are also open for a brief period on Sundays. We try to locate them near the sidewalk, on street level, in a rented building in a central area of the city, easily accessible to the general public. Equipped with standard American library furnishings, they provide library and reference services and such programs as lectures, seminars, concerts, documentary film showings, exhibits, and special activities for children. The book collections average 14,000 volumes, of which 30 per cent are in the local language, and the periodical collection includes about 200 American magazines and newspapers, selected from more than 1600 periodicals currently in use in the overseas program.

The overseas libraries are plagued by problems similar to those which beset libraries in the United States: they are perpetually short of money, manpower, and space. In addition, they are faced with other difficulties, owing to their location abroad and their relationship to Congress. Because their relatively small collections must retain balance,

the libraries are never able to stock enough books on any one subject to satisfy specialists. Visiting Americans, including historians, educators, musicians, artists, religionists, economists, sociologists, and experts in other fields, frequently complain about the lack of books and magazines representing their specialties. Liberals tend to find a preponderance of material on the conservative side, while conservatives see the opposite. This is particularly true of religious groups, some of which go through our catalogues with great care and complain loudly if they think we lean toward Catholic or Protestant authors. Congressmen, apart from expressing their own preferences, are obliged to serve as outlets for opinions expressed, often in strong language, by their constituents. Selection of books requires a combination of common sense and courage. It is not an easy task.

The selection of books is also a subject of much concern to authors and publishers, many of whom are not backward about promoting publications in which they have an interest. Most publishers are anxious for us to select their books, but once in a while the situation is reversed. The publisher of *The Ugly American* told me he sold 100,000 additional copies on the strength of press reports that U.S.I.A. had refused his volume. (U.S.I.A. is the United States Information Agency in Washington; its overseas arm is the U.S.I.S. — United States Information Service.)

The procedures for selecting books follow the pattern used by large public libraries in the United States. Each library selects those which are best suited to the reading interests of its patrons and which meet certain criteria established by U.S.I.A. The books must provide information about the United States, its people, culture, institutions, policies, problems, and achievements. They present diverse views on various national and international issues. Some are selected because of their utility in counteracting hostile propaganda; others are chosen because they demonstrate the interest of the United States in other nations, or because they furnish evidence of the American intellectual, artistic, and spiritual heritage.

There is a similarity in the initial collections, since certain basic Americana and reference books are required in all libraries, but in the main, the development of each library is the responsibility of the American officer in charge. He knows the local situation and the reading interests, capacities, and needs of the local people. The Washington staff advises and recommends, but it does not often attempt to direct the operation of a library in alien surroundings thousands of miles away. Generally speaking, our libraries are intended for the special use of foreigners with a serious interest in the United States; light reading is minimized.

Because foreign peoples are intensely interested in acquiring American know-how which will enable them to improve social and economic conditions in their own countries, great importance is given to publications on science and technology, medicine, agriculture, and engineering, and on the social sciences, education, economics, and political science.

In addition to their primary task of making the United States better known and understood abroad, the overseas libraries also aim to symbolize and demonstrate the interest of the United States in other nations. One means of accomplishing this purpose is to include selected world classics which have had an important influence on American life and education. In general, the U.S.I.S. libraries include such classics only when they are not freely available to the reading public through other facilities in the community or when their inclusion may enhance the prestige and usefulness of the library. Thus, in Africa or the Far East, where public service by local libraries may be extremely limited or even nonexistent, the U.S.I.S. library may have on its shelves the works of Shakespeare or Descartes or Plato, whereas it would be unnecessary to offer such standard items in Western European communities. U.S.I.A. tries to avoid duplicating or competing with services available from local sources.

WHILE U.S.I.S. libraries are not intended to serve as substitutes for or to compete with national libraries in other countries, the U.S.I.S. library is in many cases the only institution to which people can turn for information they need in their day-to-day work. In such cases, the libraries play a dual role in projecting the United States and in demonstrating the value of a library to the community. In the latter capacity, U.S.I.S. frequently takes the lead in introducing modern library techniques into the community. The open-shelf library, with no fees charged for the use of books, is still a novelty in many countries, and visitors to our libraries often express astonishment at American generosity in placing books freely at their disposal. The libraries also encourage local librarians interested in improving local library services to make use of study and reference materials on library science and American practice and to observe and discuss with the U.S.I.S. library staff matters of interest to them, such as cataloguing, readers' advisory service, reference work, and book selection. In addition, the agency sponsors workshops and seminars and invites local librarians from schools, universities, and other institutions to take part.

The U.S.I.S. libraries also advise and assist

foreign librarians planning to come to the United States to study American library methods. Last year, thirty-one foreign librarians from twenty-one countries came to the United States for study under grants from the State Department, and a far greater number came on their own or under foreign government or private auspices.

U.S.I.S. libraries are doing a superlative job in building international understanding. They should be recognized as indispensable assets and permanent adjuncts to American diplomatic activity, and housed in permanent quarters, built or acquired to meet their specialized needs and representative of the best America has to offer in library architecture and equipment. I do not foresee the need for them diminishing, although their contents will change according to the requirements of the countries they serve.

At present, many U.S.I.S. libraries are struggling along in makeshift quarters with barely enough staff to keep the doors open and the books dusted. Our library in Tokyo, for instance, is housed in quarters described by the American ambassador as a disgrace to the United States. In all countries, there is need for additional competent library officers who can speak with authority about the United States and who can exploit unlimited opportunities for increasing the use of American books.

The American-type public library, with open shelves and ease of borrowing, is still unique in the world. No other country, not even the most advanced, has equaled it, and few have come near. The Communist countries, for all their emphasis on bookshops, education, and publishing, have nothing in the way of free choice and little that corresponds to our free-lending system, although they try to emulate our example.

One curious difference between American and foreign public libraries results from our type of democracy. I recently asked an Arab student from Amman whether she had used the U.S.I.S. library there to prepare for her entrance into an American university. She said, with some hesitation, that she used it once. I said I hoped her experience had not been discouraging. She said, "In fact, it was, to be truthful. I took a book from the shelf and sat at a table to read. Next to me sat a Bedouin who looked as if he had just come from his cattle. His hands were filthy. I did not like to handle a book which had doubtless been held by hands like that, so I did not go back."

Most people in Europe and Asia tend to choose libraries frequented by their own class. In many respects, Americans are the least class-conscious national group in the world today — not excluding the Communists.

A serious problem for U.S.I.A. is whether we

should let an American-run library become the principal municipal library in a foreign city. The need for more libraries is so great everywhere that many communities would gladly unload on us the major burden of supplying their municipal library needs. But the U.S.I.S. library has a special purpose — basically, to tell about America, with emphasis on democracy and human rights.

When the U.S. government opens a public library on the main street of Athens or Rome or Bombay or Manila, we invite anyone to step in off the sidewalk and examine what we have to offer. We are clearly trying to establish direct contact with as many Greeks or Italians or Indians or Filipinos as we can, on their home grounds. Thus, we are inevitably accused of being instruments of propaganda.

Our aim is to make our libraries as objective as possible, to avoid legitimate accusations of bias or propaganda, but we must be realistic. No one is entirely objective.

I was accused by my Indian friends, during the McCarthy days, of book burning. The embassy in New Delhi had been instructed to take all the books by Howard Fast off our shelves. This seemed proof positive, not only to Krishna Menon but to men like Vice President Radhakrishnan, that our libraries were not objective. I pointed out that one of our earlier problems in India had been to decide whether to keep on our shelves Katherine Mayo's *Mother India*, a book which had been banned by the government of India and which the police in South India had asked us to remove from our shelves to avoid civil disturbance. Somehow, our banning Fast and their banning Mayo had not been thought of as parallel. Two wrongs do not make a right, but the discussion was brought into perspective by the comparison.

There are perhaps a hundred libraries of one sort or another in the city of Calcutta, but Indian officials told me that the U.S.I.S. library there had more visitors each week, and lent more books, than all the other ninety-nine libraries combined! In Vienna, the municipal library system has a main installation and twenty-five branches throughout the city, yet there, too, the American library lends more books each month, *from one location*, than the combined municipal collections.

In Rome, our main U.S.I.S. library, on Via Veneto, is perhaps the swankiest we have, with beautifully paneled walls and ceilings. It is so elegant, in fact, that a man would not feel comfortable there unless he had on a coat and tie. Consequently, we decided last year to open a branch in the heart of the workers' section, a block from Communist Party headquarters. We took a modest building, installed big windows and proper lighting, arranged a room in the basement

for documentary films, exhibits, occasional social gatherings, recitals, and so forth. When I visited the place a few months ago, it was jammed with eager readers and borrowers. Probably a number of them were Communists. We didn't ask. But I did learn that it was the only place in that section of town where Italian girls were allowed by their parents to go unaccompanied by a chaperone. If this be propaganda, let others profit by our example.

We have long had a flourishing information library and center in Cairo, Egypt. A few years ago, following the Nasser-Khrushchev entente, the Soviets decided to follow our example. They rented a big house, fixed it up, and opened for business, but few people came. After a week or so, they sent observers to the U.S.I.S. library to discover our drawing power. Word went back to the Soviet embassy that our single most attractive activity was our English language instruction. The Soviets promptly announced the opening of English classes at their center!

The most popular library we could open anywhere in the world would be in Moscow. The eagerness of Russians of all classes to learn about the United States was made abundantly manifest when we opened our exhibition in Sokolniki Park in the summer of 1959, when Khrushchev and Nixon engaged in their famous "kitchen debate." Russians from all over the Soviet Union stood in line night after night to get a chance to buy an admission ticket. The reason for this is clear. In any totalitarian state, the people — hard Communists as well as anti-Communists — are eager to obtain information from any source other than their own government. Khrushchev himself is said to be an avid reader of *America Illustrated*, the magazine we print in Russian, which is sold out as soon as it hits the kiosks.

If we could open an information library in Moscow with the Soviet government's permission, I am certain it would immediately become our most active operation anywhere. We have tried to negotiate an arrangement for such a library, but the Soviets have steadfastly refused. They say we can donate books to the University of Moscow or the Moscow Public Library, but this would not be our concept of a free library.

Xenophobia is a dangerous disease in the atomic age. We and the British and French have tried hard to find an accommodation with the Soviets for an exchange of libraries, or even very simple reading rooms, in Moscow, London, Paris, and New York. I doubt whether we shall gain it in one great leap unless tensions are relaxed markedly, but a step-by-step approach may succeed. It is a new frontier worth achieving, if the price is bearable.

LIMITED CITIZENSHIP



The Inequity of Naturalization



by

PATRICK SKENE CATLING

Born in London in 1925, PATRICK SKENE CATLING served as a navigator with the R.A.F. from 1942 to 1946. At the end of World War II he came for the second time to America and attended Oberlin College for a brief period before taking a job as reporter and foreign correspondent for the Baltimore SUN. Mr. Catling is now an assistant editor of PUNCH.

I VISITED the United States Embassy in London the other day and confirmed a melancholy presumption. Unless Washington reforms the Immigration and Nationality Act before November 29, 1961, on that date I shall cease to be a citizen of the United States.

This prospect, I realize, is unlikely to cause panic on Wall Street or despondency in the State Department, but it saddens my family and me; and the principles involved should concern everybody who cares about the meaning of American citizenship and the durability of its substance.

The simple fact of the matter is that there are two grades of American citizenship. There is citizenship de luxe, the kind enjoyed by my wife and our two daughters, which one assumes only at birth and surrenders only at death; and there is the other kind, which one acquires deliberately, painstakingly, after years of preparation, examination, and testimony, and which may prove to be impermanent. The second kind is what I have. Only four and a half years after I swore the solemn oath of allegiance, it is extremely unpleasant to have to acknowledge that I was evidently awarded inferior status.

I first learned about it by reading the fine print in the back of what had been my favorite book, my new passport. The front of the book should gratify any American, especially page two, which bears the Great Seal of the United States and the

polite but firm request that all whom it might concern permit the bearer "safely and freely to pass." There is nothing threatening about it, of course, but the bearer is encouraged by awareness of being backed by a vast diplomatic machine, with Strategic Air Command, U.S.A.F., standing by ready. At the back of the book, however, there are some rather more explicit warnings directed to the bearer himself.

They point out in blood-chilling legalistic phraseology that "American nationality may be lost through being naturalized in, taking an oath or making a declaration of allegiance to, serving in the military forces of, accepting employment under the government of, or by voting in the elections of a foreign state." This list of possible causes of denationalization seems entirely reasonable; no nation could be expected to demand less of its people than that they should refrain from submitting voluntarily to foreign sovereignty. But reading further, one learns that "Naturalized nationals may be expatriated by residing for 3 years in the country of birth or former nationality, or by residing for 5 years in any other foreign state or states." Indeed, a new citizen who returns to his native country within five years of having been naturalized may be charged with fraud, because in his oath of allegiance he promised that he intended to reside in America; however, this harsh provision of the law is rarely enforced.

Suppose a young alien decides that the United States is the greatest country in the world and becomes a citizen, forswearing all other national ties, and then decides that he wants to spend a few years seeing some of the rest of the world — prospecting for uranium in Australia, say, or teaching African Pygmies how to play billiards, or writing sonnets in Lapland, or just loafing on a perennial cruise between remote places.

Why must the State Department assume that his loyalty to his adopted country, his intention eventually to settle down there, cannot possibly survive if he is absent for longer than five years? Why, if he stays away more than five years, should the State Department render him stateless? Why isn't it enough that a naturalized American should be prohibited from serving a foreign state? Why must his travel abroad be restricted while native Americans normally are allowed to leave their country and return to it whenever they please? A native American might choose to spend twenty-five years among the Eskimos of northern Greenland. He might be considered eccentric; he might even be considered brave; but surely he would not be considered automatically a bad American.

There are exceptions to the present law. A naturalized national may reside abroad with impunity for an indefinite period in the service of the U.S. government or to represent an approved American educational, scientific, philanthropic, commercial, financial, or business organization, or in certain other special circumstances.

But I am concerned with the unexceptional cases, such as my own. I am a writer, essentially a reporter. For eleven years I reported for the *Baltimore Sun*, in the United States and abroad. Late in 1958 I resigned to join the London staff of the *Manchester Guardian*, and last year I moved again, to become an assistant editor of *Punch*. All three publications are admirable, and each is quite different from the others. I learned quite a lot on the *Sun*; I learned something else on the *Guardian*; and now I am learning something altogether different on *Punch*. I feel that, if I return from England to the United States, I shall be a better qualified journalist for having had this varied experience.

But *Punch*, of course, is not an American organization, so the State Department must feel that the magazine is steadily corroding my Americanism, and my days on the magazine are numbered if I am to keep my green passport. In this absurd modern version of Cinderella, in which the State Department plays the part of the not very good fairy, if I do not get home by November 29, 1961, I shall suddenly turn into an alien again, and my Ivy League suit, I suppose, will turn into an Olde English yokel's smock.

I asked an American consular official in London why such embarrassing strings were attached to acquired citizenship, and he said, "The law is designed to make the melting pot more efficient. The process of assimilation would be more difficult if naturalized citizens were allowed to live outside the country as long as they chose.

"Anyway," he added in a voice that was probably meant to be reassuring, "don't worry about it. If you stay away too long, you can always apply for an immigration visa, the way you did before, and your case will be considered without prejudice."

Great! All I have to do is to learn the knack of regarding my nationality the way a chameleon regards the sensitively changeable color of its skin.

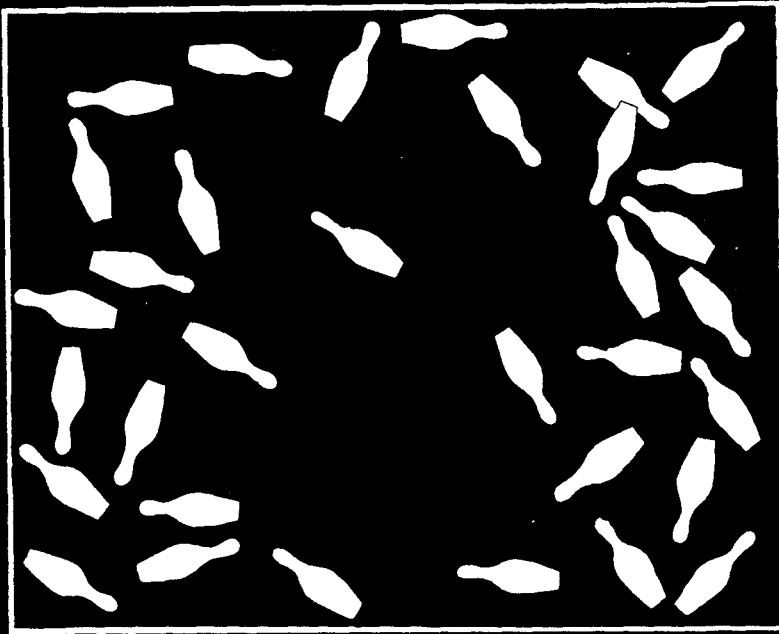
I felt that the consular official's remarks betrayed a lamentable lack of faith both in the United States and in the constancy of immigrants' devotion to their new country, its people, and its institutions.

Apart from idealistic considerations, the State Department's naturalization policy is curious when judged practically. The department professes to care about what foreigners think of Americans abroad. For example, in Department of State Publication 6727, "Getting Along Abroad," it is written that citizens who know something about the foreign countries they visit and "show abroad the same consideration for others that they do at home . . . are our most effective and welcome ambassadors of good will." Why, then, does not the department help rather than handicap the best-informed informal ambassadors, the citizens who know most about the customs and psychological quirks of foreign countries, the citizens who were born in them?

No American is more acutely appreciative of American virtues than the individual who has weighed them against the political, economic, and social systems of his native land, and then has chosen to become an American. No American abroad can explain American advantages more lucidly, tactfully, and convincingly than a new American speaking candidly to the people of his native land.

Would not United States naturalization law be altogether more sensible, and conform more harmoniously than it does with the constitutional concepts of American justice, if every citizen's loyalty, at home and abroad, were taken for granted until demonstrably nonexistent, just as every citizen is considered innocent of crime until proved guilty?

I wish some reformer would get busy. The prospect of going back to the beginning again is almost intolerable. The forms I would have to fill in!



Living

IT IS NO longer permissible to speak of a bowling alley. "Alley" has become "lane," a much classier word, and several alleys under one roof are now a bowladrome or a bowlorama, or perhaps simply Nirvana Lanes. Any sports-page writer using the word "alley" would be dealt with quickly by the publisher, for bowling — I assume it will still be all right, for a time at least, to call it that — is big business today, bigger even than miniature golf proved to be in the Great Depression of the thirties. Neither game calls for more than a minimal use of the brain, bowling plant investment is considerable, and the wretched pin boy, who was quite undependable and who expected to be paid for his work, is now replaced by machinery. The result is that, while Detroit is reporting layoffs, the bowling world is all belching chimneys and around-the-clock shifts. Who would ever have thought that a mere pin boy could have touched off, by his inadequacies and consequent disappearance, so profound a change in American life?

Today's bowler needs a special pair of shoes and a shirt suitably inscribed with the name of his favorite lanes or the league team on which

he "rolls," as the TV commentators like to put it. He must also have a bag in which to carry his personal custom-drilled bowling ball — ideally, an all-leather bag in two-tone color effects, though canvas with fancy leather trim will do if he has to outfit himself on the cheap. Bowling does not seem to have developed special pants thus far, but surely the suppliers will be able to establish something like leotards or treader pants; all that knee bending that goes into the final slide calls for a more professional concept than just ordinary tailoring, and further dual-color schemes on the pants would add to the *ton* of the costume.

The bowler has a wide choice of occupations that seem to sponsor teams in the innumerable leagues that have sprung up: a plumber, beauty salon, turkey farm, diner, brewery, and garage league, to mention a few in the columns of a New Jersey paper. Police bowl against firemen; and in the Union County Building Trades League, there is competition among bricklayers, glaziers, and sheet metal workers.

It was inevitable that bowling, like all games in the United States, should become a "spectator sport" and be taken up by TV, so that one

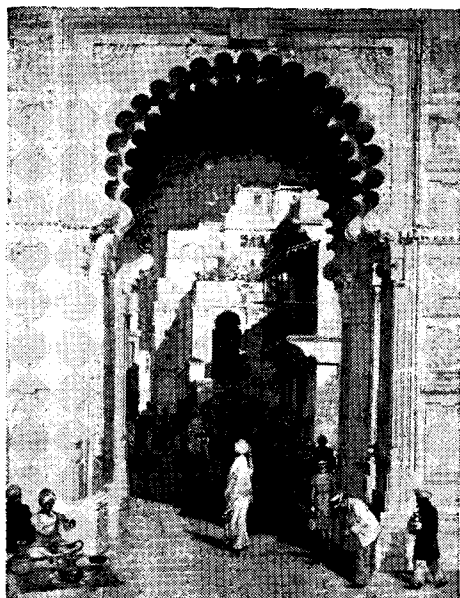
can now relax in his chair and watch disapprovingly while better bowlers than himself strive vainly for the 300 figure that the spectator knows he could attain if he chose to take the trouble. The real burden in these circumstances is carried by the sports announcer, who is forever in the position of announcing to his audience something that they have already just witnessed for themselves. "Another strike!" shouts the announcer. "He did it again!" Since bowling amounts to nothing more than that — he did or he didn't — the announcer tries to vary his chatter by reiterating the score. We already know that, too, but there is really nothing else he can say. (See "Tennis on TV" by René MacColl, December, 1958, *Atlantic*.) So he tells us that Schmidt still leads Spumoni by seven pins; Spumoni is seven pins behind. He'll have to overcome that lead of Schmidt's, or he'll lose. Schmidt, if he can only keep that seven-pin margin, will be the winner. Seven pins, that is what — but hold on! Schmidt is now eight pins ahead! Spumoni, who had needed seven to catch up, now needs eight. Things are looking tough for Spumoni, etc., etc.

CHARLES W. MORTON

Six Cases of Vladimir

BY GERTRUDE FRIEDBERG

Wife of a doctor and mother of two children, GERTRUDE FRIEDBERG is the author of a group of short stories in *SHORT STORY TWO*, one of which, "Where Moli and Rust," first appeared in the *ATLANTIC*.



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This year, I am told, people are flocking to the study of Russian as though it were a baseball statistic. Having completed one happy year of inertia and withdrawal studying Russian on television, I am in an excellent position to tell incoming students what it is like.

Everybody used to avoid Russian because the alphabet looked peculiar. One recognizes *C*, *H*, *P*, and a few others, but the *N* has been left inside out, a small *h* is upside down, and a perfectly good *R* is faced the wrong way. Actually, most of these letters are just thrown in by the Russians as a come-on, because it turns out that *B* is *V*, *C* is *S*, *H* is *N*, the inside-out *N* is not a typesetter's error but *I*, *P* is *R*, *X* is a thick *H*, *h* upside down is *tch*, *Y* is *oo*, and *R* backward is *yah* and means "I." The Russians are good at codes.

When you get over this disappointment, you discover a few Greek letters, notably *pi* and *phi*, which do nicely for *P* and *F*. What looked like a small *r* is *gamma*, or *G*.

There remain a handful of vowels, eccentric in appearance but easy to pronounce, and some splendid consonants which seem, once you get used to them, just the sort of thing any language would profit in having, such as the *zh* of Dr. Zhivago (like *s* in "pleasure") and *shch*. The last is in Khrushchëv, which, in the Russian, what with *Kh* whittling down to *X* and *shch* being one letter, is not very imposing.

Finally, there are two little houses: one, without a floor, is *L*, and the other, on stilts, is *D*.

I never did get to spell in Russian. I would say to a fellow student, "I didn't catch how they said that word that you spell: Greek *Pi*, *P* that's an *R*, *N* inside out, *r* that's a *G*, *O*, *T*, *O*, *B* that's a *V*, floorless house, *R* backward, and the numeral ten joined that's a *U*." My friend understood perfectly. "Oh! That's *prigotovlahyu* [I prepare]. The *Y* in the *R* backward is silent, as in *A*."

Once you know the Russian alphabet, you have the exhilarating feeling that you can read Russian, as strange words that you have seen time and again clear to intelligibility. The first two words on the masthead of the Russian newspaper *Hoboe Pyckoe*, which you associated vaguely with choosy hobos, take on sense as *Novoe Russkoe*. The TV instructor flatters your feeble knowledge with a story made up of English cognates, in which *takci*, *restoran*, *kontsert*, *kvartet*, *orkestr*, and *moozika* figure recognizably.

In the early days of trying out Russian words I had a feeling of incredulity each time I encountered a new consonant combination. *Zdr*. I invented impossible clusters of sound and searched the dictionary to see if they started words. Invariably they did. *Mgn*. *Vm*. We don't take chances with *V* in English. We bow away from it with a vowel before we dare to hustle in another consonant. But the Russians will put a *B*, pronounced *V*, in front of anything, with a reckless disregard for consequences. *Vd* and *vs* are common enough at the beginnings of words, but there are also *vgn*, *vdv*, and even *vzdr*. If the Russians are great talkers, it's easy to see what keeps them so fit. Anyone who can



start a word with *vzdr* and still keep talking is not going to tire easily in a Summit debate.

Russian words run to length as well as thickness. Sometimes the Russians put it on a little, using a huge word with embattled consonant combinations for something ordinary and small. The Russian for "Hi" is *zdravstvete*. It took me a long time to hurdle *zdravstvete*. I would stand in front of the unlucky person I was greeting, mentally crouching before the *zdravst* while I summoned deep resources to blow down the *svete*. Under the strain my eyes stared hard, my chin ducked down to where it wouldn't get cut off by whatever was going to come out, and while my victim trembled in suspense I bellowed "*Zdravstvete!*" like a thunderous denunciation.

Once I recovered from my initial consternation, I found that at least Russian pronunciation is consistent and innocent, presenting no traps like the English "once" and perhaps nothing as difficult as "thistle" or "swirling." Soon the Z's and V's began to melt to fluidity, and the guttural juxtapositions began to seem extremely congenial to the tongue. There are few words which are as satisfying to say as the Russian for "little girl," which is *dehvochka*; and the Russian for "good-by" is a velvet consolation, *dah svidanya*. While I was still in the bellowing stage, I took to saying good-by instead of hello. It made things friendlier all around.

After muddling through the Romance languages which you don't know by piecing the others together, it is disconcerting to find yourself floundering among words in which you look vainly for a Latin stem, a Teuton skeleton, an Anglo-Saxon conversion, or a Gallic twist. Nothing in *lavandash* suggested "pencil." "Karen, dash out and get me a pencil" was useful if you remembered what Karen was to get you. For *polovina*, which means "half," I assembled, with a good deal of trouble, a polo team, half of which drank wine. I fell to wondering how many men there were on a polo team and whether they could be divided in half for any purpose and what the other half ordered instead of wine. The thing always ended up with a lot of peeved polo players and nobody to pick up the check. As for "half a pencil," the image sug-

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gested by this association of Karen with the divergent horsemen threatened to erode the Russian words for which the mnemonics were devised and leave me with only a vestigial feeling of apology every time I pick up a pencil.

To make up for the difficulty of their vocabulary, the Russians very sensibly did away with the present tense of the verb "to be." As any language student knows, the verb "to be" is likely to be highly irregular and given to flights of special instances. In French it is haunted by archaic forms. Spanish is plagued by two verbs "to be," one for a Platonic "is" and the other for an existentialist "is now but."

The Russians not only dispense with "is," but they sweep away the articles too, definite and indefinite. From the very start, the foreigner gets the heady feeling that he can speak in whole sentences by saying "Book here," "Table there."

At first I thought this was a rule specially invoked to hoodwink television students into thinking that Russian was easy. I just couldn't believe that grown-up people could be expressing themselves in forms like "Where student?" "Student here."

"What that?" "That pencil." "I good professor."

I found that nothing was being withheld. It appears that the Russians used to say, "Book is here," "Table is there," but one day a Russian pointed out that you didn't need to. Some of the other Russians said, "How would anybody understand what you are talking about?" and the cryptic Russian, an editor, said, "You'd be surprised. Half the words one uses are completely unnecessary." From that time on, all the Russians went around saying, "Book here," "Table there," and were perfectly understood.

The Russians are great ones for declining, even outdoing the Romans. Russians decline a noun through six cases, whereas the Romans worried along with five. What is more, the Romans rather begged off when it came to adjectives and, for the most part, just tacked on the same endings, case for case, to match the nouns. The Russians scorned an easy out and thought up eighteen endings (six cases through each of three genders) entirely different from the noun endings. This may sound formidable, but late at night the word for "good" in its eighteen

endings (singular) is a pleasant narcotic, and if you have never seen the instrumental plural form for "excellent machine-and-tractor service station" spread itself across a page, you are missing one of the monuments of typography.

When they ran out of nouns and adjectives to decline, it was only a matter of time before they started in on people. Anyone imprudent enough to take up with a fellow called Vladimir Andreevich Kudlarovsky must be prepared to drag him by the ends of all three of his names from subject to object through the six endings. The Russians decline so much (it goes without saying that they decline America) that it is interesting to see what they don't decline. They don't decline coffee, and they never decline a *takci*.

Actually, these endings are just to keep foreigners on their toes. To a native Russian, they may have been fun to make up, but nobody with any sense is going to bother saying them. At least, they are indistinguishable in Russian speech. I asked a Russian how he would say the word for "good" in the feminine accusative, which I always work out as *horoshooyoo*. He said, "*Horosh . . . uh . . .*," a fast crescendo dropping the end over a cliff. "And how do you say 'good' in the masculine genitive?" This one should be *horoshevo*. "*Horosh . . . uh . . .* of course," he said.

One of the curious things about the Russian language is the number of hairs the Russians split about the verb "to go." You use different forms, depending on whether you are going on your own feet in a definite direction and not coming back (actual, walk-go); whether you are going and coming on foot and you do it every Thursday (potential, walk-go); going once in one direction on a conveyance (actual, ride-go); going in circles habitually on a conveyance (potential, ride-go); going with a start and a finish (perfective); or going without starting and never getting there (imperfective). The Russians won't let you set out with the idea, "Well, you'll see." You say "I go," and immediately you have to sit down and answer some questions. The Russians are generally pretty stern about this.

To the question "Are you going by foot or riding?" I may say, "On foot," but I'm pretty sure to take a

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taxi for three blocks if nobody is watching. As to the direction, whenever I have a lot to do that cannot be put off, I may "go," and just to make it seem necessary I may say to myself, "I'm going to the five-and-ten," but if I'm to be absolutely honest with the Russians, I'd have to admit that there's a fifty-fifty situation here with a vague direction but a strong possibility that there will be some aimless wandering thrown in.

Is this trip habitual or, worse, habit-forming? You start going to the five-and-ten every time you have a problem, and you find yourself pretty soon out of the actual form of "I go" and right in the potential. The same effect occurs if anyone says, "Oh, you're always going."

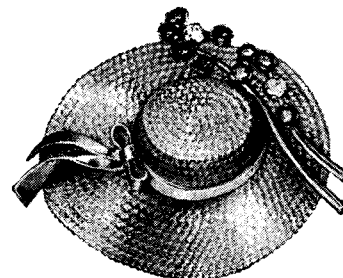
Are you just going once, in one direction, or are you coming back? There are many mornings when the first possibility seems thoroughly attractive, but I don't know how many women besides Ibsen's Nora really have the courage to say, "I go, unhabitually, on conveyance, destination unknown, not coming back, don't try to find me." If any of you want to try it, though, the right form is "Yah yehdoo." Just don't make the mistake of saying "Yah yezhoo," or they'll be looking for you.

These questions are asked not only for "going" but for all the prefixed words related to going. You can't arrive without noting what brought you. You can't leave without indicating what you left — a mother or a dock. You can't drop in without saying whether you were walking habitually aimlessly around and all of a sudden there you were in Scarsdale, see, or were driving in one direction, just before dinner, with your destination grimly in mind from the start. And from the moment the door opens, you had better know whether you have dropped in perfectly for a limited time or are likely to stay on indefinitely and imperfectly, because if you don't, you are not just inopportune but illiterate, to boot.

These fine points must discourage an awful lot of going and coming and dropping in, and are possibly the Russian answer to the traffic problem. As for me, *karandash* in hand, I await more TV lessons. Just in case anybody ever says to me in Russian, "Let's go," I want to know how to say back, "Decisions! Decisions! Decisions!"

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One night last winter, my husband suddenly staggered into the house mumbling something about hockey games and prize fights, and carrying a television set. Up until then, I had managed to resist firmly all temptation to succumb to the lures of Portable Progress. My reasons were both snobbish and slobbish. Armed with the somewhat sketchy knowledge of the medium gleaned in motel rooms and the houses of friends, I was inclined to agree with all that loose talk about the Opiate of the Masses, the decline of the art of conversation, and the unfortunate precedence of Disneyland over Dickens. Also, I figured I had enough to do without running the risk of draping my dustcloth or dish towel over the rabbit ears.

Well, live and learn. I am now one of the belated but none the less ardent admirers of the domestic cinema. Not because of the news or the good programs, either. I have no desire to wait around on the off chance that I may see the President alighting from a plane or Raymond Massey doing Lincoln again. For me, television serves a far more important and considerably less heralded function. I use it to outwit my insomnia.

I don't want to hear about hot milk, regular hours, deep breathing, counting sheep, lying absolutely still, relaxing the anatomy section by section, erasing ideas from a slate, concentrating on a black curtain, or reciting poetry. Any true insomniac is well aware of the futility of such measures. The chronic non-sleeper, limp from hours in a scalding tub and awash with happy thoughts and hot milk, knows that as soon as he hits the bed a swarm of black worries will take over his mental territory like bees, and his muscles will twist into crullers. It is no real comfort, at a time like this, to be assured that Edison got along fine on three or four hours' sleep a night. Nor is it any help to be told by some healthy, happy sleeper that it's the bed rest that matters. The layman — no pun intended — lacks the

proper experience and authority to comment.

Not so for a veteran bed-beater-upper such as myself. I feel that if anyone is qualified to analyze the sleeping problem, I am. After a good deal of serious thought on the subject, I have decided that it is all a matter of reversing the roles of the pursuer and the pursued. The professional insomniac, after many weary years of following vainly in the chase, finally arrives at the reluctant and inevitable conclusion that sleep must come to him. Here is where I find television of immense benefit. Instead of waiting alone and lonely for the tardy and circuitous approach of Morpheus, as I once did, I now lie happily in bed eating salted peanuts, drinking beer, and enjoying the company of the outside world. Let sleep wait for me for a change. With all kinds of people vying with each other for my attention, I can afford to play hard to get.

I am not particularly discriminating about programs. To me, everything has value. Take the comedy acts. The material may not always be interesting, but the grammar is. The success of a comedian is almost entirely dependent on his ability to massacre the English language. Although I am not planning to go into the theater myself, I feel that it is important to know these things. Just as it is important to realize that no variety show is complete without a lot of men and women in black tights slinking up and down ramps and flinging their arms around. Just try to keep track of the number of dancers in black tights some evening.



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Counting sheep is a sluggard's occupation by comparison.

As for the commercials, I can't see what all the criticism is about. I find them enormously worth while. Although I am not unduly fascinated by the ringing misstatements of the announcers, I am a real fan of all the toothpaste ads. Especially when New Green Swipe, or whatever, cleverly curls out of the tube onto an upturned toothbrush. The columns of bristles, suddenly roofed over with Swipe, turn into a miniature Jefferson Memorial, which is educational in itself. Then there are all those floor waxes, like Donson's Smear, that merrily flood a dark film over the floor of a living room and a young girl's face at the same time. (Probably one of those foreign films you hear so much about.) What could be more intriguing? The washing machine sequences are also a source of constant enlightenment. It wasn't until I owned television that I found out how many American men are being upset by having to add a bleach to the laundry. One poor fellow, doubtless a tycoon in business and a veteran of several wars, is nightly reduced to a whimpering jelly at the thought of maybe adding the bleach and "rune-ing" his suit. It's enough to make anyone stop and think.

The late show, or the insomniacs' special, has brought me up to date on a number of facts, too. For instance, I never had any idea how many movies were made in 1932. Just as I had no conception of the innumerable stories that can be derived from one or two plots. This week I saw three movies full of pre-battle tension in which the morale of the new soldiers was so jeopardized by their embittered leader that it's a wonder the Korean War (Monday night), World War II (Tuesday night), and the Civil War (Thursday night) weren't lost. Luckily, Friday night, things were a little different. A young policeman — not really a coward, but New to the Force — finally overcame the embittered attitude of his chief of police and won his promotion.

You can see why sleep is no longer a problem to me. Never again will I fall back on dated and useless insomnia remedies like warm broth and optimism. Or even Milltown and sleeping pills. To heck with Seconal. Give me the Opiate of the Masses.

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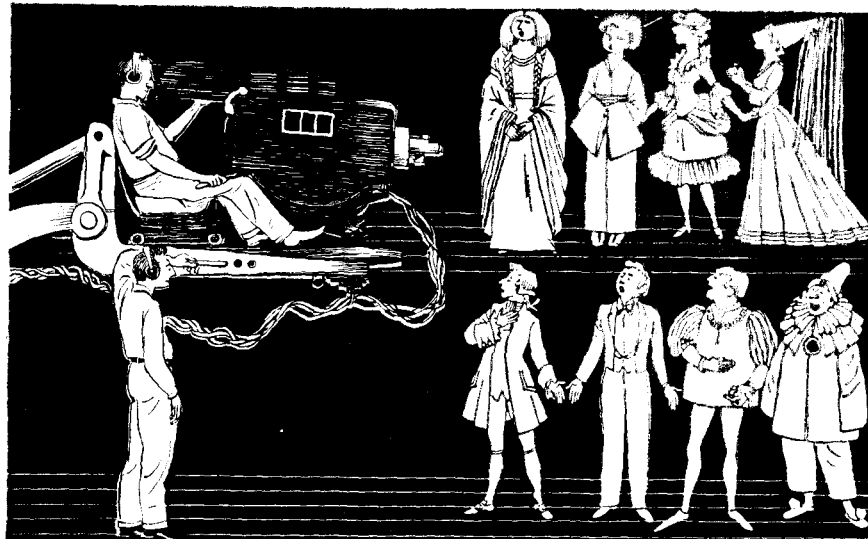
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they shall have

BY JOHN M. CONLY



In 1949 there was hardly any television audience, let alone a television opera audience; but Mr. Samuel Chotzinoff at NBC thought there was going to be. Since Mr. Chotzinoff's words have long been heeded in the company's high echelons, there was formed what was to become the NBC Television Opera Company. That year this nascent organization lavished upon Sunday afternoon viewers, if there were any, scenes from *The Barber of Seville* and Menotti's *The Old Maid and the Thief*.

There was no thunderous public response, but none had been expected, and the opera project began to grow by itself. It developed its own principles: the operas should be performed in English and in accord with techniques best suited to television, so that people experiencing opera for the first time could make sense of it.

It may be pointed out here that this was no minor aim. The Italian state television network, according to my (very unofficial) Italian sources, has failed rather miserably to sell opera to the traditionally opera-loving Italians. They can't understand the words; they can't follow what's going on; it lasts too long; and they would sooner have soccer games. American viewers of the NBC Opera

always can understand the words and what's going on. And I have never heard an unfavorable comment about an NBC Opera Theatre production, except one from an old gentleman who frequents a cigar shop I go to, and who didn't like Poulenc's *Dialogues of the Carmelites* because, he said, it was too damn sad.

Spurred by curiosity about this outfit, which now has set forth forty-three operas for an estimated public of more than six million, I went to its working headquarters, at 150 West 56th Street, New York. This is almost opposite the back door of Carnegie Hall, and I should judge it to be a converted warehouse. The actual telecasts do not come from there. They used to originate in the old Center Theater; now they are made in one of NBC's huge outlying studios, in Brooklyn. But the rehearsals take place on 56th Street. When I arrived, on an early March morning, the preparations concerned *Boris Godunov*, to be presented three weeks later. Behind a door at the side of the office a powerful tenor voice was throbbing the troubles of the false Dmitri, to piano accompaniment.

"Frank Porretta," said a young woman with glasses, later identified to me as Maude Brogan, assistant to

the producer. From behind her I got a wave from a tall, athletic-looking man in a knitted T shirt, who was telephoning. He came bounding out in a minute — he never seems merely to walk — and introduced himself as Kirk Browning, director of the program. We went to talk in the rehearsal studio, which was almost bare and looked like a place to hold ballet classes.

"Much too small," he said. "Sometimes we tape up the floor, for positions, so the performers will know where there is supposed to be a door. They may not see the finished set, in Brooklyn, until a couple of days before we go on the air."

He paused to wish that Chotzinoff and Peter Hermann Adler were there. The former, general music director for NBC, is producer of the Opera. Adler is musical director and conductor. Oddly, neither Browning nor Adler is now a full-time NBC employee. Browning is a freelance director; Adler is conductor of the Baltimore Symphony.

"Chotzinoff naturally has final say on everything," Browning explained, "but that doesn't obstruct anyone else's say; he's the least dictatorial man I know. Adler is the perfect conductor for this job, a born theater man. He relaxes the singers, frees them, which is what you need for strong performances."

A telecast performance by the NBC Opera is a strange spectacle. Camera trucks and moving microphones make it impossible for the orchestra to be anywhere near the singers. Accordingly, an "isolated" system was worked out by David Sarser, then audio director, now consultant to the program. The orchestra plays in a separate room, neither hearing nor seeing the singers. Adler can hear them through earphones, and they can see him on monitors. This allows plenty of room for action by both singers and rolling equipment. "But it is eerie," Browning said, "to walk into the orchestra room and see all these men accompanying voices they can't hear." Enough orchestra sound does seep through the wall to the singers' microphones, according to Sarser, to afford some sonic spaciousness and eliminate the need for echo chambers.

"Opera on television has to be really musical theater," Browning explained, "rather than opera in the opera house sense. Beautiful sounds

won't do. It's mainly visual, and must tell a story. There is much closer scrutiny, and there must be action. The beginning of *Cavaleria* we simply couldn't treat as if we were working in the Met, because there is no action to watch; the principals don't even show up for the first ten minutes. So we prerecorded the opening choruses and just used our chorus people as human scenery, getting shots as they moved around talking, jostling, doing anything that kept them moving.

"In some cases we can do things for opera that an opera house cannot. For example, if I had to choose our best-realized production, I think I'd choose Puccini's *Sister Angelica*. It's an opera not given very often on the stage, and for good reasons. There's a lot of characterization in it, and drama, but neither is obvious. With the cameras we could bring the characters' faces in close. Many things that impede effect on the stage suit us very well. In something like the waiting scene in the nun's anteroom, a problem on the stage, a good cameraman has plenty of time to get facial expression.

"There are other advantages we have, too. Perhaps our most imaginative and radical departure was *The Magic Flute*. Sarser pretaped several parts of this, so we could maintain intelligibility and combine it with action. Thus, we could have the Three Ladies played by dancers doing a real witches' dance, just miming the singing, which was really coming from a tape.

"Intelligibility is a must," Browning went on. "When you're bringing opera into a person's living room, in his own language, for two hours."

I broke in to tell him of the Italians' experience.

"Yes," he said, "I suppose they simply tried to come as close to a *Teatro Scala* style as they could. We did that a little to begin with, but we didn't stay at it long. You can't do it right in a studio, and a pure television technique is better anyway. Incidentally, another thing we have no need for is big voices. If a big voice does come along, we cut it down; it gets in the way of diction."

Maude Brogan poked her head in at the door and made a not very cryptic gesture, holding an imaginary telephone to her ear and assuming a woeful expression. Browning bounded from the room. He was

back in a few minutes, apparently having extinguished the brush fire.

"This may be interesting," he said. "We get many letters from all over the country, and it seems we've started a lot of interest in opera in English. People want to know about trying it locally. Maybe this would have happened anyway. But, you know, someone pointed out to me that when we gave *La Bohème*, more people saw it that afternoon than ever had seen it, year by year, since it was written. There would have to be some effect."

Browning speaks high and clear. I asked if he had ever been a singer himself.

"No," he said. "In fact, I never had any musical training except piano lessons, though once I tried composing popular songs. I was born right here in Manhattan, attended Cornell, then went to Texas, where I was a reporter on a paper named, believe it or not, the *Waco News-Tribune Times-Herald*. Then I came back and worked for an advertising agency. Chotzy, a neighbor of ours in Connecticut, got me into NBC, working in the music library. Television was just starting then, and I applied for a job as a floor manager, a sort of utility assistant stage director. When the Opera was started, I asked for that. The first job I worked on was *The Old Maid and the Thief*, and the first I actually directed by myself was *The Barber of Seville*. I've done them all since; I suppose nearly forty.

"I like singers," he said suddenly, as an afterthought. "They're fine to work with, and most of them take to television very readily, even established stars like Siepi, Leontyne Price, and Giorgio Tozzi, who's singing this *Boris* for us."

"Have you, meaning the Opera, launched any stars?" I asked.

"I couldn't say that," he replied. "I hope we've helped some that came to us pretty young, like Elaine Malbin. What an artist! Leontyne Price calls NBC Opera her alma mater. We have really enjoyed working with young singers, and, of course, we have to, on television. The characters have to look believable. It's unfair to single any of them out, I suppose. Mac Morgan, maybe, Gloria Lane, Johnny Alexander, David Lloyd, Chester Watson; I could go on all day, but you wouldn't have the space."

I wondered aloud if he would have the time, anyway. I happened to



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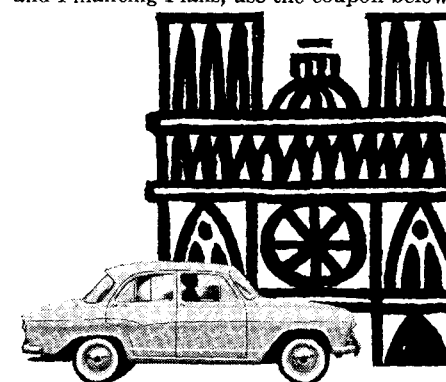
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know that, along with launching *Boris*, he had been preparing an *Omnibus* show about the young Abe Lincoln; the times actually overlapped. And Miss Brogan had informed me that his lunch usually consisted of a hasty malted milk. However, at thirty-nine he looks extremely healthy.

He may be healthier than the Opera Company itself. Each year, when the season ends, as it did this time with *Boris Godunov*, a murmur of speculation goes around the staff: Will they still be in business next year? David Sarser says this used to be the case with the NBC Symphony, too. The Opera certainly earns prestige for NBC. (And, as Browning says stoutly, "Even if they did discontinue it now, they'd still have done better than anyone else.") But it has not brought in profits. Its audience is small compared with that of the popular Westerns. On

the other hand, it is an elite audience, and, I suspect, from the upper income brackets, too.

There has been only intermittent sponsorship of the Opera. Maybe the time salesmen boggle at trying to find just the right customer for a four-times-a-year opera program, although probably NBC would make the price reasonable. The staff does not blame them. Kirk Browning said, a little ruefully, "When a program's been around as long as ours, it would be hard to get it identified with any product except NBC public service television."

When I left, a baritone was at work behind the audition-room door. Miss Brogan was in there listening to him, and Browning was on the phone again, so I never did find out who the singer was. It sounded as if *Boris Godunov* was going to be pretty good, though, and it so turned out to be.

kindred facility. The recorded sound is good, though the piano is a little overprominent.

Mussorgsky: Pictures at an Exhibition

Sviatoslav Richter, piano; Columbia ML-5600

Some irreverent remarks have been made here about Mr. Richter's Brahms, but none ever will be about his Mussorgsky. Here is playing from the heart, with perfect comprehension and the fire that makes Russians the greatest interpreters of Russian music. Neither has there been trifling with the original, and difficult, Mussorgsky score. Instead, it has simply been mastered. The recording was a live one, made in Sofia (apparently Richter is subject to microphone chill). Bronchitis was rife in the hall, and the fi wasn't very hi that day either; but no one is going to mind.

The Art of the Prima Donna

Joan Sutherland, soprano; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli conducting Royal Opera House Orchestra and Chorus; London OSA-1214 (stereo) and A-4241: two records

Rarely, a voice comes along that can thrill by pure beauty and at the same time maintain comfort by virtue of its owner's brains and good taste. Joan Sutherland's is such. She has all the rare techniques of the perfected coloratura, including a real articulated trill, and she uses them only when they are called for (if anything, she is dramatically a little restrained). Further, she has a big voice, not a piping one. Here she sings fifteen arias more beautifully, I dare say, than anyone else today could do them. This is a sort of demonstration record, so the approach is not truly theatrical, but the appeal is irresistible, as forwarded by London's opulent sound.

Record Reviews

Bach, Johann Christian: Sinfonias Opus 18, No. 2 and No. 4

Handel: Water Music (excerpts)

Eduard Van Beinum conducting Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam; Epic BC-1112 (stereo) and LC-3749

This is the first substantial sample of Christian ("the London") Bach in stereo, and a lovely remembrance from the late Mr. Van Beinum. J. C. Bach, Mozart's teacher, was the man who almost bridged the gap between the baroque and the romantic, with his swift expectant melodies and themes, alive with drama yet buoyant with dance. Nothing he wrote is negligible to people with an ear for germinal music. The sound on the records is admirable. What I miss is the harpsichord that should be in there, but that is not destructive. The upside is a tasteful sampling of the famous Handel collation for his King, played a little soberly.

Haydn: Mass in Time of War

Mogens Wöldike conducting soloists, Vienna Chamber Choir and Staatsoper Orchestra; Vanguard 2075 (stereo) and 1061

Robbins Landon has pointed out that the six great Haydn Masses are symphonies in structure, written as the expression of a Christian composer when, at last, he wanted more

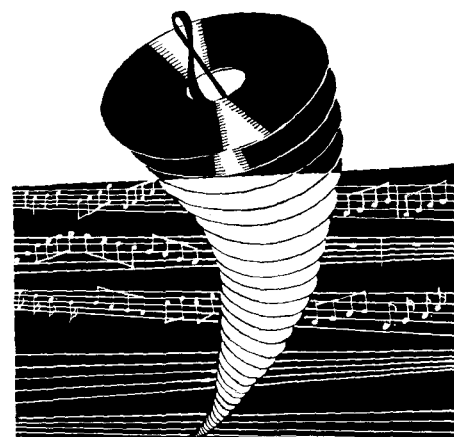
drama than his fiddles could supply. Surely this is so with *Missa in Tempore Belli*, also called the "Drum Mass." It has more movements than a symphony, but the sonata form (with its peculiarly satisfying emotional sequence) recurs, to exciting effect. You need not be a working Christian to thrill at *Agnus Dei* here, as the Danish master Wöldike sets the drums and trumpets yelling against the chorus of "*Dona nobis pacem*." A great work, which has been nobly done and most beautifully recorded.

MacDowell: Concerto No. 2

Prokofiev: Concerto No. 3

Van Cliburn, piano; Walter Hendl conducting Chicago Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor LSC-2507 (stereo) and LM-2507

In Cliburn's fourth recording, he displays again the ability to excite listeners which helped make him a national idol two years ago. It is hard to explain this quality; it is a sort of physical authority and commitment, as if one could almost sense his height and strength. Further, his choice of works is good. He knows the Russian and the American idioms, and he knows how to play music written by young men, as both concertos are. Hendl has a



BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

I HAVE always had a soft spot for animal stories, and over the years I have come to realize that there are only a handful which have penetrated without false pity or pretense into the very lair of an animal's existence. *RING OF BRIGHT WATER* by GAVIN MAXWELL (Dutton, \$5.00) makes good this penetration with such accuracy of observation and such delight in the telling that I found myself laughing aloud as I read.

As a young man, Gavin Maxwell lived for the gun. "At Oxford," he writes, "we wore tweed shooting suits and heavy shooting shoes studded with nails and dull with dubbin, and at our heels trotted spaniels or Labrador retrievers. Some of us were Englishmen, but the majority were Scots. . . . [Our] rooms were hung with the heads of stags killed during the vac. and there was endless talk of the Highlands." Like many others, he came to his fondness for wild animals and birds by way of bloodthirstiness. The geese he wing-tipped or otherwise lightly wounded he kept and tamed at his grandfather's estate, Monreith. As time permitted, he began adding other wild specimens to the flock, and his was the only major collection of rare wild fowl left in all Europe after the war.

Five years in the Scots Guards, from which he was invalided home as a major, further diminished Maxwell's bloodthirstiness, and at the war's end he bought the Island of Soay, on which he tried to found a new industry by catching and processing for oil the great basking sharks that appear in Hebridean waters during the summer. At the end of five years, that experiment had exhausted his bank account, and he had to find some more economical way of coming to terms with himself in the Highlands. What he found was a sturdy, empty cottage on a lonely cove of the West Highlands; and with rucksack and sleeping bag, he moved in and took possession. That was in 1949, and it marks the beginning of *Ring of Bright Water*.

Camusfearna, as he calls the cottage, was furnished largely by the jetsam which he collected with the avidity of a beachcomber: the fish boxes, which were adapted to form seats and tables and shelves; the fish baskets, which held the firewood; the wooden tubs; and, oddly, the rubber hot-water bottles which floated ashore undamaged in such profusion that Camusfearna is now overstocked. Those that were damaged, he cut to make table mats or repair patches for his sea boots. Provisions were hauled in over the single-track bumpy road. He made his peace with the MacKinnons, his nearest neighbors, and found in Morag MacKinnon, "a woman of fine-drawn iron beauty softened by humour," a kindred love of living creatures. Animals responded instinctively to Morag, and for this and other reasons she was to prove herself an invaluable ally in times to come.

The very first sight on his very first morning, as he went down to the burn for water, was a group of five stags, one of them a thirteen-pointer who gazed at him unconcerned from the primrose bank. He was to hear them roaring on September nights when they were in rut, and later they came down to winter close to the cottage. He marked the big footprints of wildcats; he watched for the coming of the swan and seal; and in his solitude he began to write and paint. When the winter shut him in, he had the warmth of his fire for consolation and the companionship of Jonnie, his veteran spaniel.

But after Jonnie's death, the loneliness became insupportable, and for distraction, in 1956 Maxwell made a two-month visit to the Marsh Arabs of southern Iraq. It was there that he had the notion of keeping an otter instead of a dog, and as otters are quite common in the Tigris marshes and are often tamed by the Arabs, he decided to fly one home with him to London. The first cub offered him was fever-ridden and soon died. But his next

acquisition, which he named Mijbil after the sheik whom he had been visiting, was a male, short-haired, chocolate brown, weaned, and in robust health. "With the opening of that sack," says the author, "began a phase of my life that in the essential sense has not yet ended. . . . It is, in effect, a thralldom to otters, an otter fixation, that I have since found to be shared by most other people who have ever owned one." Their long flight to Britain was a series of exasperations, but once they had reached Maxwell's studio in London, they approached a partnership which is a joy to follow. Mijbil's eating; his rapture with water and his swiftness in manipulating the bathroom taps; his language, the chattering of pleasure, the low humming of anger; his love of toys, especially rubber things that squeaked; his mischief and his joyousness; his behavior on the London streets; and his method of waking his master at precisely 8:20 A.M. — these are told not by an Olympian but by a naturalist of extraordinary patience who makes the effort of putting himself in the animal's position.

But it was at Camusfearna, in June, that Mij really entered into his native elements. Here was his water ballet; his pursuit of elvers, eels, and trout; his growing confidence as he mastered and hunted in the deeps; his exploration of waterfall and cliffs; his baiting of cattle, when he would seize the tufts of their tails and yank with all his strength; and his return from each foray to the author, on whom he rapturously dried himself — all this is recorded in a painter's prose.

Such happiness is too good to last, and when, for reasons which the author will explain more touchingly than I, Mijbil disappeared, he left behind him a vacuum which could be filled only by another otter. After some delay it was, with Edal, a silver-gray female from the Niger Delta region of West Africa. She took to Camusfearna as Mij had before her, but with a feminine delicacy and difference. She had to be taught to swim, would often panic in deep water, and was uneasy out of sight of home; her language was different; her hands more dexterous; and her love affair with Jimmy Watt, a young summer visitor, was quite simply explained by Morag. "It is youth," she said, "she thinks he is another otter."

Mr. Maxwell has not minimized the rudimentary exposure of that lonely life in the drenching winter gales and blizzards, when the supply of paraffin had run out, when the cliff was too treacherous to climb, when there were no candles within a hundred miles, nothing but wet wood, and little of that — "days when I would rather creep back to bed than face the physical difficulties of life awake." That was the worst; and the best was in June, with the wild roses against the im-

peccably blue sky, the hospitality of the MacKinnon household within reach, and Morag's scones and gingerbread and cups of tea that tasted like nectar, the sun shining on the snow-covered hills of Skye, and Edal the otter emulating the Modigliani nude above her self-chosen bed. In an era when we all live so close by, a book like this is a passkey to a remote and lovely experience.

THE DUCHESS AND THE QUEEN

I feel as if I owe an apology to *Atlantic* readers and the author for having been so slow to report on NOËL COWARD'S first novel, *POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE* (Doubleday, \$4.50). This dramatist, who has provided us with more and better comedy than any other living playwright, now adds an extra dimension to our pleasure in his plausible, amusing, and deftly characterized story of a tropical island colony — he places it in the South Seas, but it could as easily be in the Bahamas — which is preparing for the visitation of Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip, and which, in the interim, has been turned inside out by the arrival of an amorous and unexpected duchess. The story is told by Grizelda Craigie, a gay young matron, an avid reader with a witty way of putting things; clumsy with her hands, not particularly good with food or cooking or her garden, but *very* good with people. She keeps her husband, Robin, in a happy state; she is the natural confidante for the lover of the duchess and is the eyes and ears of the Government House on the innumerable committees that are fussing over the Royal Coming. Their arrival is to be celebrated by a water pageant, a monstrosity which is to combine the native and English talent on Samola, and to its rehearsals Grizel brings an attention as skeptical and as mischievous as Mr. Coward's, had he been there. The food and talk, the love affairs and the jealousies, the island beauty and the social sniping are disclosed in Grizel's witty prose, which invites the imagination and is a pleasure to read aloud.

PITY FROM SOUTH AFRICA

When ALAN PATON, the author of *Cry, The Beloved Country*, came to New York last fall to receive the Freedom House Award, one could not miss the lines of despair in his face. It may be some time before we see him again, because on his return his passport was revoked; such is South Africa's way of rewarding its most eloquent artist and the white leader of opposition to apartheid.

Early in his career, beginning in 1935, Mr. Paton served as principal of the Diepkloof Reformatory in Johannesburg. It was a large institution, with some six hundred boys, of whom

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1. A distinguished International Editorial Advisory Committee of 45 members has been formed, under the chairmanship of W. Cabell Greet, Professor of English, Barnard College, Columbia University.
2. A panel of 148 Special Consultants from America and England has agreed to review technical and scientific terms in all fields of knowledge.
3. The Editors of World Book Encyclopedia are constantly consulting with the Dictionary Editors in the creation of this new Thorndike-Barnhart dictionary. It will be the first dictionary designed especially as a companion to a family encyclopedia.
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To be published in January 1963

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more than a hundred were from eleven to fourteen, and to its administration he brought a new strain of mercy: he granted a measure of freedom to the boys who deserved it, and when a handful of the "free" boys absconded, as, of course, they did, he grieved and he dealt with them firmly when they were returned, but he did not withdraw the incentive of freedom. Admirers have long been awaiting the short stories which would express this phase of his life, and they are now presented in **TALES FROM A TROUBLED LAND** (Scribner's, \$3.50).

Not all are about the reformatory. The lead story, "Life for a Life," is about the inquisition of a colored couple who have sent their son to a university, and its picture of restraint under torture strikes the note of pity at the outset. "Sponono," the second, and longer, tale, is of a wayward, charming, elusive youngster who knows his Bible, though he cannot obey it, and who needs forgiveness, as he keeps reminding the principal, "unto seventy times seven," long after his initial release. This is the heartbreak of the borderline boy who might have been saved, if only. . . .

The beauty of these tales is that they are about people who emerge in so little space; young people whose predicaments are rather strikingly like those of our juveniles and with whom our sympathy is almost instantly engaged. I give three stars to "Death of a Tsotsi" and "A Drink in the Passage"; the humility and compassion in each are what our troubled land, as well as Mr. Paton's, so badly needs.

WRITER DROPS DEAD

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE, Peck's Bad Boy of *Punch* and the BBC, has had his fun in a literary whodunit, **AFFAIRS OF THE HEART** (Walker, \$3.50). The book involves a preposterous literary agent, a writer of detective novels, Routledge, who drops dead while reading a book on poisons at the British Museum, several of his mistresses, the murdered man's collaborator, and a literary hack who, for no good reason, is employed by the victim's widow to make a record of the case. The plot creaks along like a not very well conceived charade, but the incidental effects, the parody, the scoffing, and the satire are highly professional. Mr. Muggeridge's description of the literary boardinghouse in Bayswater where Mr. Waghorn and Miss Finch are engaged in their lifelong novels; his etchings of the museum reading room and of luncheon at the Geranium; his scorn of the Post-Raphaelites; his joy in the greeter at the Golders Green Crematorium; and his detection of Routledge's marital and extramarital love life are what give this book its spice.



Reader's Choice

BY CHARLES ROLO

A treatise with imposing credentials, **THE NATION'S SAFETY AND ARMS CONTROL** (Viking, \$3.00), by **ARTHUR T. HADLEY**, informs us that nuclear warfare could be touched off by a squirrel and that last spring a catastrophe was averted thanks to the view through a picture window. The window enabled U.S. Air Force officers sitting down to dinner to see that a Bomarc missile had accidentally set itself for firing, and they rushed out just in time to stop it from taking off for a predetermined target; a squirrel or other small rodent, by chewing through the cable connecting the missile to its firing center, could conceivably cause the future Minuteman to blast off. The growing hazards of the nuclear age prompted leading scientists at M.I.T. to assemble, last summer, a group of experts to explore the problems of arms control. One outcome of this conference is Arthur Hadley's book, which reaches us with endorsements from General James Gavin, Dean Acheson, and Robert Oppenheimer. I can only add that, from a layman's standpoint, Mr. Hadley presents the latest unclassified information, the issues, and the technical problems with remarkable clarity and force.

Crucial to Hadley's discussion is the distinction he draws between first-strike and second-strike force. Weapons (such as bombers) which are extremely vulnerable to surprise attack constitute first-strike force; they are effective only if used to attack first, and are therefore not a secure deterrent. Second-strike, or retaliatory, force depends upon weapons that can be effectively hidden, protected, and defended by other weapons. Now, the policy of "more bang for a buck" has led the United States to concentrate on weapons which, as a result of the advances in Soviet missiles, are today in the first-strike, or "soft," category. Our resulting insecurity has forced the Strategic Air Command to maintain a super-ready posture, which looks hostile to the Russians and heightens the risk of accident; missiles and airborne bombers are all set around the clock to strike on receipt of a signal. The Russians, for their part, depend to a considerable degree on

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weapons which would become "soft" if their location ceased to be secret, and they regard inspection systems as a device with which to penetrate Russian defenses.

These considerations lead Hadley to the persuasive paradox that two kinds of military build-up are actually necessary to lessen tension and open the way to arms control. The United States, together with its allies, must have conventional forces strong enough to deter or arrest conventional aggressions; this would end the fearful gamble of relying on the nuclear threat. More important, both the fears of and the temptation to launch a surprise nuclear attack would be greatly diminished if both the United States and Russia had a second-strike force which they considered a secure deterrent.

Such developments are in the cards. But what then? Hadley argues that the most promising approach to arms control is to aim at a "stable deterrence system," a system which would make the winning of a war impossible and create a controlled stalemate. This would be achieved by limiting the rival power blocs to a fixed number of second-strike missiles, liquidating all other nuclear weapons, prohibiting the production of nuclear explosives, and establishing a rigorous international inspection. The number of missiles would have to be large enough to prevent the balance of power from being upset by any cheating that went undetected. The impossibility of completely preventing cheating is one of the decisive arguments against the proponents of total or radical disarmament: a disarmed world would be at the mercy of any power which had managed to stash away even a few thermonuclear weapons.

Hadley leaves the reader fully briefed about the enormous difficulties that surround every aspect of arms control; and he shows that various utopian and high-minded schemes currently in circulation in the West might well, if carried out, invite this country's destruction. His book is a cogent, searching, extremely enlightening analysis of a top-priority subject, and it is argued by a man steadfastly concerned with the art of the possible.

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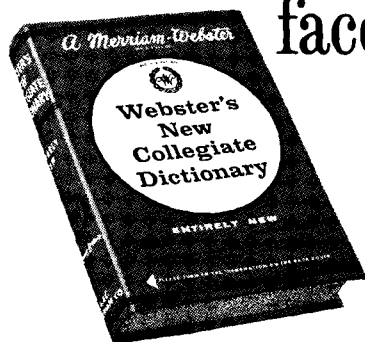
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JOHNSON concerns itself with another problem created by the dizzying advances of science: the feeling of the man of average intelligence that modern knowledge has whirled beyond his reach; that in the battle of ideas, he is like a soldier who has lost contact with his headquarters and is wandering, unequipped, in no man's land. Such, at least, is the overall theme which gives Mr. Johnson's freewheeling essays their direction. His message to "the man who feels left behind" is that he *does* have resources which he has never properly exploited, those of common sense. And Johnson proceeds, with wit, bite, and brio, to show what common sense can do when it is put to work as interpreter and critic of various aspects of the American scene.

Among other things, Johnson discusses the hysteria of the McCarthy era and the lessons to be learned from it; the explosive growth of our cities, which is fracturing the city dweller's identity and his geographic loyalties; the ways in which status seeking has put blinkers on the pursuit of happiness; the "cultural lag" of his native land, the South. One of the recurring themes is that Americans, infatuated with the concept of "leadership," are failing to grasp the simple truth that many of their political ills are in fact due to bad "followership." We dodge responsibility by taking it as axiomatic that politicians are, irremediably, a scurvy breed, and we conceal from ourselves the unpalatable fact that many a politician acts as he does simply because his constituents demand that he play the giddy goat.

Johnson's posture is not that of a dealer in original ideas or complex profundities. He speaks as a modest *moraliste* who is carrying on, in a topical context, an enterprise which for centuries has engaged the attention of men of reason and good will: the uphill task of puncturing human folly and trying to knock a bit more sense into the human animal.

LIAISONS DANGEREUSES

IRIS MURDOCH, an Oxford don who writes thoroughly undonnish novels, has just brought out her fifth book, *A SEVERED HEAD* (Viking, \$4.50), and it reinforces my belief that she is one of the most talented and excitingly original of the younger English writers. She combines first-



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Fiction of George MacDonald

Robert L. Wolff rediscovers one of the most astonishing literary figures of Victorian England, (remembered today for such fairy tales as *At the Back of the North Wind*), once one of the most popular and controversial novelists of his time. "Quite magnificent" — *Howard Mumford Jones*. \$6.00

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rate intelligence and imaginative daring with a fine sense of the comic and a brilliant command of language. Behind their glittering comic surfaces, her novels deal with the disorientation of modern life and its loss of meaning. She has seen that realism and analysis are inadequate tools for the artist who wishes to convey the "crazy" quality of contemporary experience. She is not really concerned with plausibility — and this may disconcert her readers — but rather with achieving through fantasy and symbol the kind of truth we sense in a particularly lifelike dream.

The narrative which Miss Murdoch unfolds describes the pursuit of love in an overcerebral climate. It puts her characters — the narrator, Martin Lynch-Gibbon, a rich Londoner of forty-one in the wine business; his wife, Antonia, an aging beauty who has been a perfect mother figure for him; his youthful mistress; his brother; a Svengali-esque psychoanalyst, Palmer Anderson; and Palmer's half sister, Honor, an anthropologist — through an almost complete cycle of amorous involvements with each other. Except for Honor, they are all, in varying degree, people alienated from spontaneous passion and the promptings of instinct. They take their relationships with great seriousness and make much ado about not hurting others, but as the betrayals and revelations of past betrayals pile up, we perceive that they have no well-rooted standards and behave with stunning irresponsibility. Their mental life is rather like the Lynch-Gibbon household, whose elegant furnishings are shuttled to and fro as Martin and Antonia separate, reunite, and separate again. And their moral and spiritual condition is symbolized by the thick London fog, which is a recurring and insistent presence in the novel.

The counterpoint to these characters is Honor Klein, a figure in whom there is much of the primitive, alive to the primal urges. She savages Martin about his "civilized" relations with Palmer, who has taken his wife from him, and forces him to see that it would be better for all concerned if he were to let some of his natural violence have its way. Martin suddenly discovers that he is in love with this unpretty, elemental woman. And in the climax he chooses the dangerous course that



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will lead him away from his over-civilized self.

The meaning of Miss Murdoch's books is usually somewhat elusive, and occasionally baffling. Here, I take it, she is saying that modern psychology (represented by Palmer) has disoriented man by making him overcerebral, an incorrigible rationalizer, out of touch with the truth of his natural desires and impulses. But the final point which the novel registers is, in effect, what Freud himself affirmed. Where the passions are concerned, Honor says to Martin, "you cannot have both truth and what you call civilization. . . . You cannot cheat the dark Gods." In any event, *A Severed Head*, with its high comedy, its pervasive irony, its glow of the fantastic, is a rich and entertaining work. Miss Murdoch is an authentic enchanter.

THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE

ROMAIN GARY's new novel, *THE TALENT SCOUT* (Harper, \$3.75), carries us further into the domain of fantasy. The book is a piquant reworking of the Faust theme in contemporary dress. Its setting is a mythical Latin American state, mired in primitivism and depravity, and its Faustian hero is José Almayo, an Indian of the lowliest origin who has risen to be the country's dictator.

As a boy, José noted that the things he longed for—power, great wealth, and unlimited sexual pleasure—were said by the priests to be bad. By simple logic, he concluded that the talent which brings men these rewards must be vested in the devil, and he devoted himself to evil-doing in the hope of showing "El Señor" he was one of his disciples. But though he has reached his worldly goals, José is obsessed with the sense that the crucial achievement has eluded him. He wants to meet the devil, make a compact with him, and enjoy the certainty that his destiny is in the hands of the supreme talent giver. And so he keeps a night club, for which the world's most phenomenal performers are recruited, in the hope of encountering an artist of superhuman talent who will bring him into contact with the devil.

At the story's opening, a bizarre company of guests, summoned by José, is motoring to his capital. Among them are a famous American evangelist; a virtuoso who plays

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The wheels of Gary's plot are kept turning by a rebellion, which projects all his protagonists into fantastic adventures. In the final pages, the point of the fable is made explicit. Man's age-old belief in the power of evil is an absurdity. The world is without mystery, and there are no magical ways of transcending the human condition. The truth is that "men [are] alone and masters of their fate." And the true magic is man's wasted talent for becoming "the creator of himself and his own dignity."

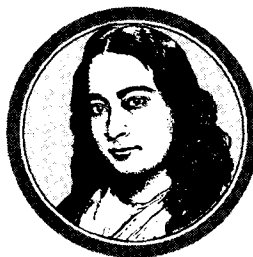
I was left with the impression that this theme or moral had not been effectively dramatized in the fantasy which Gary has invented, but simply tacked on to explain the novel. In other words, his plot does little to give resonance and allusiveness to his ideas. Thus, whereas Miss Murdoch's psychoanalyst becomes a symbolic figure, Gary's devil worshiper tends to remain a brilliantly imagined freak. Nonetheless, Gary is a marvelously accomplished writer, and he has fashioned a singular and fascinating tale, peopled with an arresting cast of characters.

A WOMAN ALONE

THE OTHER WOMAN I AM (David McKay, \$3.75), a novel which has made a considerable splash in France, left me with the feeling that the author, **GENEVIÈVE GENNARI**, has wrested a minor triumph out of a subject which is full of pitfalls. Her story, narrated in the first person by Sylvestre Fontaine, is pinpointed on the efforts of a middle-aged, middle-class woman with a grown-up son to remake her life after the sudden death of her husband, a successful engineer, who, however, has left her very little money.

As a young girl, a student of political science, Sylvestre had planned to go into politics and campaign for the woman's vote. Instead she fell in love with and married a man poles apart from her ideologi-

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cally, an antifeminist reactionary of the fascist stripe. She remained a dutiful wife to him, but the love went out of her marriage after a few years, and she suffered, in silence, from having suppressed what she considered best in herself. And yet her first reaction to her husband's death is an awareness of the great power of feeling that bound her to him, and a sense that her life as a woman has come to an end.

Sylvestre's story describes her harrowing efforts to find a job; her reunion with her romantic cousin, her first love, which arouses for a brief moment the hope that it is not too late for her to find all she had dreamed of; her courtship by a rich, undemanding admirer, marriage to whom would mean security but a return to the reactionary world of her husband; and her final commitment to a job that represents the lonely course of freedom. As a study of the feminine sensibility, the book seems to me far superior to anything in the highly touted work of Simone de Beauvoir. Mlle. Genari has given us a completely convincing and moving picture of the heart and mind of a mature, intelligent, disciplined Frenchwoman, who belongs "to a declining generation, to a condemned class, to a threatened country," but who nevertheless retains the courage to work out her own destiny.

THE CREATIVE CRITIC

Nowadays, books of serious literary criticism, with rare exceptions, are essentially exercises in *expertise* designed to impress or confute other experts. REFLECTIONS OF A JACOBITE (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.00) by the novelist LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS is one of the exceptions: it offers pleasure and profit to any cultivated reader, amateur as well as professional.

Mr. Auchincloss explains that he has called himself a "Jacobite" because the writings of Henry James have been the guide to much of his lifetime's reading. Auchincloss' criticism has some of the same attractions as that of Virginia Woolf. He prefers the concrete to the abstract, brings vividly to life a given writer's fictional world, and discusses the characters in it as though they were real people who, so to speak, have just left the room. His pieces have the informal flavor of a lively *causerie*, and yet they come as close as the

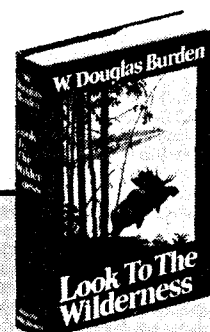
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essay can to achieving the form of a story.

"Edith Wharton and Her Two New Yorks" charts the achievement and decline of a novelist who, after a decade away from her country, committed herself to a war on its vulgarities which ended by vulgarizing her own work. The piece on Thackeray traces in his life and work a struggle similar to "the hopeless struggle of Victorian porcelain to evoke the charm and grace of the eighteenth century." Auchincloss' study of "Proust's Picture of Society" is surely one of the most perceptive contributions to the vast literature on this subject. And memoirs are the basis of two brilliant pieces: one on Saint-Simon's contest with Louis XIV over the great contemporary issue of precedence; the other, a dramatic and comic account of a marital and social crisis in the Newport of 1857 drawn from an unpublished extract from the diary of George Templeton Strong.

Turning to the present, Auchincloss develops what seems to me the irrefutable thesis that, since class distinctions are the very lifeblood of the novel of manners, it cannot flourish in our society. The later work of Marquand and all that of O'Hara invite us to believe that the main protagonists are inescapably influenced by their social background. But Auchincloss makes the penetrating point that what they are really influenced by is illusions about their background. In both these cases, the novel of manners has degenerated into the psychological novel without a psychology.

Auchincloss' fiction has always been well written, but the prose in these essays is more spirited and richer in felicities. George Eliot and her husband are "the mournful priestess and her twittering majordomo." O'Hara's Gibbsville is described with murderous justice as "that lumberyard of chips on the shoulder." And the behavior of O'Hara's men and women is suggestively summed up in the image: "[They] dance around the Victorian traditions of class distinction and sexual restraint like savages around a cross left by murdered missionaries and now adorned with shrunk heads." All in all, *Reflections of a Jacobite* is the most attractive and discerning collection of literary essays that has come my way in quite some time.

Catholics Thank God There *IS* a Purgatory

You may not agree with this age-old Catholic belief.

You may contend, as many do, that Purgatory is not mentioned in the Bible. You may have heard that it is nothing more than a cunning fable, designed by the Catholic priesthood to frighten and deceive the faithful. You may have been told that the Apostles and the early Christians did not believe in Purgatory.

It is true, of course, that the Bible does not mention the word Purgatory, any more than it does numerous other words and terms commonly accepted by all Christians. But it *does* clearly indicate that there is such a place of satisfaction for sin and the temporal punishment due to it after death but before the general judgment.

"Fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is," wrote St. Paul (1 Corinthians 3:13-15). . . . and even though his work shall be "burned," the man himself "shall be saved, yet so as by fire." Paul himself observed the custom of praying for the dead: "The Lord grant unto him (Onesiphorus) to find mercy of the Lord in that day" (2 Timothy 1:18). The "fires" that try a man's work are certainly not to be found on earth or in heaven, and the fires of hell do not save. Would Paul have prayed for Onesiphorus, then dead, if he believed the soul of his departed co-worker was beyond help?

Millions of people departed this life with no serious sins on their souls, and we know (Proverbs 24:16) that even the just man has his small failings. God would not deny them heaven, nor would He condemn them to everlasting punishment. Therefore, as nothing defiled can enter heaven (Revelations 21:27) there must be a place where these lesser sins can be cleansed.

But proof as to Purgatory is not limited to the Bible. The fathers and doctors of the Church speak repeatedly of the

practice of the first Christians of praying for the dead. Tertullian, second century, admonished "the faithful wife to pray for the soul of her deceased husband." The fourth century historian Eusebius, St. Cyril of Jerusalem, St. Ephrem, St. Ambrose and St. John Chrysostom all spoke of the efficacy of prayers for the departed souls. The latter, in fact, said such supplication was "ordained by the Apostles."

All the liturgies of the Church are replete with appeals for God's mercy upon the souls of the departed. Inscriptions on the walls of the catacombs of the first Christian era voice similar prayers. It would not be necessary to plead for those in heaven—futile to pray for those in hell. So there must be a place in between, which Catholics call Purgatory.

And for Catholics, death would be a much more frightening prospect if there were no Purgatory, for all who go there may be tried "as by fire," but all are assuredly saved. If you would like to know more about the doctrine of Purgatory, write today for free pamphlet. It will be mailed in plain wrapper; nobody will call on you. Ask for Pamphlet No. B-14.

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BY PHOEBE ADAMS

ERNST JUENGER'S *THE GLASS BEES* (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$3.75 and \$1.65) is a fantastic, tightly compressed novel about a down-at-the-heels cavalry officer contending with a hive of nasty little automatons. It can be taken as a comment on Germany or modern society or both, and, however it is taken, is a wonderfully provocative and successful fusion of fiction and philosophy.

If anyone but MURIEL SPARK had written *THE BACHELORS* (Lippincott, \$3.95), it would be highly regarded for its witty style, the odd spiritualistic background, and the author's ingenuity in making an exciting adventure story out of the misdoings of half a dozen incompetent muddleheads. But because the author has done these things before, and rather better, it is necessary to call the book second-rate Spark. Anyone who has not yet read one of Miss Spark's peculiar novels of satirical suspense, however, can happily begin with *The Bachelors* and go on to such higher things as *Memento Mori*.

GEORG GERSTER'S *SAHARA* (Coward-McCann, \$5.00) is a survey of the history and present condition of France's desert territory. A Swiss journalist, Mr. Gerster traveled indefatigably from Biskra to Agadès, inquiring into water supplies, oil drillings, roads, education, police work, and agriculture. He presents his information clearly and ornaments it with legends, wild old army yarns, and interviews with lively French officials. He makes no claim to report what the indigenous inhabitants think of all the progressive doings about them, for he is frankly not equipped to parley with the Touareg.

The whittled-down travels of ALEXANDRE DUMAS continue to appear endless and endlessly amusing. This time it is his *ADVENTURES IN CZARIST RUSSIA* (Chilton, \$3.50), where Dumas reacted furiously to everything. His observations still crackle with enthusiasm.

A *VICTORIAN IN ORBIT* (Doubleday, \$4.95) is described as "the irreverent memoirs" of SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE, who was assisted in the

composition by James Brough. This sort of thing usually raises doubts about the writing, but in this case the wry tone is so distinctly Edwardian and the pseudo-Shavian point of view is so consistent that it seems only fair to give Sir Cedric undisputed top billing. The book has a normal quota of professional anecdotes and tributes to distinguished theatrical colleagues, but it also contains some interesting material on Sir Cedric's idol, George Bernard Shaw, some acute observations on the state of the theater, and some exceptionally candid remarks on the mechanics of acting.

GEORGE STEINER'S *THE DEATH OF TRAGEDY* (Knopf, \$5.00) is a discussion of the probable reasons for the virtual disappearance of successful plays of this type after the seventeenth century. What Steiner has to say about individual dramatists is of great interest, ranging from the inability of non-French audiences to endure Racine to the unappreciated experiments of Byron, whose plays he would like to see given a serious try on the modern stage. His case as a whole is infinitely complicated, involving excursions into finance, the class composition of audiences, and the effects of religion. Mr. Steiner describes Greek tragedy, by which he judges all tragedy, as an assertion "that the forces which shape or destroy our lives lie outside the governance of reason or justice. . . . Men's accounts with the gods do not balance." Christianity, assuming that divine justice will prevail in the next world if not in this one, makes the task of the tragic poet extremely difficult by reducing the immense, incomprehensible irony of the Greek universe to a temporary inconvenience.

IRVING STONE'S *THE AGONY AND THE ECSTASY* (Doubleday, \$5.95) is a novel about Michelangelo. The author went to Italy, studied old Roman and Florentine topography, beat his way through the records of the Renaissance church intrigues that bedeviled his hero, learned to cut stone, and in general did all that industry and enthusiasm could suggest. This beaver-ing about has produced a novel which runs for six hundred pages, contains a number of things that never happened, is dry as marble dust all the way, and never for one second suggests Michelangelo or any other working artist.

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